Vol. XXX. No. 117 *March 1941*

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An Irish Quarterly Review

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JAMES FREDERICK BOYDELL.
HENRY JOSEPH CAMPBELL.
THOMAS VINCENT MURPHY.
CHARLES MARTIN O'KELLY.
STAMFORD HEARN ROCHE.
GEORGE ROCHE, *General Manager.*

AUDITORS :
KEAN & CO., Chartered Accountants, 30 Westmoreland Street.

HEAD OFFICE—27 COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS
OF
THE HIBERNIAN BANK LIMITED

Submitted to the Shareholders at their Ordinary General Meeting held on Monday, the 27th day of January, 1941.

The Directors submit to the Shareholders the annexed Balance Sheet as at 31st December, 1940, with relative Profit and Loss Account for the Half-year to that date, and a copy of the Auditors' Report thereon.

After providing for rebate on bills, interest on deposits, bad and doubtful debts and contingencies, the net profits for the half-year amount to	£32,034 19 10
To which has to be added :—	
Balance of undivided profits from last Account ...	28,072 15 1
	£60,107 14 11
The Directors recommend that the balance available be applied as follows, viz. :—	
In payment of a dividend for the half-year at the rate of **Eleven** per cent. per annum, subject to deduction of Income Tax	£27,500 0 0
In reduction of Bank Premises Account ...	5,000 0 0
To next Account	27,607 14 11
	£60,107 14 11

The Reserve Fund remains at £740,000.

The Directors retiring by rotation are MR. HENRY JOSEPH CAMPBELL and MR. THOMAS VINCENT MURPHY. They are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.

In accordance with the provisions of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, it will be necessary for the shareholders to elect Auditors for the ensuing year. MESSRS. KEAN & COMPANY, the present Auditors, offer themselves for re-election.

By Order of the Board,

GEORGE ROCHE,
General Manager.

DUBLIN, *9th January*, 1941.

THE HIBERNIAN BANK LIMITED

INCORPORATED IN IRELAND.

Dr. **BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1940.** Cr.

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	ASSETS.	£ s. d.
To Capital, viz.:—500,000 Shares of £4 each—£2,000,000; amount paid up, £1 per Share	500,000 0 0	By Cash in hand and with Bankers .	1,791,084 11 1
,, Reserve Fund	740,000 0 0	,, Investments, viz.:—	
,, Consolidated Bank Notes outstanding ...£550,000 0 0		War Loan, National Loans, and other Government Stocks, (including Stock lodged with the Currency Commission by way of Security for Consolidated Bank Notes outstanding, as per Contra)	4,539,217 19 3
Less: Held by the Bank ... 46,451 0 0		Corporation Stocks, Railway Debenture Stocks, and other Securities	163,205 11 8
	503,549 0 0		£6,493,508 2 0
Deposit, Current, and other Accounts, including Interest due on Deposits	10,776,790 18 10	,, Bills Discounted, Advances on Current Accounts, Loans, etc., after deducting provision for Bad and Doubtful Accounts ...	5,952,560 16 5
,, Sundry Agents	39,997 1 10	,, Sundry Agents	22,161 11 7
,, Rebate on Bills Discounted not at maturity	3,645 15 5	,, Bank Premises and Furniture (Head Offices and 56 Branches), at cost, less amounts written off	155,860 1 0
Profit and Loss Account ...	60,107 14 11		
	£12,624,090 11 0		£12,624,090 11 0

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for Half-year ended 31st DECEMBER, 1940.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Expenses of Management, including Directors' Fees (£2,000), Salaries, Pensions and Allowances, Bonuses and Grants to Staff, Rents, Rates, Repairs, Revenue Taxes, and all other outlay	126,323 14 3	By Balance from last Account ...	28,072 15 1
,, Dividend to be paid in February, 1941, subject to deduction of Income Tax ... £ s. d. 27,500 0 0		,, Gross Profit for Half-year, after providing for Rebate on Bills, Interest on Deposits, Bad and Doubtful Debts and Contingencies	158,358 14 1
,, Bank Premises Account ... 5,000 0 0			
,, Balance to next Acct. 27,607 14 11			
	60,107 14 11		
	£186,431 9 2		£186,431 9 2

AUDITORS' REPORT

We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required in the course of our examination in detail of the foregoing Profit and Loss Account and Balance Sheet.

We have verified the Investments. Their market value as on 31st December, 1940, is in excess of the amount at which they stand in the Balance Sheet. We have also verified the Cash and Bills in hand at the Head Office.

The Balance Sheet is, in our opinion, properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the Books of the Company and the Certified Returns from the several Branches.

KEAN & COMPANY, Chartered Accountants,
Auditors.

DUBLIN, 9th January, 1941.

MARTIN F. MAHONY,
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GEORGE ROCHE, *General Manager.*

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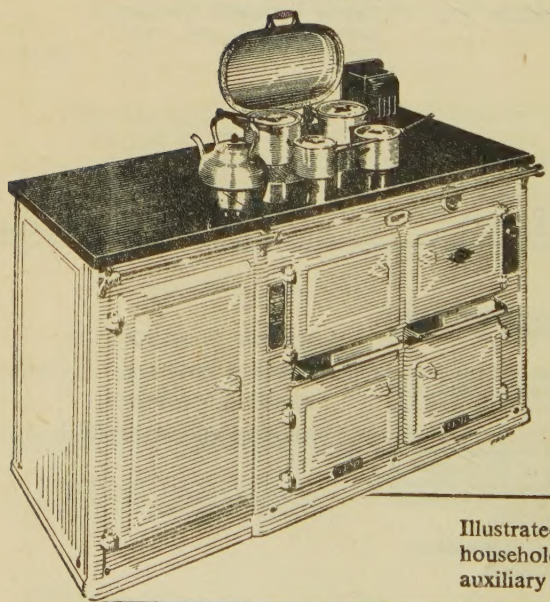

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HILAIRE BELLOC: CATHOLIC CHAMPION

In Commemoration of his Seventieth Birthday

BY HUGH KELLY, S.J.

IN 1938 an excellent selection of Mr. Belloc's work, with an enthusiastic literary estimate or rather encomium, was published in the *Everyman* library. To have a volume published in this famous series is to be numbered among the immortals. Almost thirty years ago his friend, Mr. E. C. Bentley, in one of his famous "Clerihews," expressed a general complaint, even then well grounded, that Mr. Belloc "seems to think that nobody minds that all his books are of different kinds." Since then this versatility has rather increased. For more than 45 years he has been a most copious writer on a bewildering variety of subjects, and has published well over a hundred books. The bulk of his work has been done on history, chiefly English and French; which includes a full length history of England in four volumes, a dozen monographs on the chief figures of the French Revolution and on Reformation England, and a series of detailed military studies of campaigns and battles of English and continental wars, including two on the great war. Then there are books of topographical interest and of travel by land and sea; a whole shelf of novels, romantic, burlesque, satiric, which deal with politics and high finance, and several books of essays—in which field many people see the most enduring and distinctive work of the author. Besides these there are a great number of studies on economics, politics, sociology, apologetics, controversy. He has written poetry and humorous verse which, if not copious, is of the highest quality.

These hundred odd volumes would constitute the formidable life's work of the most sedentary of book-worms. But Mr. Belloc is by no means a book-worm; he is essentially a man of action and has lived at high tension in many fields. He has taken an active part in politics, within and without

the House of Commons; he has edited the most brilliant and combative review of this generation—*The Eye-Witness*; he has been much engaged in social questions and, with G. K. Chesterton, has been the chief figure in the Distributist League. He has tramped much in France and the Pyrenees, in America and Africa, as *The Path to Rome* and many a brilliant essay testify; he has sailed a boat, and the *Cruise of the Nona* has been the fruit of one of his voyages.

This contrast between his immense literary output and his energetic life is not the only one in Mr. Belloc's complex make-up. The fundamental contrast, perhaps, is that he is the son of a French father and an English mother; and this blend of races goes far to explain his temperament. Because of a deep-seated affinity with England, he elected, at the age of thirty, to become an English citizen; yet he has always been an uncompromising critic of English things. He is a thorough and practising Catholic, yet he has an unbounded enthusiasm for the French Revolution. He has always professed a certain mystic faith in democracy, yet no one has denounced so scathingly the complete failure of modern representative government.

In virtue of his personality and ideas and writings Mr. Belloc's impact on his generation has been immense. None of his great contemporaries, certainly not Mr. G. B. Shaw or Mr. H. G. Wells—G. K. Chesterton's work has been subsidiary to and merged with his—has challenged the fundamental ideas of the modern Englishman so directly as Mr. Belloc. For nearly fifty years he has been the principal champion of Catholic ideas in English public life. His influence on Catholics has been immense; and on non-Catholics it has not been merely by way of reaction. It is of course too early yet to estimate that influence, but it is well worth while to isolate and bring into relief the leading ideas which Mr. Belloc has been presenting so forcefully for half a century. We propose then to consider Mr. Belloc as the champion of Catholic ideas.

That is, of course, only one aspect of a singularly composite career. But it is the centre of unity and convergence of that career; and if it is once grasped, the many aspects of his life

fall into order. Mr. Belloc is first and last a Catholic. The Catholic Faith has entered profoundly into his mind and character and formation. "If Mr. Belloc's works set a standard for the best minds of Britain who owe allegiance to the Roman Faith, this cannot but be because this controversalist has since childhood held none but one church dear. He has been spared the scruples, the anxieties and the repentance of a conversion. Hereditarily a Catholic, brought up in the certainty that his credo was the true one, obsessed by the protestant apostasy, he was swept towards controversy by his pugnacious temperament; and the potent probity of his moral destiny supplied him with all those qualities which cause everyone to realise that here we have a leader."[1] While his Faith has not given him his genius, it has orientated his life. His books are those of a great Catholic. This is true not merely of the apologetic, social and even historical studies to which he has devoted so much of his time. It is true also of his purely literary work. His essays, his books on travel, his novels, his poetry, come from a mind essentially Catholic; they have as background that full, balanced view of life and society, that scheme of human and spiritual values, which come only from the Faith. One of his books is called *Essays of a Catholic*; all his books might have the same title.

Mr. Belloc's first appearance in the world of journalism and letters was something of a portent. There had been Catholic writers and publicists before his time, but no one so aggressively Catholic. He made no secret of his Faith; he did not keep it apart from his work. He was not apologetic about it; he was proud of it; he paraded it; he exulted in it. He proceeded to challenge at once the attitude of superiority of Protestantism, which had been taken as simply unchallengable. Mr. Belloc told the English Protestant that he was a heretic and that in consequence he was, in his outlook on all the most important aspects of life, in an inferior position. The spectacle of this young but unmistakably very clever man, calling out in a loud and hearty voice that he thanked

[1] *Chesterton, Belloc, Baring*, by R. Las Vergnas, p. 50.

God that he was a Catholic and not a heretical, provincial-minded Protestant, startled and shook English complacency.

> Heretics all wherever you be
> In Tarbes or Nimes or over the sea
> You never shall have good words from me
> Caritas non conturbat me.

And to make matters worse he showed he had no intention of confining his taunts and attacks to matters religious or severely controversial. He showed from the beginning that religion determined the attitude to all the important things of life—politics, history, property, money, social science, etc.

If this decidedly disturbing young man had merely the sincerity of his Faith to support him, he might be easily dealt with. He might be snubbed or intimidated or written down. But in addition to his Catholicity, Mr. Belloc showed that he possessed courage, learning, rare gifts of intelligence and a most remarkable literary talent. In fact it was at once evident that a career of exceptional importance had begun; and that some of the most deep-seated ideas of the English Protestant tradition were to be rudely assailed and to suffer severely in the encounter.

Mr. Belloc's chief interest has been history. Here he first showed the distinctive texture and bent of his mind. He has worked chiefly, but by no means exclusively, on English and modern French history. His copious output in widely separated fields, the absence of notes and references and the whole business of *apparatus criticus* from his pages, has given the impression that he is a compiler who works at second or third remove from sources. That impression would be quite false. His great output is due to his energy and to his facility in research and composition. He works consistently on sources, and not merely on written sources. No historian has more carefully studied the *terrain* of a battle or event and seen so clearly its significance on the action. No historian has been able to construct so fully the setting of great events and make them take place as it were before the reader's eyes. In an article written many years ago he defended the historicity of these vivid scenes, of which so many of his books contain

examples. He maintains that the vividness is not due to invention, but is the result of a laborious historical integration of the scene detail by detail. Documents, old pictures, plans, maps, even meteorological tables have all been called on; and he claims that every line in these scenes can be found in such sources or can be rigidly deduced from them. He cites as an example the account of the arrest of Robespierre, and shows how he can justify historically every stroke in his description of the incident, down to the position of the chairs at the table and the early morning sunshine flooding in through the windows. As examples of his masterly use of the close study of the *terrain* may be cited the account of Drouet's midnight ride to Varennes and the journey of Marie Antoinette to the guillotine.

Mr. Belloc has felt a special liking for the historical monograph, for which his gifts of psychological insight into character, his historic imagination and his power of detailed research have specially fitted him. This part of his work constitutes a picture gallery of the great figures of the French Revolution and of the period of the religious struggle in England.

The question of the historical value of Mr. Belloc's work is not considered here. A man who has written so much and on such a wide diversity of periods and subjects is certain to meet with criticism on this head. Our intention here is rather to consider the general spirit and aim of that portion of his work in which he is expounding Catholic ideas or the Catholic point of view. It is in his historical and his apologetical work that we wish to consider him and to estimate briefly the leading idea that he has been trying to impress on a hostile and prejudiced public for half a century.

The influence of his Faith on Mr. Belloc's work is that it has given him the point of view for his survey of the history of Europe in general and of the different countries in particular from which he has never moved. The fundamental *thesis* which he defends and on which his work is based is that the Catholic Church has been incomparably the most momentous and constant influence in the formation and development of Europe. He maintains that to the historian who fails to see

the *rôle* of the Church in the evolution—political, social, cultural, institutional—of Europe, the whole direction and significance of the movement are lost. The historian who writes history from the Protestant point of view has only an *aspect* of history; the Catholic has a *conscience* of it—that is, a true knowledge of it from within.

> This talk of 'aspects' is modern and therefore part of a decline; it is false and therefore ephemeral; I will not stoop to it. I will rather do homage to truth and say that there is no such thing as a Catholic 'aspect' of European history. There is a Protestant aspect, a Jewish aspect, a Mahommedan aspect, a Japanese aspect, and so forth. For all these look on Europe from without. The Catholic sees Europe from within. There is no more a Catholic 'aspect' of European history than there is a man's aspect of himself.

These vehement words are taken from the preface of *Europe and the Faith*, his most remarkable historical work—the work which contains his convictions and principles in their most concentrated form. It is written with the compressed lucidity of his later manner. Its form is severely scientific; it is like a *thesis*, in the expounding of which he sacrifices everything to the achieving of a convincing statement of his view. It was a subject which he could have treated in another way. He could have invested that immense pageant of great figures and events with a life and vigour that no other writer of his time could have given. He sacrificed a popular success to a scientific treatise.

As *Europe and the Faith* is the key to all his historical theory, it will be necessary to give the outline of that theory. He aims at showing the *rôle* of the Church in the history of Europe from the fall of the Roman Empire to the Reformation and after. That *rôle* was momentous in every crisis and in the general course of events. It is only by keeping this fact in mind that the historian can come to understand what the Roman Empire was, what its conversion to Christianity meant, how the features of the new Europe began to appear, how the essential culture of the old world was preserved. Mr. Belloc's account of the fall of the Empire is one of the most original and significant points of his book. There is a Protestant account,

which has been so long in possession that it has come to be accepted by Catholic writers. It is that of an effete empire rendered still more effete by accepting the Catholic Faith, succumbing to the shock of simple, unspoiled Northern peoples, who swept the whole thing away and slowly built up a new and healthy civilization. Unfortunately these simple barbarians were themselves converted to the Catholic Faith; but after a reasonable lapse of time they threw off the yoke of the Roman religion. That rejection was the Reformation; which marked the reversion of the Northern nations to their essential way of thought and life and was for them the beginning of their true greatness.

For Mr. Belloc this is to read history backwards; it is to distort the whole movement of European history. The fall of the Roman Empire was not a conquest by foreign forces. It was essentially the infiltration, in ever greater numbers, of border tribes for the purpose of sharing in its political and cultural life. For centuries these border peoples had been enrolled in the Roman armies and recognised as distinct units under native chiefs and kings. They were not always docile or obedient to authority. They opposed their commanders and even emperors. But they sought eagerly for the trappings of office and for recognition as officers of the Empire. Their quarrel was never with the Empire as such. They would have been very surprised to be told that they had assailed and conquered the Empire to which they were so proud to belong. The fall of the Empire was simply the fact that the central authority, through increasing lassitude, grew unable to hold the members in close connexion with itself. As a result of this—indeed partly as a cause—the Barbarian commanders of auxiliaries in the armies on the frontiers and in the great provinces assumed control of their districts and began to govern without reference to the central government at Rome. There was no question of an overthrow or conquest by an enemy who came in to supplant. Obviously the institutions, the culture, the legal and social framework weakened with the weakening of the communication with the centre and the large infiltration of new peoples. But the result

was a weakening and not an overthrow. "There was no destruction of Roman society; there was no break of continuity in the main institutions of what was now the Western Christian world; there was no considerable admixture in these local wars of German, Slav, or outer Celtic blood—no appreciable addition at least to the large amount of such blood which, through the numerous soldiers and much more numerous slaves, had already been incorporated with the population of the Roman world." (*Europe and the Faith*, p. 124).

The Roman Empire, in its maturity, deliberately accepted the Christian Faith; which came to take full possession of it and permeated its institutions and culture. "As the Empire declined," says Mr. Belloc, "the Catholic Church caught and preserved it." It was the Church which remained the link in the transition from the old world to the medieval and modern. It had taken over the imperial institutions; it was the religion of the great majority of the people; by its hierarchy, its discipline, its unity of thought and practice, it preserved to a great extent the heritage, the sense of continuity in what was the most immense political change in history. Then came centuries of weakness and dissolution, during which new forces were shaping a world order which was new certainly, but was in direct historic descent from the Empire. And here again the *rôle* of the Church was transcendant—directing, preserving, unifying, reshaping the disintegrating mass. It was from or through the Church that came the institutions which distinguished the high moments of medieval civilization: the universities, Gothic style of building, philosophy, parliaments. Feudalism also, says Mr. Belloc, reposes on purely Roman origins. None of these institutions, not even Romance, was the contribution of the Barbarians.

There are then two opposing accounts of the origin of modern Europe: the Protestant one, which sees in the invasions of the Barbarians a complete break with the past and the building up of a new world on races and elements and ideas that were chiefly Teutonic and not Roman; and the Catholic account, as put forward by Mr. Belloc, which

emphasises the sense of continuity, the part played by the Church, and the predominance of Roman elements and influence. It is evident that each of these views commands an essentially different account of all the rest of European history and especially of the most momentous event after the passing of the Roman Empire, the Reformation. For the Protestant historian, who reads history backwards and projects nineteenth century views into the early middle ages, the Reformation was essentially the breaking away of the Northern races from a way of thought and life which was profoundly alien to them. The tension had always been there and the disruption which had seemed imminent at several moments earlier, came at last in the sixteenth century. And the consequences of the break, the immense worldly success, the advance in power, science, invention, wealth, empire, have been taken as the irrefutable proof of the Protestant view of the Reformation.

For Mr. Belloc, expressing the Catholic view, the Reformation was the great tragedy of European history. It was the break-up of the unity of Europe, the violent disruption of the modern peoples from the common roots of their religion and civilization. This severence from its spiritual and social tradition of a great part of northern Europe, while it has been followed by a great material advance, has at the same time been the cause of the profoundest evils to religion and society. To the isolation of soul that was the immediate result of the Reformation Mr. Belloc attributes the principal evils of our time; the abuse of capitalism, the prevalence of usury, the decay of all sense of the supernatural, the growth of state autocracy, the loss of human freedom, the decline of the value of the individual, the disregard of God and the law of God in political, economic and social life. He has established this view in several books, but at greatest length in *The Crisis of our Civilization*..

The course of the Reformation in England is a subject to which Mr. Belloc has devoted much attention. It is the crucial instance in both the Protestant and the Catholic interpretation of European history. Green's *Short History of*

the English People is the most attractive presentation of the Protestant view. Green's chief purpose in the course of his work, which has been more widely read than any other English history, is to minimise the connexion of England, in every stage of its growth, with the Roman Empire and the Catholic Church. For him that history begins in the flats of Frisia and the fiords of Denmark and Norway, the home of the English people. The fact that Britain was a Roman province for 400 years, that abundant traces of this Roman occupation exist in many departments, that the invading Angle peoples were comparatively few in numbers and could not have destroyed the British inhabitants, but must have been strongly mingled with, if not merged in them—these undeniable historical facts count for nothing against his theory that England is essentially English and in no way British or Roman. And his second theory is that England is essentially and naturally Protestant; that it never accepted the Catholic Faith wholeheartedly or really throve with it. "England was never merry while we had Cardinals," he quotes complacently. For such a view of English history the Reformation, as told by Protestant history, is the supreme and final justification. This interpretation has been expounded by all official historians (what Mr. Belloc calls the mandarin school) and has been fortified and entrenched by tradition and prejudice to such an extent that it seems simply impregnable.

Yet that is the position that Mr. Belloc has challenged. The greater portion of his historical work is an attempt to discredit or at least to modify substantially that reading of English history. The whole purpose of his great history of England is to show that the roots of medieval and consequently modern England are vitally connected with Britain the Roman province; and also that the Reformation was not the instinctive revolt of a people *naturaliter Protestanticus*—was not an inevitable process of evolution, but the result of an accidental confluence of historical causes. He points out clearly the significance of the revolt of England at the Reformation. It was the one province of the Roman Empire that fell away from the Church. That defection is a capital argu-

ment in the Protestant theory of European history; it was no less vital in the actual course of events. It made the Reformation a permanent thing; it left Europe rent and divided. Had England stood firm with the other ancient provinces of the empire, at the worst the Reformation would not have attained anything like its present disastrous magnitude and, perhaps, might have been healed. We need not enter into any detail about the cause of the Reformation in England. The religious disaffection was not the decisive or even chief cause. The decisive factors were the Tudor absolutism in politics and the loot of Church property by the new nobility. Moreover the struggle was not quickly decided. The Catholic cause was not lost at the first onslaught; it remained formidable in numbers and influence until well into the Stuart times, and was not lost finally until a hundred years after the beginning of the struggle.

Such are the leading ideas of *Europe and the Faith*, which is certainly one of the most original and important essays in political theory of our time. In such a comprehensive view there will certainly be many points open to controversy. But Mr. Belloc is not concerned with detail, but with the general outline; he knows well that, even though many skirmishes may be lost, the campaign as a whole may be won. His advice to Catholic historians is to disregard the details, to refuse to be drawn into minute controversy, and to concentrate on putting forward the Catholic account in its main features. What will be the result of this book when it has been fully assimilated? Is the Protestant version too deeply entrenched in authority and prejudice to be seriously affected? It is too early to judge. But we may be certain that it is not likely that an account such as Green's will be given again by a reputable historian. Mr. Belloc calls for a forward movement among Catholic writers of history: it is time for them to take the offensive, to put a note of hostility into their work. Whatever may be said of the effect of Mr. Belloc's ideas on Protestant historians, their effect on Catholic writers is already great and visible.

In his survey of European history Mr. Belloc has indicated the position and *rôle* of Ireland in terms so eloquent and generous that every Irishman will be proud and grateful :—

> Against the loss of Britain, which had been a Roman province, the Faith, when the smoke of battle cleared off, could discover the astonishing loyalty of Ireland. And over against this exceptional province—Britain—now lost to the Faith, lay an equally exceptional and unique outer part which had never been a Roman province, yet which now remained true to the tradition of Roman men ; it balanced the map like a counter-weight. The efforts to destroy the Faith in Ireland have exceeded in violence, persistence, and cruelty any persecution in any part or time of the world. They have failed. As I cannot explain why they have failed, so I shall not attempt to explain how and why the Faith in Ireland was saved when the Faith in Britain went under. I do not believe it capable of an historic explanation . . . It is of great significance ; how great, men will be able to see many years hence or to-morrow, when another definite battle is joined between the forces of the Church and her opponents. For the Irish race alone of all Europe has maintained a perfect integrity and has kept serene, without internal reactions and without their consequent disturbances, the soul of Europe which is the Catholic Church. (*Europe and the Faith*, p. 312).

To the consideration of that coming battle Mr. Belloc has devoted many of his later volumes, which are professedly apologetical. He analyses with insight and expresses with courage the attitude of the non-Catholic public, especially in England, to the Faith. The fundamental truth he teaches is that the Faith is necessary for the wholesome life of the state and the individual. This truth has been obscured by the fact that even those European countries which have given up the Faith have been living on the framework of traditional Catholic virtues and ideas, which have lasted after the dogmatic truth on which they are based has been abandoned. But that heritage from the Catholic past is now dissipated and the moral and social virtues will not last indefinitely without their natural support. Indications of this are evident on every side ; the want of restraint in morals, in art, in literature ; the aberrations in politics and economics ; the loss of the sense of authority, of moral and spiritual values—all these are clear signs that the virtues on which social and political life

depends are going, that the old Christian foundation has worn thin. There are also indications that a new Paganism is coming, or rather that men are looking back to the old Paganism and think that the world can forget its Christian experience and retrace its steps to the depths from which it was raised. "Men do not long live without gods; but when the gods of the new Paganism come they will not be merely insufficient, as were the gods of Greece, nor merely false; they will be evil," writes Mr. Belloc in *Essays of a Catholic* (p. 26).

Survivals and New Arrivals, written with the weight and incision of his later manner, is one of the most original of Mr. Belloc's apologetic works. In this book he surveys the causes of opposition between the Church and the modern world. That the relations between these two will be one of increasing strain, friction, hostility is evident from history and from the nature of the Church. "The Church is loved and hated in a greater degree than that which measures other loves and hatreds; even those between nations in our modern fever of exalted nationalism. The loyalty she obtains is more vivid than that produced even by modern patriotism. The hatred she arouses is stronger than the hatred felt for an enemy in arms. And those loves and hatreds have immediate and tremendous reactions upon all around." At this moment of the conflict certain forms of attack, which were thought to be irresistible a generation ago, are seen to have lost their thrust. Such forces are the philosophical attack through the theory of materialism, the historical attack on the history of the Church, the Biblical attack on the Gospels, etc. These forces are now spent and are being replaced by new ones, which form the main opposition. These are Nationalism, Anticlericalism and the Modern Mind. They are not a theological or even an explicitly philosophical attack; they are a tendency, a mood, an atmosphere—a resistance subtle, ubiquitous, tenacious. One of them, Nationalism, is in the way of becoming a religion with dogma and commandments; and Pius XI has warned Catholics of the growing danger to their Faith from this quarter. The *modern mind* is the name Mr. Belloc gives to a complex, vague mood common among all

classes; a dislike of reason, a credulous dependence on any authority provided that it is the latest, and an inability to admit or conceive the unusual, the miraculous, or anything that is outside the experience of a mechanical, material civilization. Mr. Belloc's conclusions on the whole subject are rather grim. While he sees a unique opportunity for a Catholic forward apologetic, still he has no rosy views of a great and sudden triumph of Catholic truth. In particular he considers the conversion of England as being, humanly speaking, impossible. We have travelled a great way from the warm hopes of Faber and the splendid vision of Newman's *Second Spring*. Mr. Belloc's rather austere vision is: "But if I be asked what sign we may look for to show that the advance of the Faith is at hand, I would answer by a word the modern world has forgotten: Persecution. When that shall once more be at work, it will be morning." (*Survivals and New Arrivals*, p. 288).

Though we are concerned here with Mr. Belloc as a champion of Catholic ideas, still it is necessary to say something of him as a writer of prose. His power to write English prose has been the means and instrument of his achievement. His Faith, intelligence, convictions, courage would have been useless for his work were they not crowned by his literary talent. When we consider what an unpopular message he has been preaching—and so dogmatically and uncompromisingly—it is surely a unique tribute to his literary power that he has been listened to with attention and deference for half a century. A world hostile or indifferent to his ideas was held by his style. It is impossible to convey with any precision so personal and incommunicable a thing as style. We may say of Mr. Belloc that he has a wide vocabulary, an impeccable choice of word, true originality of phrase and epithet, a great freedom in rhythm and build of sentence. The movement of his prose is never mechanical; it is always varied and fresh, like a living thing. There is a peculiar quality of colour and feeling about his prose, as if it caught the changing mood of his mind with perfect fidelity. That does not mean that he gets his words from the artist-colourman's—a

practice he condemns in a most instructive disquisition on prose in *The Cruise of the Nona*: the vividness that is got that way is violence. It is a matter of a fine sense of language—which in a great artist is an instinct.

We can distinguish an earlier and a later manner in his prose. The earlier is more exuberant, has more vividness and emotion, and is marked at times by a certain youthful boisterous and swaggering mood, that has given hold to the parodies of Max Beerbohm and J. C. Squire. The later manner has less colour and fire, but a greater compression and strength and at its best is among the finest prose of our generation. It has not a trace of mannerism. It is swift, lucid and with an admirable economy of adjective and adverb. We may say of himself what he said of Swift: "His prose is without the least suspicion of rhetoric, and its rhythms are so broken, and at the same time so concealed, that I doubt if he was himself aware of them. On nine pages out of ten they cannot be analysed at all. But since prose style is excellent in proportion as it is lucid, Swift is first. There never was a man who could say what he had to say more clearly, nor with a better certitude that every reader of every class would immediately understand him." (*A Conversation with a Cat*, p. 139). There is one quality in Mr. Belloc's prose which gives it a special distinction, the quality of irony. Sustained irony is a very rare gift indeed. One of his books—in the opinion of some of his admirers the one that is most assured of immortality—*The Mercy of Allah*, is a superb example of sustained irony—delicate, polished, suave. We have to go back to Swift again to find a writer who handles this weapon so effortlessly as Mr. Belloc.

"Who shall determine whether a man does more by speaking or by writing, if in both he is lucid and illuminates all he touches"? Mr. Belloc asked in an obituary notice of G. K. Chesterton; and we may ask the same question about himself, for he also has the power of the spoken word. It is not easy to estimate what he has done by this means. But few of those who have conversed with him at any length, could withstand that forceful personality or remain indifferent

to the opinions on life, politics, history, religion expressed in his brilliant, incisive talk. We know that he has been one of the great human influences on G. K. Chesterton. The conjunction of these two luminaries—these Catholic *Dioscori*—has been one of the wonders of our time. It would not be easy to get two men more unlike in character, temperament, disposition, gifts, style; yet they formed a unique partnership which, in fullest unity of purpose and outlook, has been most fruitful for Catholic truth. It is no injustice to G.K.C. to say that his friend was the senior partner in the enterprise. And there have been other eminent men—Maurice Baring and Cecil Chesterton, to mention the best known—who have come under the same strong, beneficent influence and have been deeply affected by it.

There is a sense of dedication about this rich strenuous career. It would be difficult to mention another layman of recent times who has consecrated such gifts to the cause of Catholic truth. The two most obvious parallels are Joseph de Maistre and Louis Veuillot; and a very helpful comparison might be made between Mr. Belloc and these two French men of genius who were great Catholic apologists. *The Girondin*, *The Mercy of Allah*, *Caliban's Guide to Letters*, *Cautionary Verses* and other volumes show what a popular reputation Mr. Belloc would have made had he given a mundane direction to his talents and sought only to please his generation. But he deliberately turned his back on that attractive prospect and dedicated himself to a higher cause. The only true English parallel is Newman. Between the two men there are many obvious differences; but in point of achievement a comparison is justifiable; and it can be maintained that, since Newman, no writer in English has done more than Mr. Belloc to present the Catholic view of life to the English speaking public.

Hugh Kelly

NEW LIGHT ON IRISH EMIGRATION

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE O'BRIEN, D.LITT.

OF all the peculiar features that distinguish the economic history of Ireland from that of other countries the most outstanding is the continuous decline of the population for the last ninety-four years. The nineteenth century was remarkable for an unprecedented growth of population in the old world and the new, but Ireland alone failed to conform to this general trend. The fall in the population of Ireland was due to the abnormally large volume of emigration which formed part of the great westward migration from Europe to America. Every addition to our knowledge of the causes, the course and the consequences of that immense human stream throws new light on the conditions that have moulded modern Ireland. It is for this reason that no student of Irish history can afford to ignore a remarkable book by the late Professor Marcus Lee Hansen entitled *The Atlantic Migration* 1607-1860.* This volume was planned to form the first of a trilogy bringing the history of transatlantic migration up to recent times, but the project was unhappily frustrated by the death of the distinguished author.

Professor Hansen tells the story of the great westward flow of the peoples of Europe, first to the thirteen British colonies and then to the early Republic down to the eve of the Civil War, with special attention to the movement in the nineteenth century. He takes his stand in Europe rather than in America, leaving to other hands the story of the newcomers after their arrival in the United States. He shows the conditions in Europe that made people want to go to the new world : changes in agriculture and land tenure, natural disasters, political oppression, religious discrimination, the activity of emigrant agencies, and improvements in trans-

* Harvard University Press. 1940. $3.50. London : Milford. 20s.

portation by sea and land. Professor Hansen writes with imagination, ever conscious of the epic character of the great exodus which forms his theme. Well may he claim that "Americans who cannot boast of ancestors who came over in the Mayflower may take pride in forebears who with equal fortitude and self-sacrifice, but with less attention from historians, braved the Atlantic in later times."

The magnitude and significance of the Atlantic migration can best be described in Professor Hansen's own words :—

"Though the thirteen American colonies owed their growth and prosperity largely to the recurrent additions of population from Europe, the century from 1815 to 1914 marked the most significant period in the foreign peopling of the United States. The years from the fall of Napoleon to the outbreak of the world war spanned exactly one hundred seasons of migration, in which a great flood of humanity rolled westward across the Atlantic and swept over the waiting Continent. To that flood every nation, every province, almost every neighbourhood contributed its stream. Beginning in Ireland and the valley of the Rhine, the fever of emigration extended toward the north and east, gripping the English midlands, the Scandinavian countries and the north of Germany, spread southward through the Baltic provinces, Poland and Austria into Italy and, before it finally ran its course, afflicted the Balkans and the Near East. Only France and Spain proved immune so far as the United States was concerned. It is clear that the cause of so vast an exodus was wider than race or nationality and deeper than legislation or politics. It was not the mania of a single generation nor of ideas that prevailed for a mere decade or two. The cause was as universal as the movement itself . . . . Quite as marked as its universality was the periodicity of the movement. It advanced in a series of waves, each greater than the preceding. After a period of flow there followed an interval during which the current hesitated or seemed to reverse itself, only to be followed by a sudden rush of even greater volume . . . . This migration does not constitute an isolated story. It touches the stream of human history at many points. It forms part of the agrarian development which revolutionized the European countryside. It is related to the hygienic progress that doubled the population in the course of three generations. It helped to bring about a new era in Atlantic transportation by furnishing merchant vessels with one of their most reliable wares. Not least important was its contribution to the westward movement in the United States."

This migration during the century of its greatest volume can be divided into three distinct stages. The first stage was the period between 1830 and 1860, the crest of which was reached about 1847-1854. The migration during this period may be described as Celtic, as it had its origin mainly in Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland and Wales and those districts on the Continent of Europe where Celtic land tenures had at one time prevailed. The second stage, which took place between 1860 and 1890, may be described as Teutonic, as the emigrants in those years were mainly from England, Prussia, Saxony, Bohemia and Scandinavia. The majority of the emigrants were Teutonic in blood, institutions and the basis of their language. This group was the most homogeneous and the most easily assimilated of the migrations to America. The third stage was the period between 1890 and 1914 when large numbers of emigrants of Slavonic and Mediterranean origin predominated. The whole movement, which involved the transplantation of 35,000,000 people, was unique in demographic history. In volume it was unparalleled; it was almost entirely the result of the enterprise of the individual emigrant, and it received practically no assistance from any official authority. "There gradually emerged a clear-cut type which was not the product of law or policy but the creation of experience—the individual who could be spared in Europe and who was needed in America, the standard emigrant of the nineteenth century." No emigrants conformed more perfectly with this standard than the Irish.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries overseas migration took place more freely from England and Ireland than from the Continent of Europe. There were few restrictions on the departure of emigrants, particularly if they were bound for possessions of the British Crown, and there were no difficult land journeys to accomplish before reaching a port of embarkation. There was no period from the settlement of Virginia during which some Irishmen were not going to America. Many of the early emigrants went to the West Indies and Canada, but there were Irish in Carolina in 1670, and the Quakers who emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1681

included many Irish who "served as the opening wedge" for others to follow. During the first half of the eighteenth century the Irish emigrants were mostly Ulster Presbyterians, and "the Catholic Irishman was a comparative rarity in the continental colonies." In the years following the Rebellion and the Union many political suspects reached the United States. "Within a few months every coast city had its lodge of United Irishmen who, expert in politics, lent effectual aid to the Jeffersonian Democrats in their war upon the Federalists." Distress in Ireland in 1809 caused a wave of emigration which continued until the war of 1812 brought it to an end. The interruption of immigration during the years of revolutions and wars encouraged the growth of American nationalism. "A society accustomed to constant infusions from abroad found time to adjust itself to a condition where its people were home-born and home-bred."

Immediately after the declaration of peace in 1815 emigration from Europe, and in particular from Ireland, was resumed. In the year 1816, which came to be known as "the year without a summer," the potato and oats crop failed and the resulting agricultural depression drove large numbers away. At this time the cost of the passage across the Atlantic was rather high, and, although many passages were paid by relatives in America, the majority of the emigrants came from the small but comfortable farming class. The movement was halted by the news of the depression in the United States, and emigration from Ireland practically ceased for about five years. During these years the tide of emigration on the continent of Europe turned eastward to Russia and Poland or southward to Brazil. Henceforward the volume of European emigration to the United States fluctuated with conditions of prosperity and depression in the country of destination, news of which quickly crossed the ocean. The potato failure in 1821 led to a scheme of assisted migration from Ireland to Canada. The great westward stream again began to flow in 1828; by 1832 the number of European emigrants to the United States was over 50,000 and in later years this figure was considerably exceeded.

A new movement was under way which was to culminate in the tidal wave of the 1850's. But between the emigrant of 1830 and his successor of 1850 there were pronounced differences. The former migrated in considerable doubt. Though America stood on the threshold of a great period of development, the labour system for this expansion was not yet devised, and emigration in the hope of securing work still seemed a precarious step. The later emigrant crossed the ocean, knowing a system existed which would hire him, distribute him, train him, and, finally, assure him a better economic and social status than the one he had left. The working out of this system by the newcomers in the 1830's makes it appropriate to call them the pioneers of the great mid-century migration.

During the thirties emigration from Ireland increased, while the United States came to take the place of Canada as the emigrants' destination. The abolition of the forty-shilling franchise led to consolidations and clearances, and the establishment of the system of national education fostered a knowledge of the English language and of the geography of the new world. Owing to the cost of transport the very poor could not emigrate except to Great Britain, and the majority of those who went to America came from the more substantial tenantry, including large numbers of Protestants, especially from Ulster. It was the growth of the export trade of the United States which cheapened the cost of passage, as the ships that carried the American exports to Europe needed return cargoes. The movement from Ulster was facilitated by the arrival of ships carrying flaxseed and timber, which on their return journey carried emigrants to Quebec and Halifax whence many of them crossed the border of the United States. "This infiltration of Irishmen from the Maritime Provinces helped to break up the Anglo-American character of New England." As time passed, the route which tended to supplant all others was from Liverpool, in ships which had conveyed cotton from the United States.

Professor Hansen presents a careful study, drawn from contemporary sources, of the condition of Ireland in the early forties in which he states, rather surprisingly, that "the outlook was distinctly promising." Nevertheless Irish farmers were faced with growing competition from abroad and the

peasantry had become dangerously dependent upon one single crop. A similar dependence existed in south-west Germany and in other continental districts. "Nature was raising her hand against the husbandman . . . overpopulation, hunger and unemployment were the topics that dominated all discussion of social conditions. Hope struggled with fear as people viewed the future, with fear gradually gaining the mastery." The succession of events in the autumn of 1845 settled the issue between hope and fear. The failure of the potato crop in that year was not followed by any great emigration. It was the better-off farmers who continued to depart. The failure of the crop in the following year had very different results. The arrival of ships carrying food from America "fed not only the body of the starving Irishman but also his imagination, for he learned convincingly of a land where there was an abundance of food to spare." Emigration became a panic flight, facilitated by the presence in Irish ports of American food-ships seeking return cargoes. The cost of the journey, now greatly reduced, was met by the liquidation of old savings, the sale of possessions and remittances from the United States. The quarter acre clause, the growing burden of rates and the clearances led to a great flight of small tenants in 1847. In that year the potato crop was good and in the autumn the movement showed signs of abating.

In the following spring the volume of emigration from Great Britain was greater than that from Ireland, caused by exaggerated fears of the consequences of the Repeal of the Corn Laws. In 1848 the potato crop again failed.

> The majority knew that this was their last effort. No longer could they struggle against the revolution that nature and the British Government had wrought. Despondency sank to its lowest depths in the winter of 1848-9. A continuation of disease, hunger and unemployment seemed the predestined lot of those who tarried in the land of their fathers. Even many Catholic clergymen, who had hitherto urged their flock to remain at home, advocated departure. From America came letters telling of plenty to eat, to drink and to spend. The famine refugees had surmounted the initial difficulties and their unanimous advice was "follow us."

This advice was taken by immense throngs. Remittances to pay the cost of passage arrived in large quantities, the repeal of the Navigation Act reduced shipping charges, the Encumbered Estates Act led to further clearings, while, in the United States, the westward migration left room and opportunities for new arrivals. "Farms for those who wanted farms, work for those who had no capital but their hands—this was what mid-century America offered those for whom Europe could find no place. The stage was set for the greatest migration the world has ever known." In the years 1850-60 something like 2,600,000 aliens poured into the United States. The number of Irish in the United States grew from 962,000 to 1,611,000. "This migration was great in comparison with the native American population, great in the trails of settlement it broke, great in the cultural foundations it laid. Subsequent decades were to see a larger volume of arrivals, but no later migration paid richer dividends to American civilization."

The emigration from Ireland rose to a peak in 1852, after which it declined. The forces of repulsion were slackening. Good harvests, rising prices and a shortage of agricultural labour improved conditions in Ireland. In the United States a spirit of intolerance broke out against all immigrants and especially the Irish. A severe economic depression overtook America in 1857. The Crimean War caused a shipping shortage and led to recruiting in Ireland. As a result of these influences on both sides of the Atlantic "the great mid-century movement slowed to a halt."

The reference by Professor Hansen to the "dividends paid to American civilization" by the migration raises the issue of the economic effects of the great movement. A migration of such magnitude has consequences, direct and indirect, far outside the economic field. The balance of political power, the spread of cultures and religions and the development of moral, intellectual and social forces are all affected by the redistribution of populations. Such considerations are outside the scope of the present review, which is concerned only with the economic effects of the movement. These economic

effects must be studied from four standpoints: from that of the country of arrival, from that of mankind as a whole, from that of the migrants themselves and from that of the country of departure. The interests of these different groups are not necessarily identical. It is the existence of disharmonies of interest between different nations that leads to artificial interference, by way of encouragement or the reverse, of international migrations.

There can be no two opinions regarding the benefits which the United States derived from the immigration. Without the influx of cheap and willing labour the development of the continent would have been impossible. Professor Hansen stresses the point that the pioneering westward movement within the United States depended for its success upon the arrival of a continuous stream of newcomers to fill the vacuum left in the eastern States. From the point of view of economic progress America was very favourably situated in the nineteenth century inasmuch as the factors of production necessary for its development were abundant and cheap. Land was to be had for the taking, the virgin soil yielded abundant crops, and the law of diminishing returns was very little in evidence. Labour flowed in, so to speak, readymade. The cost of producing the immigrant labourer had been incurred in the country of his origin, and the United States obtained a fully-developed factor of production entirely free of cost. A great deal of the capital was also imported from the old world. The savings of Europe fertilized the prairies of America. The difference between the supply of imported labour and that of imported capital was that the latter had to be repaid with interest, whereas the former was obtained free. The very fact that the United States welcomed the immigration proves that it was found profitable. Later, in the present century, when conditions changed, there was no hesitation in limiting the right of immigration by drastic quotas.

From the cosmopolitan point of view the movement was also beneficial, since it signalized the transfer of resources from points of lower to points of higher productivity. The migrants moved because they judged that they would better their

position by doing so. That is to say, they moved from the places where wages were low to the places where wages were high. Such a movement represents an improvement in the distribution of the world's labour supply. It is generally admitted that, apart from considerations of strategy, defence and social problems caused by overcrowding, the utmost freedom of movement should be permitted within the boundaries of each nation. Such mobility results in the most satisfactory location of production. If the world were one community, not divided into different political units, the same principle would apply to international movements of labour. There is no disputing the fact that, assuming the world to be a single political entity, the best economic distribution of resources would be secured by the utmost freedom of the movement of commodities and of the factors of production. When such movements succeed in taking place, in spite of the existence of national barriers, they must be regarded as beneficial from the standpoint of cosmopolitan welfare.

The question whether the migrants themselves benefited from their migration has been answered by inference in the last paragraph. In the discussion of this subject it is especially important to emphasize that all non-economic considerations and values are deliberately ignored and put aside. Within the field where economic measurement is possible, there can be little doubt that the migrants improved their lot by their change of residence. Whether the movement be regarded as a flight from poverty in Ireland or as a response to the promise of the expanding prosperity of America, it was caused by the desire of the migrants to improve their condition. For the most part the movement was voluntary, made with a clear understanding of the relative attractions of emigrating or remaining at home. Needless to say, numerous errors of expectation were encountered and much distress and hardship were suffered by many immigrants in the United States. Many migrants would probably have been better off had they stayed at home; but, taking the movement as a whole, there can be no doubt that it improved the condition of the average migrant. If proof were needed of this con-

tention, it would be found in the large and continuous stream of remittances sent from the new world to assist further emigration.

Finally, we have to assess the effect of the migration on the countries of departure. Of course no generalization on this subject would be universally valid, as the European countries from which the migrants went differed from one another in so many respects. What we shall have to say refers particularly to Ireland. Professor Hansen expresses an opinion on this subject which rather begs the question at issue. "On both sides of the Atlantic the Great Migration had done its work. In Ireland and Germany prosperity had replaced rural poverty, and cheerfulness reigned where gloom had once held sway." This opinion is shared by Mr. Colin Clark, who states that "the situation in Ireland in the early nineteenth century was Malthusian in that it represented the pressure of a rapidly growing population, deprived of all possibilities of industrial development, upon limited means of subsistence. The situation was only resolved by a wholesale overflow of population, which, in the course of a century, raised Ireland from the poorest to one of the richest countries of Europe."* One thing that can be stated with certainty is that the cost of rearing emigrants had to be covered by somebody in the country in which they were born and bred. This is the other side of the subsidization of the labour supply in the United States. Although the United States obtained the labour free, it was not produced free. Every emigrant who left Europe embodied whatever investment of capital was necessary to bring him to maturity and earning capacity. Furthermore many emigrants brought their savings with them, and the total export of capital that took place in this form must have been considerable. It is arguable that the under-capitalization of Irish agriculture was partly due to the efflux of savings associated with emigration.

The movement therefore inflicted *prima facie* a loss on the country of departure. In order to justify it from the national

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* *Conditions of Economic Progress*, p. 170.

economic standpoint it would be necessary to prove that the emigrants would have added nothing to the national income if they had remained at home. In other words it would need to be proved that their failure to emigrate would have imposed a continuing burden on the country, which would have had to incur the cost of maintaining them as well as the cost of having reared them to earning age. This, of course, involves a discussion of the extent to which Ireland was " overpopulated " in the middle of the nineteenth century. This inquiry gives rise to numerous difficult questions. How is a condition of overpopulation to be defined ? Assuming that an acceptable definition be reached, was Ireland in fact overpopulated ? Assuming that it was, could the resources of the country have been developed so as to provide additional employment and thus render emigration unnecessary ? Was not the Government of the time, obsessed by liberal dogmatism, greatly to blame for failing to pursue an extensive policy of development by means of public works and the encouragement of private investment ? If some emigration was necessary, could it not have been accomplished with less suffering and less adverse differential selection ? Is there any escaping the dilemma that, if emigration was preventable, it should have been prevented ; while, if some emigration was necessary, it should have been regulated and assisted ? Could it not have been regulated so as to reduce to a minimum its adverse reactions ? Was the rise in the standard of living in Ireland due to the emigration or to other causes ? Assuming that it was due, at least in part, to the emigration, was the gain worth the cost ? These are some of the questions that require to be answered before an opinion can be formed on the extent to which Ireland gained or suffered from the emigration.

There is no doubt that the sudden expansion of the population of Western Europe in the beginning of the nineteenth century gave rise to new and unprecedented economic problems. Whether, as Professor Hansen states, the only solution of these problems lay in the " willing expatriation of a multitude of citizens," or whether some other solution could have been discovered, there is no denying the existence of

the problems. Developments of economic theory frequently reflect developments in economic life, and it is interesting to trace the change of the attitude of economists towards population in the light of the change in the rate of population growth. The Mercantilists believed that people were wealth and that a nation, in order to prosper, must encourage their multiplication, entice artizans and settlers from other lands and prohibit the departure of its own inhabitants. The Physiocrats taught that a nation's wealth grew as the number of its people grew and that the furthering of this increase was an obligation of the State. In the later years of the eighteenth century there appeared a growing anxiety at the prospect of overpopulation. "Robert Malthus," Professor Hansen aptly remarks, "has loomed so large in economic literature that his opinions have obscured those expressed earlier by persons who did not condense their conclusions into a mathematical formula." It was Malthus, however, who exerted the greatest influence in arousing fears regarding the dangers of overpopulation. These fears would not have been so easily aroused if they had not some justification.

The emigration to America in the nineteenth century may possibly have benefited the country of departure as well as the country of arrival. This is a matter on which opinions may legitimately differ. It is impossible to resist the temptation to compare that movement with the modern emigration to Great Britain. Ireland is doing for Great Britain to-day precisely what she did for the United States in the last century, namely, providing an immense supply of subsidized labour for which she receives practically no payment in return. With the general increase in the standard of living and of education, the cost of bringing a young person up to the age of earning capacity is much higher than it was in the years following the famine. There is nothing to be gained by attempting a statistical calculation of the cost of rearing and educating an average Irish emigrant. Part of that cost is incurred by the emigrant's parents and part by Irish taxpayers and ratepayers, but it is all incurred in Ireland. As soon as the young person reaches adult age, he departs and henceforward adds

to the national income of Great Britain. The fact that the production of human labour constitutes an act of investment is obscured by the fact that children consume so-called consumers' goods. Nevertheless, the rearing and education of children utilizes the savings of parents and of society in the same way as the production of any inanimate capital. When anything possessing the capacity to earn is expensive to produce, it is *prima facie* desirable that its earnings should not be added to the national income of an external community. Such a transfer of a factor of production constitutes an international tribute. The tribute rendered to Great Britain by subsidizing her supply of labour is probably as great as the tribute exacted, in the past, by the absentee landlords.

The analogy of absenteeism and emigration is singularly exact. One of the great economic controversies in the early nineteenth century was that regarding the effects of Irish absenteeism. On the one hand it was argued that the remittance of the rents was a drain on Ireland that had to be paid by means of an excess of exports for which no imports were received in return. On the other hand it was contended that the remittance constituted a mere redistribution of purchasing power in the United Kingdom and that what Ireland lost England gained. Both sides were perfectly correct. The reason why they disagreed was because they did not agree on what should be regarded as the unit of welfare. Those who regarded Ireland as a separate nation with separate interests rightly deplored the drain caused by the remittance of the rents, while those who considered that Great Britain and Ireland had been welded into a single nation by the Act of Union equally rightly argued that an internal redistribution of income was irrelevant. If the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland could be regarded as a single national and political entity, the emigration would be a benefit since it would represent an advantageous redistribution of the labour supply. Even if this were the case when the Act of Union was in operation, it is certainly not the case to-day. The two countries constitute two units of welfare, and the gain that Great Britain derives from enjoying a supply of ready-made labour

cannot be regarded, from the Irish point of view, as a profitable return upon the investment involved in its production.

Is there no gain, it may reasonably be asked, to set against what appears to be a national loss to Ireland ? If this review were not confined to the purely economic aspects of emigration it would be relevant to speculate on the political, cultural, religious and moral consequences of the movement. Every student of Irish history is aware of the great missionary activities of Irishmen in the distant past. The more recent emigrants have acted as missioners in a less conscious manner, and nobody can deny that the present influence of the Church on the English-speaking world owes much to the ubiquity of the Irish. Another obvious consideration is the part played by the Irish in American and, to a lesser extent, in Australian politics. The existence of large numbers of people of Irish extraction in positions of importance in the new world is not without its repercussions on the politics of the old. Ireland possesses a sort of spiritual empire. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries many European countries employed emigration to establish outposts of economic and political power. Ireland, deprived of independence, was not in a position to acquire the rather questionable benefits of a colonial empire. Time may prove that the bonds of sympathy are more binding than the bonds of conquest and that Ireland possesses an influence in the world greater than that of the great colonial powers. These reflections, important though they are, lie outside the ambit of our present discussion.

Returning to the economic aspects of emigration, it is obvious that some estimate must be attempted of the gain which Ireland derives from the remittances received from emigrants. In the early days of the movement the remittances from the United States were used principally to pay for the passage of more emigrants and thus acted as fuel that fed the flames of emigration. In modern times remittances are not employed specially for this purpose and may be regarded as a net gain to Ireland. From the point of view of the balance of payments the remittances play a part identical with the income from investments abroad. It is the existence of these

and other similar payments from abroad that makes Ireland such a strong creditor country and, therefore, so financially independent and so capable, should such a policy be deemed desirable, of undertaking extensive schemes of internal development without recourse to foreign lenders. It must be remembered, however, that the amount of the remittances is gradually diminishing and that they must be regarded as a wasting and precarious item in the country's invisible exports. To what extent the remittances represent a return on the capital invested in the production of the emigrants is a matter of speculation. In view of the fact that the amount of the remittances is less than £3,000,000 a year, it may be safely hazarded that they represent a very small return on the millions spent on the rearing and education of exported labour.

In concluding these reflections, which have been engendered by Professor Hansen's thought-provoking book, it may be well once more to emphasize the narrow angle from which the subject has been reviewed. It is, of course, obvious that the study of problems connected with demographic movements involves the consideration of numerous motives, valuations and ideals which transcend the measuring rod of economic welfare. The deepest emotions, the strongest passions and the most unselfish love are not capable of being weighed in the economic scales. The importance of these considerations cannot be over-emphasized. There is, however, an economic aspect of population movements which also deserves attention. No apology should be needed by an Irish economist for drawing attention to these matters in view of the fact that one of the earliest attempts to measure " the value of the people " was made in 1672 by Sir William Petty in *The Political Anatomy of Ireland.* All that has been attempted in the foregoing pages has been to suggest that movements of population involve economic consequences of the first importance, that such movements are deserving of study, and that they must not be regarded with an attitude either of fatalism or of indifference.

GEORGE O'BRIEN

CHRISTIAN TEACHING AND DEMOCRATIC PRACTICE

BY MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE

Editor of the *Catholic Herald*

WHEN the Pope in his last Christmas Allocution accepted the fact that a new order must emerge from the war, in what degree did his words imply a condemnation of those political and social values that spring to our minds when we speak of democracy? The Holy Father, of course, stressed the truth that the Church cannot take sides in the quarrel between rival ideologies, but is solely concerned to spiritualise whatever social system may be put into effect. On the other hand the old order has been so intimately linked up with these democratic values that we can properly and usefully enquire whether and in what degree they are fit to survive.

If we try to get at the essence of the democratic faith we shall, I think, roughly agree that the democrat stands by two points. The first is that democracy is in itself a qualitatively higher social system than any other. The second is that democracy carries within it the solution to the manifold problems that are raised by the attempt to organise a complex and civilized social life.

The argument in favour of democracy being intrinsically a better—and indeed the best—political form for society is extremely attractive, and its appeal has probably been the real factor in the world-wide spread of democracy in the 19th and 20th centuries. In a general way we all admit that development or progress is towards self-consciousness, awareness of responsibility, autonomy, self-rule. From the inorganic to the organic, from the vegetable to the animal, from the animal to the rational animal, from the child to the man, from the less educated to the more educated—in all these advances there is a movement towards greater self-control or self-determination. The most obvious instance of the change from control

by another to self-control is what we call the coming of age. And, applying this to political forms of society, we feel that the creation or evolution of a democratic form of government marks the coming of age of a society.

There is nothing on earth higher in the scale of human beings than the fully responsible person. Society or the State, then, exists to subserve the needs of the person, and it reaches its highest level when its behaviour becomes the expression of the free wills of its component members. If somehow one can devise a political or social arrangement of society which enables each member ' to be his age,' not only as far as his private and business life is concerned but also in so far as his citizenship is concerned, then we have reached a social order wherein the society or State may, by analogy, be said to have come of age. Indeed we should be tempted to say that only in such an order could the word ' citizenship ' be properly used at all. Every other social order implies that the individual person, however much he may be of age in respect of other aspects of his life, remains a child or kind of animal in respect of the behaviour of the society or State of which he is a member.

This view, of course, is opposed to that of a St. Thomas which sees society as an order requiring, primarily, a principle of unity, which unity is best promoted by " that which is in itself a unit," that is by a monarch. But while the contemporary temper has a better understanding of the force of the monarchical principle than the last generation, it is also aware of its immense dangers. It is certainly prepared to modify the abstract democratic theory in favour of maintaining a principle of order and unity in our complex society, but it is doubtful whether even in totalitarian States the conviction that democracy is best has been really changed. Totalitarianism is an evolution of democracy, not a reversion to monarchy.

This general feeling that democracy corresponds to the coming of age of a political society fits in, of course, with the view that the 18th and 19th centuries witnessed an all-round coming of age of emancipated man who was learning to be

guided by his own reason and his own feelings rather than by an inherited authority, whether religious or political. And obviously it is quite true that the three great revolutions, the English, the American and the French, did give to millions of people a new political and social status in which the defence of certain fundamental rights of the human person was recognised in theory, and to an increasing extent in practice, to be the first duty of society. And, underlying this political and social change, there was a growing sense of emancipation from religious, moral, philosophic and cultural outlooks hitherto taken for granted and imposed both by the supernatural sanctions of the Church and the natural sanctions of the State.

This conviction is so deeply implanted that, unless the whole apparatus of civilization breaks down through war and economic collapse, it is unlikely that Western man will ever go back on it. When a child comes of age, he can only become a child again through insanity or the break-down of his powers in his old age. And in the same way it is hard to believe that Western man will ever return to a simple faith in the externally imposed authority of Church, society and class ruling in virtue of its inherited privileged status, unless something analogous to second childhood occurs.

(I am not saying that the emancipation of the adult man is necessarily a better thing than the simple faith of the child. I am only saying that, once the development from child to man has taken place, there is no going back. And this seems equally true for society. But, of course, there is room for all kinds of further revolutionary changes in the course of an adult life and in that of an adult society. But the status of being adult—of thinking and deciding for oneself or of believing oneself to be doing so—will persist throughout any further changes.)

Admitting then the genuine advance or progress in human and social status through the coming of democracy, let us turn to the second part of the democratic conviction, the belief that democracy not only raises human and social status,

but in doing so also provides them with the means of taking advantage of this higher status.

After all, no democrat is quite so simple as to imagine that the mere conferring of democratic citizenship on an individual or the mere teaching him that he has certain fundamental rights will make him automatically a good and useful member of society. If we accept the coming of age analogy, we will at least allow the advocate of democracy to begin his experiment on men and women who have grown up and received some sort of social education and experience of social living. In other words we must presuppose the existence of an at least partly developed order of society composed of men and women who have been able to solve to some extent their economic, social and moral problems. But it is clearly implicit in the democratic faith that, given this prior order, it will be vastly improved by adopting the democratic social order. Thus the spread of the gospel of human rights and the conferring on the individual of a 'say,' equal to anyone else's 'say,' in the running of society will ensure, in the course of time, a much better and a much happier society—and not merely an adult society. If this coming of age involves the repudiation of naive religious, moral, cultural, economic beliefs previously held, then the new 'liberty, fraternity and equality' will prove the seed of better religious, moral, cultural, economic beliefs and aspirations.

For a very long time this faith was widely professed. Even to-day a big majority of the Anglo-Saxon people still profess it. They still in their hearts believe that all will go well with their country and the world—that these will be indefinitely perfected—if only real democracy could be established and safeguarded. And we can realise that much British and American criticism of Continental affairs bases itself on this conviction.

Yet when one comes to analyse this faith it reveals itself to be a very astonishing faith indeed, for it is a purely *passive* faith. And it is hard to see how a purely passive faith can be adequate to the needs of very *active* men and very *active* societies. This faith is a conviction that somehow something

good—something better and better—will evolve from a mere insistence that man is a creature *possessing* certain rights and needing a political order which guarantees the enjoyment of these rights. Note that all this is purely passive or negative. It does not insist on man *doing* anything; it only insists on his *having* something and being given a *chance* of doing something. It recognises a status, the status of being socially of age, and expects an outlook, a philosophy, a working system to emerge automatically and inevitably from that status. This surely is a radical, an overwhelming weakness. So much so that it is quite inconceivable how it could work, how it could ever have been seriously held.

As regards its being held, we must remember that the spread of democracy went hand in hand with the most naive of all human faiths, faith in what is best called 'Dawnism,' a belief that man must automatically progress, if relieved of the shackles and superstitions of the past; a belief that the dawn lies in wait somewhere ahead if man can only throw off the chains imposed on him by religion, law and custom. But how could it have been expected to work? In so far as it has worked, it has worked for two reasons. In the first place there is a certain amount of truth in 'Dawnism.' That is to say man is an idealist, and as he becomes more self-conscious, more himself, more free, he does push forward towards moral ends that are inherent in his nature. In throwing off what he has been taught to call the shackles of the past he does often rid himself of much that is evil, stupid and obscurantist. In other words man's natural appetite for the good does provide him with *positive* ends, however vaguely conceived, calling him to action. In the second place he actually continued to accept a good deal of the positive faith and outlook which he had inherited from the past. In particular he never rejected more than a part of the Christian call to charity, love for his fellow-men, service and the precepts of the natural law, entailing duties to himself, his neighbours and to society. In fact in certain cases he may have actually strengthened his convictions about the social and humanitarian side of the Gospel-teaching through temporarily freeing

them from complications that he either did not fully understand or encumbrances unnecessarily accumulated through a very far from perfect Christian history.

But, despite these accidental helps, it is surely becoming ever clearer that the essential passivity of the democratic faith has proved its historical undoing. The liberty (and remember that liberty is in itself a negative quality) which it conferred on individuals did actually make for social licence. This is not to say that individuals necessarily became licentious people, but that the new freedom, just because it had no sufficient positive content and end in view, enabled society itself to be run in terms of ends that were, in their effects on individuals, positively and absolutely evil.

An obvious example is the growth of exaggerated and violent nationalism. This as a mere matter of history followed immediately in the wake of the French Revolution, pouring itself, as it were, into the void of the new-found democratic faith. The emancipated masses, feeling themselves for the first time active members of a living society, instinctively sought for a positive end towards which they could strive and which would give a concrete object to their newly aroused aspirations. The deification of themselves in their country, the glory of their native land, the overthrowing of others who were resisting this wonderful new gospel—these things made up for the inevitable deficiencies of a passive social faith. Needless to say there have always existed plenty of adventurers only too ready to exploit this enthusiasm in order to obtain power or wealth. And this nationalism was very easily made into the instrument of that economic irresponsibility the conditions for which democracy had created.

In a way it is an extraordinary thing that democracy in its beginnings attended so little to the economic question. It is true that the defence of the people's property was one of the democratic slogans, and it is true that the expropriation of the rich took place to some extent in the French Revolution ; but a child-like faith in an automatic redistribution of wealth as a result of democracy—compare the Chartists' six points—pervaded even the most radical and socialist of the early

democrats. An almost new evolution, the Marxist Revolution, had to occur before it was realised that democracy alone could not deliver what is after all the very basis of real human liberty, economic status and independence. Meanwhile the purely negative character of democratic rights gave a tremendous run for their money to those who were quick enough to corner and control the rapidly increasing wealth of the world after the Industrial Revolution. And no amount of democratic right, parliament, suffrage had the faintest chance of competing with the power of the wealth that made the great industrialists and financiers omnipotent. These controlled and used for their own ends nations themselves, easily crushing wage-earners, dependent on their masters for the minimum necessities of daily life. And such ameliorations of the system as did eventually come about were gained, not at the democratic polls but through the class organisation of labour and the direct action of strikes, both of which were at bottom inconsistent with the pure milk of democracy. In fact the negative and passive philosophy of democracy has led inevitably to the fight between those who were able to concentrate wealth in their quickly-moving hands and rapidly-thinking brains and those who were able to convert electors into a disciplined army ever threatening to withhold its necessary services from the community.

We see then that, while we may agree that democracy does raise the status of a society so that it may be said to come of age, it has so far not proved itself able to provide the means whereby men can take advantage of their higher status. In other words we find that we have said very little indeed when we have shown that democracy is a higher political form—no more really than when we say that a grown man is more developed and advanced than a boy. The fact that a man is grown up does not prevent him from being a fool or a murderer, while the child can be and probably often is a saint by comparison. The real point of being adult does not lie in the mere possession of maturer powers or higher development, but in the use to which these powers are put. And it is just the same with society. Democracy in itself does no more than

give fuller opportunities corresponding with superior powers. Whether those opportunities will be used to best advantage, whether in fact democracy will prove the means of making a better and happier society, depends upon very different considerations. And the failure to recognise this seems to have been the real cause of the practical failure of democracy, despite that conviction which most of us share, namely that democracy is in itself the highest political form and one whose growth we cannot reverse.

And it is not mere apologetics to point out that democracy has so far failed because it has refused to seek in the Christian order that positive inspiration which it lacks. It is not mere apologetics, but plain history, which can be ascertained by the unbeliever as clearly as by the believer.

Historically and in its theory democracy and Christianity have, in fact, been extremely closely related. Mr. Christopher Dawson has brilliantly shown how Anglo-Saxon democracy sprang from the Calvinist tradition united with that of the Anabaptist and the independent sects both in Britain and America. And though on the Continent the roots of democracy were more complex, we must not only take account of the powerful Anglo-Saxon influences but of the tradition of Catholic philosophy whose doctrine of the Natural Law, developed by Jesuit thinkers of the 16th century, is in its essence to be found in Calvinism. And while we have to admit the rapid divorce in the course of history between the idea of democracy and the tradition of Christianity, at any rate as far as the latter was expressed through the institutional Churches, even the most agnostic of democrats cannot deny how closely linked is the teaching of both. The human rights for which the democrat has contended are fundamentally the same as the human rights implied by Catholic doctrine about God, man and the universe and consecrated by the Incarnation. Indeed the democrat can give no good account of why man should be considered to enjoy these rights, why man should be an end-in-himself, why man should expect to rise to the social and political status of democracy without being forced back on to Christian philosophy and theology.

In the creation of man to God's own image and likeness and in the Word being made flesh are to be found the only adequate explanation of the democratic creed—a fact borne out by the historical truth that the full democratic faith was never conceived save in a Christian civilization.

Christian teaching, on the other hand, is very far from being limited to the moral truths shared by the democrat. In fact the essence of Christianity is not the passive defence of human status, but *action*: the love and service of our neighbour who is our brother in Christ and the son of our common Father. Christianity, in the first instance, calls upon us to acknowledge a Divine dispensation that imposes upon us a certain mode of action and calls upon us to perform a certain set of duties, one of the first of which is to forget ourselves in the light of God's majesty and in charity towards our neighbour. It is, so to say, through reflection upon the implications of this dispensation and this call that we realise that *we* also are of importance and have rights. The code of Christianity is not a catalogue of ten rights, but of ten commandments.

Christianity does not suggest that the universe and the social order of the world revolve about the rights of each one of us, but rather that we shall attain our true end through seeking God in and through a universe whose order expresses the universal will of God. So that, if democracy had maintained the full inspiration of the Christianity in which it was conceived it would have concentrated on the duties of every person in a social system positively ordered towards the true good of each and every person made in God's image, duties which therefore involve also the rights of each and every man and the desirability that every man should take his fullest share as well in the common task as in the common fruit. Instead democracy, divorced from Christianity, abstracted the rights and allowed the positive principles of the social order to go hang and to depend upon what in the long run can be nothing else than the survival of the fittest. For whether the mob wins through a skilfully prepared election or a rich man wins or those who happen to hold the reins of

power win, this is largely a matter of respective dexterity, cunning, strength. Unless what is decided is *rightly* decided, *i.e.*, decided in accordance with objective truth and goodness, it is in the end a matter of indifference who decided and what is decided. And the only ultimate defence of democracy is to be found in proving *a posteriori* that, where the people somehow decide, they tend to decide rightly, that in fact they are least easily corrupted. And, apart from all the technical difficulties raised by democracy, is there any reason on earth why the people should be less easily corrupted except in so far as they may be trained to know and appreciate true values—except, in other words, in so far as they know God and seek to do the will of Him in whom is to be found the ultimate satisfactory explanation of the moral convictions which have made democracy possible ?

At this point most Christian theorists are apt to stop. In fairness, however, something more should be said. The fatal divorce between democracy and religion has not been wholly due to the blindness or conceit of democrats : it has also been due, in considerable measure, to the blindness and faults of Christians. Far too many Christians failed to understand the affinity between the social teaching of the Gospels and the social aspirations of democracy. Entrenched in a political and social order where oppression and injustice were rampant, they nevertheless feared the revolutionary demands of the new movement ; and instead of guiding, helping, moderating and deepening it, they too often blankly opposed it. We are beginning to see that now. But the social truths that we are beginning to preach to-day were not less true yesterday, and had the Church of the 18th and 19th centuries bravely come forward with doctrines that seem a commonplace to us to-day and which indeed were to a large extent a reality before the Reformation, both democracy and Christianity might have enjoyed a happier history.

Not less important were the sins of Christians ; that clinging to wealth, privilege and power that had accrued through the accidents of history, that readiness to compromise with the world which resulted in the division of the Christian

life into compartments, a Sunday compartment over which God was still allowed to reign and a weekday compartment where Mammon was never inconvenienced so long as it could possibly be helped, that loss of a vivid faith in God and the power of spiritual values which in practice resulted in a deference to Caesar and the values of the world that cannot possibly be squared with an honest reading of Christ's words in the Gospels. In face of the threatened collapse of Caesar and Mammon and privilege and respectability and secularist values to which we Christians have paid homage—though, thank God, we have never as a religion technically adored them, even though an enemy might suggest that we have been extraordinary skilful at times in avoiding that specific adoration—we must begin seriously to examine our consciences and admit our share in the cataclysm of the civilization which was at least founded on Christian inspiration. One whole facet of that inspiration, that of social justice, was polished up, as it were, by the reformers who brought about the great social revolutions; but they were left, partly through our fault and partly through theirs, with nothing but a polished, attractive and enticing surface, a mere substanceless dazzle.

The emphasising of social and economic justice since the pontificate of Leo XIII has been remarkable, and to-day the present Holy Father does not hesitate to use with hopefulness that phrase, the 'New Order,' which is promised on every side. This surely involves a double duty, a duty on the part of Christians and a duty on the part of secular forces. Christians throughout the world, encouraged by their pastors and leading lay-men, must articulate, as it were, the great movement of social and economic reform called for by the Pope. The secular forces on their side must take account of all those aspects of a fruitful human society which have been so clearly and simply enunciated by Pius XII in *Summi Pontificatus* and other pronouncements. Only if this happens will it be possible for democracy, this 'coming of age' of social man, to fall, as it were, into its proper place in the plan of a tolerable and efficient society.

MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE

THE HUMANISM OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY

BY DOM DAVID KNOWLES, O.S.B.

THE two centuries that follow the millennium, which have been so closely studied by the historians of politics, economics and art, have perhaps not yet yielded up all their secrets in the realm of cultural life. It is only too easy to regard the medieval period as a prelude and preparation for the modern world, and to consider the history of Western civilization as that of an ordered progress towards the material and intellectual perfection of man; within the medieval centuries themselves it is equally inviting to discover a steady and straightforward evolution from barbarism to enlightenment. Yet even in constitutional, legal and economic history where such a view is least misleading, the conception of an ordered and unhalting progress, familiar to Victorian writers, must receive modification in more than one respect; in the history of intellectual development and the changes of religious sentiment any idea of an unfaltering advance is wholly false.

This, perhaps, is particularly true in respect of the first great flowering of culture in Western Europe which began shortly after the year 1000. This age, save for its artistic life, had until recently been unduly neglected by historians of thought. The great moral and intellectual leaders—Anselm, Abelard and Bernard, and their lesser contemporaries such as Peter the Venerable or John of Salisbury—were indeed familiar figures, but they had been treated only in isolation; and even during the last twenty years, when the various schools of medieval philosophy and theology have at last attracted something of the attention they deserve, there has been a tendency to regard the eleventh and twelfth centuries as but a dawning, a prelude, to the thirteenth, the "greatest of centuries," which opened with Innocent III and St. Francis, which saw the earliest and purest masterpieces of Gothic architecture spring into being at Chartres, at Paris, at Salis-

bury and at Westminster, which embraced all the glories of scholastic theology, and which closed upon the year in which Dante, waking in the hillside forest, passed in imagination through the realms beyond the grave. In consequence, even those who, like the late Professor Haskins, have done most to extend our knowledge of the twelfth century or who, like Denifle and Ehrle and Mandonnet and Grabmann, have studied the growth of the universities, the origins of scholasticism and the pre-history of the friars—even these, when treating of earlier years, have given their attention to the seeds that were still to bear fruit rather than to the ripe ears of the summer's harvest. Yet to a careful observer the latter half of the twelfth century appears as a decline as well as a dawn, and as he looks back over the brilliant creative achievement of the hundred years between 1050 and 1150 and notes its deep and sympathetic humanism, which anticipated to an extraordinary degree much that is considered typical of the age of the Medici and of Erasmus, he becomes sensible of a very real change and declension between 1150 and 1200 which helped to make the culture of the thirteenth century, for all its intense speculative force and abiding power, less universal, less appealing and, in a word, less humane than what had gone before.

It is the purpose of these pages to direct attention to the earlier years, to the brilliant and original creative energies of the late eleventh century, and to the wide and sympathetic humanism which between 1050 and 1150 made its appearance for the first time in Western Europe. This first great rebirth—the proto-Renaissance as it has sometimes been called by historians of art and architecture—took place earlier than is generally supposed; the movement reached maturity between 1070 and 1130; it changed and declined in the fifty years between the death of St. Bernard and the pontificate of Innocent III, and the intellectual atmosphere of the thirteenth century which followed, though it was in some ways more rare, more bracing and more subtle, lacked much of the kindly warmth and fragrant geniality of the past. The culture of the schools was, in fact—to drop the language

of metaphor—without many of the elements that make a society fully humane, and that the preceding age had possessed for a time and subsequently lost.

The first stages of all great creative movements are hard to trace. The pre-Socratic philosophy, the sculpture which preceded the age of Ictinus and Pheidias, the constitutional legislation of Solon and Cleisthenes, though in many ways more original and admirable than the later developments in the golden age of Pericles, have but partially and recently been rescued from oblivion and reconstructed from the fragmentary monuments that survive. Similarly, few decades in European history are darker than those between 970 and 1030 in which the first generations of the new age were growing to maturity, and only those familiar with the writings and artistic achievements of the previous centuries can appreciate the change that then began. Consequently, there has been a general tendency to set the dawn too late—when, in fact, it is no longer dawn but a sunlight visible to all, at the end of the century, and in northern France. Yet it is clear that the real moving of the waters was in the decades immediately before the millennium, and in northern Italy.

That the schools of Italy, and in particular those of Lombardy, were the first by some thirty or forty years to develop new life, is clear not only from the calibre of their alumni but from the express testimony of contemporaries. How solid the literary training was may be seen from Peter Damian, who had himself been a master in the schools during early manhood. Damian after his conversion inveighed ceaselessly against secular learning and the poets, but in doing so he used, even in spite of himself, the very instruments against which his attack was turned; for all his writings are those of one who has not only been well trained in all the arts of expression and persuasion, but who is, besides, gifted with a real sense of the beauty of language in both prose and verse, and who is possessed of oratorical and poetic powers of a high order.

While the revival of intellectual life was a reality in Italy already between 1000 and 1020, the tide did not reach

Touraine, Maine and the Ile de France till about the middle of the century ; but, when it came, the spring there was even more brilliant than in Italy. Historians have often noted that while the Italian revival speedily developed into an intensive cultivation of civil and canon law, the French schools turned almost at once to dialectic. Neither of these developments was, properly speaking, humanistic in character ; but whereas in Italy the purely literary education was soon abbreviated into a preparation for the study of law, in France, for almost a century, some of the monasteries and a group of schools, of which Chartres is the most important, kept to a purely literary culture, looking to philosophy, such as they knew it, for a general illumination of life and conduct rather than for a life-long intellectual pursuit and the key to the understanding of the deepest mysteries of the faith.

The three notes of the new humanism, which set the great men of the eleventh and twelfth centuries apart from those who had gone before and those who came after, may be put out as : first, a wide literary culture ; next, a great and what in the realm of religious sentiment would be called a personal devotion to certain figures of the ancient world ; and, finally, a high value set upon the individual, personal emotions, and upon the sharing of experiences and opinions within a small circle of friends.

Since the ideas and emotions thus shared were often of a religious or, at least, of a philosophical character, and since the writers were in every case men who wrote little or nothing that could be called pure poetry or secular literature, the fundamental humanism of their outlook has been overlooked or, at best, has been recognized only in those who, like John of Salisbury or Hildebert of Chartres, were classical scholars of an eminence that would attract notice in any age. In one celebrated case, indeed, it has been obscured by the persistent attempts that have been made to romanticize the past in a totally unhistorical fashion. Nevertheless, the men of the early twelfth century, if they are regarded with attention and sympathy, show themselves as possessed of a rare delicacy of perception and warmth of feeling. It is to the sixteenth

century, not to the thirteenth, that one looks for the spiritual kin of Anselm, of John of Salisbury, and of Héloise.

The hall-mark of the revival, and the accomplishment that was most widely possessed by all whom it affected, was a capability of self-expression based on a sound training in grammar and a long and often loving study of the foremost Latin writers. The great ecclesiastics, one and all, who flourished between 1030 and 1180, could express themselves not only in fluent, correct and often elaborate language, but also in phrases and sentences of true dignity and eloquence. Peter Damian, John of Fécamp, Anselm, Abelard, Bernard, William of Malmesbury, Peter the Venerable, John of Salisbury—all these, and a hundred others, were masters of a flexible style and a wide vocabulary; they can be read with ease and pleasure; they are capable of giving adequate expression to their ideas and emotions, and do not fail to do so. Indeed, a student of the period comes to take this for granted—just as, in the use of contemporary manuscripts, he takes for granted the uniform, clear and beautiful script. Yet all this is in contrast alike to the age which had gone and to that which was to follow. Even the most learned men of the previous century, such as Abbo of Fleury, are narrow in the range of their ideas and awkward in their utterance; in England, among those who write Latin, the ideas are still less mature and the expression often laboured to the point of incomprehensibility. As for the century that came after, it may seem paradoxical to suggest that the great churchmen and thinkers of the age were inarticulate; yet those who have read in their entirety the correspondence of Adam Marsh, Robert Grosseteste and John Pecham, or who have endeavoured to pierce through to the personal experience and intimate characteristics of Albert the Great, Thomas Aquinas or Robert Kilwardby—to say nothing of the enigmatic Roger Bacon or Duns Scotus—will readily admit that in all the arts of language, in all manifestations of aesthetic feelings or personal emotions, in fine, in all the qualities of self-revealing intimacy, the great men of the thirteenth century are immeasurably poorer than their predecessors a hundred years

before. And though the luminous and adequate expression of ideas and emotions does not of itself alone constitute a character which we call humanist—for neither Anselm nor Bernard, past masters of the craft of letters, are precisely humanists—yet the power of self-expression grounded upon, or at least reinforced by, a wide literary culture is a condition *sine qua non* of a humanist's growth.

The second trait of the humanism of the twelfth century was, it is suggested, a personal devotion to one or more of the great figures of the distant past. To look to the past as to an age wiser and more accomplished than the present, to imitate its masterpieces and hand on its doctrine, had been a common tendency in every country since the end of the Empire wherever any sort of enlightenment found scope. To rediscover and repeat the past had been the watchword of Charlemagne, as it was to be the watchword, differently understood, of Hildebrand, of the early fathers of Cîteaux and of the early promulgators of the newly revived civil and canon law. What was peculiar to many of the humanists, and at the same time a striking anticipation of the sentiment of leading circles in the later Italian Renaissance, was a reverence for the precepts and a conscious endeavour to imitate the lives of celebrated writers or characters of antiquity considered as human beings or sages, rather than precisely as saints or legislators. If we wish to see the more intimate aspects of this trait, we cannot perhaps do better than consider the ways of thinking and acting of three individuals, all endowed with eminent intellectual gifts and exquisite emotional sensibilities and all eager to give expression to a part, at least, of their experience.

Abelard, Héloise and Ailred of Rievaulx are among the comparatively few personalities of the early twelfth century whose lives and words will continue to attract and move the minds of men throughout the ages. All three are, though in very different ways, essentially of their own period and remote from ours in the circumstances of their lives and in the cast of their thought. The problems, the catastrophe and the fate of Abelard and Héloise are, quite as much as

the austere monastic life of Ailred, typical of the twelfth century and remote from the experience of the twentieth. All three, on the other hand, by reason of their intense sensibility to emotions shared in some degree by all civilized mankind, and by reason also of a vivid power of self-expression, are not only of an age but for all time. With neither of the characteristics just mentioned are we concerned here, however, but with a third : the peculiar cast, that is, given to their thoughts and emotions by the humanistic training which they had undergone.

This appears, as has been said, most clearly in the reverence and devotion with which they regarded certain great figures of antiquity. With Abelard and Héloise it is Cicero, Seneca, Lucan and St. Jerome who are principally revered ; with Ailred it is Cicero (at least in youth) and St. Augustine. That in the case of all three the influence has a strong religious colour and that its primary object is a saint (for St. Jerome is the exemplar to whom both Abelard and Héloise turn most readily) does not affect its peculiar character. There is a world of difference between Abelard's attitude to Jerome or Ailred's to Augustine and the liturgical, quasi-feudal devotion of so many of their contemporaries to an apostle or an eponymous saint ; equally, the reverence paid to the word of Seneca or Cicero is something personal, something coloured by emotion, and quite distinct from the immense but purely scientific authority given to Aristotle by St. Thomas or to Cicero by the grammarians. It is Jerome the man, inveighing against marriage or counselling Paula and Eustochium ; it is Cicero the friend and the philosopher as pictured (however unhistorically) by the imagination of the twelfth century ; it is " my own Augustine " of Ailred, the Augustine who loved and was loved by others, the Augustine of the *Confessions*, not the Doctor of Grace. Yet we may see a difference between Ailred and the other two. He is a humanist to the extent that he chooses out and turns for counsel to those minds of the past who had felt and suffered and striven as he had. Abelard and Héloise " date " more clearly than Ailred because they, like their scholar-successors of the later Renaissance,

take for masters and guides and models a few great men of the past chosen with a scholar's rather than with a Christian's mind, and set them on a pedestal, not indeed opposed to that on which Christ and His saints stand, but without direct reference to revealed, supernatural religion. Both, when coming to closest grips with their own tragic and most real and keenly felt problems, find their securest counsel and stay in the Stoics of the Empire—Seneca, Persius and Lucan—and in the letters of Jerome. Héloise, indeed, who was at once the more absolute and final in her self-surrender and the one less susceptible of any spiritual influence, frankly turned for a model to Lucan and his Cornelia at the moment when she devoted herself irrevocably to the life for which she had no spiritual vocation. The passage in which Abelard describes this crisis is so vivid as to deserve quotation in full :—

> And she, as I remember well, when many full of sympathy for her youth were vainly endeavouring to deter her from submission to the monastic Rule as though it were an unbearable punishment—she, I say, breaking out as best she could amid her tears into Cornelia's famous lament, cried aloud : " O most renowned of husbands ! O thou deemed unworthy of my bed ! Had fortune, then, power thus far over such a one as thee ? Why did I marry so rashly above my star, only to make him unhappy ? Accept from me the penalty which I pay of my free choice." And with these words she hastened to the altar, and took from it the veil blessed by the bishop, and before all bound herself with the monastic vows.

It is hard to conceive a scene less characteristic than this of the monastic life of the twelfth century as commonly pictured : the despairing self-immolation of Héloise, with the Stoic's cold phrases ringing in her ears, would be more in character in a heroine of Corneille or in some tragic story of a noble Roman house of the fifteenth century.

The third trait common to Abelard, Héloise and Ailred, though again issuing in very different courses of action, is the importance which all attached to their personal emotions. With Abelard the crisis came comparatively late in life, when he was near his fortieth year. Previously, we may suppose, the vivid interests and brilliant successes of his intellectual life had kept all else suppressed ; for the deterioration of

character, due to wealth and fame, to which he attributed his fall, may supply a moral explanation, but does not of itself reveal the psychological background of the drama. In any case, his passion ran a not unusual course, though the genius of the man and the tragical *dénouement* of the affair have to some extent sublimated it in the eyes of posterity. From frank sensuality he rose to a deeper, if still wholly selfish, emotion ; self-centred as he was, he must give his every mood expression (for in this, as in much else, he resembled a Newman or a Cicero), and the most acute dialectician of the schools, the successful rival of William of Champeaux and Anselm of Laon, became a singer of love lyrics which by their words and melody carried the name of Héloise beyond the barriers of land and sea. All have perished, but when we read the hymns which Abelard wrote in a still later phase, we are not disposed to accuse of partiality the judgment passed upon his earlier verses by the one who was the theme of their praise.

Abelard's love for Héloise long remained selfish ; the sacrifices which it entailed were, as he himself pointed out somewhat coldly, the unwilled consequences and punishments of his fault, not a willing gift of self-surrender. Only when he had become a monk and a priest and was, partially at least, " converted " to the religious life, did his affection for Héloise show itself in actions inspired by a genuine and selfless devotion. Indeed, it is by reason of the care shown by this strange ex-abbot for his wife who still more strangely found herself abbess, rather than by the earlier phases of his emotional drama, that Abelard stands among the humanists, in contrast to the more conventional religious sentiments of his day.

Héloise, on the other hand, at once greater and not so great as her lover, gave all in a very real sense from the beginning. With her, motives of the intellectual order meant nothing, and those of the spiritual order little more. Héloise in truth, so far as her own deepest utterances go, has nothing of the Christian in her. What renders her unique and gives her nobility and even sublimity is the combination of exceptional mental power and unshakable resolve with the most complete and voluntary self-sacrifice—not, indeed, the surrender of

her own will and life to God or to any ethical demand, but the surrender of herself in totality to another. Clinging to this sacrifice with an intensity worthy of a heroine of Scandinavian legend—and indeed the blood of the pagan North may well have flowed in her veins—she found her model not in any saint of the Christian or even of the Hebrew centuries, but in the haughty and despairing women of ancient Rome, as they were depicted by the Stoic poet.

The life story of St. Ailred, when compared with those of Abelard and Héloise, may have appeared tranquil enough to those who saw the distinguished abbot of the Yorkshire Rievaulx only on his travels up and down England or at his appearances at court. Yet in his life's journey, too, as in that of "his" Augustine, the heart had shared the traces with the head and if, here also like Augustine, he had found a final peace where both head and heart might rest secure, he underwent no violent change of character and retained to the end his fresh, warm, spontaneous readiness to give and to receive love—a love transmuted into a wholly benevolent and unselfish goodwill, embracing all who would accept it, yet having for each the delicate individuality of a mother's love, to which indeed his biographer, writing half a century before St. Francis had made the expression familiar, did not hesitate to compare it.

St. Augustine the thinker, the preacher and the theologian, had dominated and saturated the intellectual life of the West to a degree which even now is not, perhaps, sufficiently realized; Augustine "the man," the Augustine of Monica and the *Confessions*, appears but rarely. It is the peculiar characteristic of Ailred that he was, until Petrarch's day, almost the only one to approach his Augustine through the *Confessions*, to recognize in him a fellowship of deep feeling, and to look to him as a predecessor and a guide in his own pilgrimage. To him, as to his illustrious exemplar, the April days of his boyhood, days of shine and shower in a Northumbrian school where he had for fellow and friend the Prince

Henry, son of King David of Scotland, were an abiding memory, rich in moulding influence.

"When I was still a boy at school," wrote Ailred later at Rievaulx, "and took great delight in the charm of the companionship of those around me, it seemed good to me to give myself up unreservedly to my heart's leading and to dedicate myself to friendship. Nothing to me seemed more delightful, more sweet, or more profitable than to love and to be loved." As Augustine had been stung to thought by Cicero, so Ailred, reading the Roman orator's *De Amicitia*, was humiliated at the contrast between his own impulsive, dominating emotions and the calm dignity, as it seemed to him, of Cicero's judgments, and though he had none of Augustine's intellectual crises, he found at the court of King David of Scotland, where he held for a time official rank, ties of ambition and affection not dissimilar to those which had held the great African shackled. When he describes his struggle to us, he falls naturally into the very rhythm of the *Confessions*, though the sincerity of personal experience is all his own.

When once he had found his spiritual home at Rievaulx, Ailred's great and in some ways unique gifts of mind and soul found full scope. To the visitor of to-day, who surveys the white ruins across the lawns and foliage of their exquisite setting, the past inevitably takes shape in a vision of the hard, sparing life of Cîteaux, shut out forever from the world. The Rievaulx of St. William, St. Waldef and St. Ailred had indeed an observant, austere and deeply spiritual life, but perhaps no greater surprise in all the varied life of the twelfth century awaits the student familiar only with feudalism, Domesday and the crusades than his first glimpse of the fermenting life at Rievaulx in its secluded dale—an overflowing household of more than a hundred monks and six hundred lay brothers, with its centre of acute intellectual debate and its interplay of eager and ardent personalities. Here indeed, far from the familiar centres of European life, is the quintessence of the humanism of the twelfth century; Ailred, the novice-master and teacher, surrounded by a small group of finely educated young minds absorbed in living debates—Ailred, the friend and

guide, learning recollection and true charity from his contact with others—Ailred the abbot, in middle age and in premature old age brought on by long and sharp illness, the centre of an ever shifting gathering of his sons to whom he, with his old charm intensified by suffering and sanctity, was all things to all, now discussing the nature of the soul in a dialogue left unfinished at his death, now counselling an illiterate lay-brother with equal care, while around him the fixed life of choir and farm-work, of changeless routine and sparing diet, went on unchanged.

"We his monks were around him," writes Walter Daniel of his last days on earth, "now twelve in number, now twenty, now forty, now even a hundred, for he who loved us all was thus loved exceedingly by us in return . . . and he considered it his greatest happiness that he should be thus loved. No one ever said to us 'Depart, be off, do not touch your abbot's bed,' but stepping upon his pallet or sitting upon it we spoke with him as a child speaks with its mother." And so he died, surrounded by his monks, lying on the sackcloth and ashes of the monastic custumal, with his eyes upon the crucifix on the wall.

The familiarity of all educated men of the age with the masterpieces of Latin literature has often been remarked upon. The mention of Héloise touches upon another aspect of this renaissance : the share, that is, of women in the higher culture of the day. Héloise, indeed, was something of a prodigy, but nowhere is there any suggestion that her uncle, Fulbert, was acting in an eccentric or even in an unconventional manner when he decided to give his niece a perfect education in letters. Nor did she stand wholly alone. It may not be easy to point to individual *bas bleus* in Paris or even in the convents of France in general, but in England there was no lack of them. The daughter of Margaret of Scotland, the future Queen Maud, was given a thorough literary education at Wilton ; Shaftesbury, a little later, sheltered Marie de France, and Muriel of Wilton was not the only other poetess in England, as is shown by the numerous copies of Latin verses attached by the convents of women to the bead-rolls of exalted personages

These cloistered elegists, however, scarcely differ in kind from their sisters who, four hundred years before, had corresponded with St. Boniface; Héloise, alike in her single-minded enthusiasm, in her real literary powers, and in her devoted, even pedantic reverence for her classical models, is a true predecessor of Camilla Rucellai, Margaret Roper and Lady Jane Grey; to her, as to these, Dorothea in George Eliot's novel would have looked with admiration.

Héloise may well have outdistanced all rivals of her own sex. In deploring the lack of letters among men, however, Peter the Venerable, in his celebrated letter to the widowed abbess, is using the language of exaggeration, for no one acquainted with the literature of the age can be unaware of the wide familiarity shown by so many with Latin literature. Ailred of Rievaulx can assume a familiarity with Cicero's *de Amicitia* as a matter of course in a young Cistercian of his abbey; quotations from the poets are common in almost all the more elaborate chronicles and letters of the period; the greatest humanists, such as Hildebert of Chartres, Abelard and John of Salisbury, quote aptly and copiously from a very wide range of Latin poetry. Rarely, perhaps, are the poets quoted solely on account of the intrinsic beauty of their words; Abelard, however, and John of Salisbury often give evidence of their appreciation of the purely poetic. For most the favourite authors are the rhetoricians and satirists of the Silver Age and the learned, artificial poets of the later Gallo-Roman culture. Though Virgil has pride of place, it may be suggested that even he may appear rhetorical to a superficial and unintuitive mind; Horace, significantly enough, is often quoted from the *Satires* and *Epistles*, rarely from the *Odes*—their beauty, it may be, was too sophisticated and too exquisite to be appreciated, their urbanity too unfamiliar, and their pagan morality and religion too obvious. For similar reasons Tibullus and Propertius rarely occur, and scarcity of manuscripts is sufficient of itself to account for unfamiliarity with Lucretius and Catullus. Juvenal, on the other hand, Lucan and the difficult Persius were, relatively

speaking, more familiar to the contemporaries of Abelard than to classical scholars of to-day.

Nothing, perhaps, shows both the reality and the extent of the training on classical models than the facility with which numbers were able to compose sets of perfectly correct Latin verses, and that not only in hexameters and elegiacs, but in the lyric metres used by Horace and Catullus. That the inhabitants of nunneries in Wessex should have been able to write passable elegiacs, and that it should have seemed natural to a monk when composing a saint's life to break without warning or apparent reason into alcaics, hendecasyllabics and the still more elaborate iambic and trochaic metres, are phenomena of the late eleventh century to which it would be hard to find a parallel save in the late fifteenth or early sixteenth. That only a few—a Peter Damian, an Abelard, a Hildebert—should have attained real poetry in their compositions should be no occasion for wonder; the rest fail where the most felicitous verses of a Jebb, of a Calverley, and even of a Milton fail; the remarkable fact is that so many had achieved a mastery of the language and the metre without any aid from a Gradus or dictionary. Occasionally, indeed, the level of true poetry is attained, together with perfect felicity of vocabulary; Peter Damian's Sapphic hymns to St. Benedict, like the earlier hymn to the Baptist, *Ut queant laxis*, are supreme in their kind, and it would be difficult for a scholar, familiar only with ancient Latin literature, to assign their composition to the eleventh rather than to the sixth or the sixteenth century. More often, however, the nearest approach to true poetry is made in the simpler accentual metres and the lyrics that verge upon the vernacular.

The decline of this humanism, like its rise, was comparatively rapid. The phase of sentiment we are considering touched its apogee between the rise of Hildebert of Chartres and the central years of the literary life of John of Salisbury. With Peter of Blois the decline is beginning, and though in England there was something of a "time-lag," the end was reached with Walter Map, Gerald of Wales and their circle; Gerald, indeed, lived on into another world and lamented the

change. By the death of King John the transformation was complete. The great figures of the early thirteenth century, whether thinkers or administrators, are all but inarticulate when not in their schools or chanceries. It is from the class of the unlettered, from a Francis of Assisi or a Joinville, that the clearest utterances come, "the earliest pipe of half-awakened birds," heralding another dawn in Europe. Literary, philosophical, scholarly humanism was dead, and it is significant that the supreme and balanced art, the Pheidian assurance and repose of the sculptures of Chartres, of Wells, of Amiens and of Rheims, was the expression of life as seen, not by a Leonardo or a Michelangelo, but by unlettered handicraftsmen living wholly in the present and wholly ignorant of the literature and culture of the past.

This is not to say that the new age owed no debt, paid no homage, to the past. In one sense the debt of no century had been heavier; for, as recent scholarship has shown, a larger and larger portion of the corpus of Aristotelian writings and numerous dialogues of Plato and Greek philosophers of the Empire were becoming familiar to the West, together with works of science, Greek and Arabian. St. Thomas rests upon Aristotle, "the Philosopher," more completely and unreservedly than does Abelard upon Augustine or Jerome or Seneca; and, as regards language, all metal is tested upon the touchstone of Cicero. Plato, Aristotle and Augustine, in their various ways, are not merely the foundations of the fabric of scholasticism; they are its *materia prima*, the very medium in which Aquinas works. Yet scholars of to-day who, when rightly demonstrating the traditional and wholly European character of medieval culture, emphasize the debt of the schoolmen to the ancients, may perhaps mislead those familiar only with modern history when they speak of the humanism, or of the classical tradition, of the great scholastics. The attitude of St. Thomas towards the masters of the past differs by a whole heaven from that of Abelard and Ailred, as it does from that of Erasmus and More. The humanists, though living in times so very different from those of Greece and Rome, scrutinize the lives and emotions of the ancients,

imitate their modes of expression and seek to reach the heart of their thought by long and sympathetic examination; the schoolmen revere the past no less deeply, but it is the external, visible fabric of thought, the purely intellectual, impersonal element that they absorb, and so far from submitting themselves to its moulding influence, they adapt it without hesitation to serve a wholly new system of philosophy, an utterly different *weltanschauung*. To the schoolmen the personalities, the emotions, the external vicissitudes of the lives of Aristotle and Augustine meant nothing; the skeleton of their thought was all in all. To Ailred and to Héloise, as to the contemporaries of Cosimo de' Medici, the joy and anguish of an Augustine or a Cornelia were a consolation and a light; they turned to them, and to the poets of the past, for guidance and sympathy. "Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I." So the humanists, but never the schoolmen, found strength in a community of feeling with those who, centuries before, had trodden the same path, and it is this consciousness of the unchanging mind of man that divides the culture of the first Renaissance from the more familiar culture of the later Middle Age.

David Knowles

EARLY IRISH JESUIT EDUCATORS (II)

BY T. CORCORAN, S.J.
Professor of Education, University College, Dublin

THE opening article of this series, planned for the opening of the fifth century of the Society of Jesus definitely confirmed by Pope Paul III (Alexander Faruese) at the close of September, 1540, was devoted to the enduring constructive work, for Ireland, in Spain (1580-1622) of Father Thomas White, S.J. of Clonmel (STUDIES, December 1940, pages 545-560). This second article, like the preceding, presents the work of Father William Bathe, S.J. (1564-1614), grand nephew of "Silken Thomas," Lord Thomas FitzGerald, Earl of Kildare, executed by Henry VIII at London. Closely allied with this notable educational work was that of Father Stephen White, S.J., of Clonmel, younger brother of the Founder of the Irish Colleges of Salamanca (1592), Seville (1612) and Santiago (1619). The great work of the younger White, closed at Galway (1646-1648), was followed, in Cromwellian times, by a Cabin School taught in the Bog of Allen.

ORGANISATION OF THE IRISH JESUIT MISSION

The Jesuit Mission to Ireland, the first Mission of the Society beyond the Continent of Europe, was at all times independent of any other regional or provincial unit of the Order, and was subject directly to the General of the Society. In this it in no way departed from the standard practice of the Old Society, 1540-1773. Missions to lands where the Faith was to be introduced or defended, whether within Europe or without it, were always so organised. They drew their members from any Provinces, any European lands, that the General thought fit. From the middle of the sixteenth century, and with obvious suitability, it became the settled procedure, in the case of Ireland, to devote to the Catholic cause there those Irish-born Jesuits (some 760 in all from

1570 to 1770) who could be spared from the Continental Provinces which they had entered—those of Spain, Italy, France, Germany. As the severity of persecution in Ireland increased with every generation that passed, it also became the settled custom in many of the Jesuit Provinces in Europe to receive and educate one or two young Irish candidates for the Order. The understanding was that they would in due time be placed at the disposal of the line of Superiors of the Irish Mission. This line began with Christopher Holywood in July 1596, and closed its series of twenty-five names with that of Father John Ward, 1760-1773. If they could not be spared for service in Ireland, the Missionary Superior always sought that they should at least be made proximately co-operative in its work, by being placed on the staffs of the Irish Colleges under the administration of their Order at Rome, Salamanca, Seville, Santiago, Lisbon, and Poitiers.

The first Superior, Christopher Holywood, entered on his duties at Rome in 1596, and received a further and direct Papal commission in the summer of 1598 from Clement VIII. At that time two Irishmen of Norman stock, one with urban traditions, one from the land, had just become novices of the Society. From both the new Superior had high expectations of academic as of spiritual service for Catholic Ireland. He was to have both in abundance, though not at the time nor quite in the places that he counted on with confidence. At the age of 32 William Bathe of Drumcondra, in County Dublin, entered the noviceship at Tournai in the Spanish Netherlands. Stephen White of Clonmel, in the diocese of Lismore, was just over 21 when, from the Royal College of the Irish at Salamanca, he joined the Order in Spain. They were to be close collaborators on a piece of academic work for Renaissance schools, which became very widely known in Europe as a pioneer in language method. The elder of the two was already of note as a writer, the writer of the first work for learners in English, on a great and historic subject within the traditional range of the Liberal Arts. The younger became a still more famous explorer of and writer on our earliest Christian documents—*Vir antiquitatum non Hiberniae*

solum, sed aliarum etiam gentium scientissimus was to be the published description of Stephen White from the pen of James Ussher, the celebrated scholar who was Protestant Primate and Archbishop at Armagh. "*Elegans inventio Hibernica*" was the description published in 1648 by the no less celebrated Moravian Bishop, Comenius, of the international language method issued in 1611 by William Bathe and his collaborator, Stephen White, from the Irish College at Salamanca. That Irish *Janua Linguarum* preceded by twenty years the issue of the similarly-named work composed by Comenius himself. Both writers gave continuous and conspicuous academic and scholastic service throughout their entire careers as Jesuits; the writings of both were by themselves made directly serviceable in that noblest form of Catholic action, action in the classroom; and that action was by both inseparably joined with the highest forms of spiritual zeal.

Father William Bathe (1564-1614) and his Work

William Bathe came of Norman stock that had been settled for over three hundred years in the County of Dublin. His grandfather had been Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. His father, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer and Attorney General, owned the manor of Drumcondra just north of the capital. There he had built his castle; and his name, with that of his wife, the mother of William Bathe, are still to be read on its foundation stone. She was Eleanor, daughter of Jenico Preston, third Viscount Gormanston, and niece of Thomas Fitzgerald, 10th Earl of Kildare, that "Silken Thomas" who as Vice-Deputy of Ireland proclaimed himself in Irish, at St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin, no longer a subject of Henry VIII. Executed with his five uncles on Tower Hill, London, in 1537, he was buried in the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula, where his father, that Geroit Oge who was the King's Deputy in his time, was the first to be interred, having died a State Prisoner in the Tower. More famous and more fortunate than the 10th or the 9th Earl was that other ancestor of William Bathe, Geroit Mor, 8th Earl, still well remembered in the days of William Bathe's boyhood at Drumcondra.

He had been Deputy for over a score of years for Henry VII and Henry VIII, and his death in 1513 preceded by just half a century the birth-year of William Bathe. The family of Drumcondra was connected by intermarriage with the Norman houses of Netterville, Slane, Howth, Roscommon, and on the Gaelic side with O'Connor of Offaly, O'Carroll of Ely, O'Donnell of Tirconnail.

"I have studied Humanities in Ireland, philosophy at Oxford and at Louvain, and theology at Louvain" was the entry written into the Noviceship Register, at Tournai, by this William Bathe in 1595. Foster's *Memorials of the University of Oxford*, 1891 (Vol. I. p. 86), records what Antony à Wood had been unable to ascertain, that it was at St. John's College that young Bathe was entered; he was thus of the same college as that other notable young classical scholar, Edmund Campion. But unlike the future martyr, Bathe did not take the Oath of Supremacy, and preferred to leave Oxford without a degree. It was there, however, that he devoted himself to the practical exploration and diffusion of new methods for advancing the teaching of Music. The title of the first edition is thus recorded by Fetis, Director of the Brussels Royal Conservatory, in 1860:—

A Brief Introduction to the true Art of Musike; wherein are set down the exact and easie rules for such as seek but to know the truth, with arguments and solutions for such as seeke also to know the reason of the truth: which rules be meanes whereby any his owne industrie may shortly easily and regularly attain to all such things as by his arte doe belong. By W. Bathe, student at Oxford, London, 1584. 4to.

The second edition, of which the title-page and some short specimen of the content are given by Mr. Steele, is shorter; its title indicates its more limited purpose. No date is given in the book: recent authorities assign divergent years, Mr. R. R. Steele giving 1587; Mr. E. C. Sayle 1585 or 1596; Riemann of Leipzig 1600. Professor Riemann, whose great Dictionary of Music was composed when he was Professor of Musical Sciences at the University of Leipzig (1900-1913), describes Bathe's work as interesting because of his tentative

plan for fixing precise rules for musical accentuation, and also for the transition which he effects from the hexacord to the octave system. Professor Foster Watson, writing in 1908, notes that Bathe's manuals were the earliest to be published in English; they preceded those of William Byrd, Holborne and Morley, 1596 to 1598.

These publications, and his own practical skill in plain-song, brought young Bathe without delay into the English Court. He was a personal friend of the Queen's Deputy in Ireland, Sir John Perrott; and Perrott felt that he would be a welcome intermediary with Elizabeth. Of his success at London the State Papers afford much evidence. Burghley, for instance, is advised by a correspondent that Mr. Bathe "had made a late device of a new harp, which he presented to Her Majesty." Nor was this favour without its tangible results, even if the ill-fated Lord Deputy Perrott, in 1588-89, made in his company his last journey to the Tower, where he died in prison, or if Mr. Bathe was so ill-advised as to dedicate his treatise on music to his cousin Gerald, 11th Earl of Kildare, who met the same melancholy end in 1584. For in 1587-1589 the Queen made three grants concerning lands to the owner of the manor and castle of Drumcondra. One confirmed to him the succession to all his father's properties held on lease from the Crown: the others were new grants, carrying rentals of about £1,000 a year in the money of to-day.

From all this, however, Bathe was soon to turn aside. The Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam wrote to Burghley on December 2, 1591, that William Bathe, "a gentleman of the Pale, known to your Lordship for his skill in music," had "lately gone into Spain." This was the Sir William Fitzwilliam to whom was sent, in that very year, the Royal Letter founding Trinity College, Dublin, for the purpose of dealing with those young gentlemen "whereof many have usually heretofore used to travel into France, Italy, and Spain to get learninge in such foreign Universities where they may have been infected with Popery." Anthony à Wood, historian of Bathe's University of Oxford, gives the reason for the change in definite terms.

" Afterwards, under pretence of being weary with the heresy professed in England (as he usually called it), he left the nation."

Bathe proceeded to theological studies at Louvain, 1592-1595; was accepted as a Jesuit novice at Courtrai in 1595; completed his two years of probation at Tournai in 1597; and finished his ecclesiastical studies at Padua, taking Holy Orders in 1601-2. Named for the position of secretary to the Nuncio to Ireland, 1602, he had much correspondence from Milan, in that year, with Father Robert Parsons. The day of Kinsale and the day of Dunboy ended the prospects of work for Ireland within Ireland. In 1604 Father Holywood complained to Rome: "*Mr. Gulielmus nondum advenit.*" The answer sent him was that " Fr. W. Bathe has often been asked for by the Irish Mission, and it is unquestionable that his services there would be of the highest value. But he is even more needed in Spain to conduct the work of the Irish Colleges there. He has already proceeded to that country. Once the college work is organised by him, he may be named for Ireland." Fr. Holywood did not give up his claims: he wrote to Belgium in June, 1606, that he is " still owed Father Bathe." But the Irish College, Salamanca, had his services till he died while conducting a retreat for lay folk at the Spanish Court in the summer of 1614. In that field of work no less than as a writer on language and music methods, he did much that was memorable and enduring. He had great gifts as a spiritual director: he originated and developed fully the one-day spiritual recollection, and wrote on it a tractate still in use within Europe.

THE IRISH " GATE OF LANGUAGES " 1611

It was at Salamanca, in 1611, that the *Janua Linguarum*, composed by William Bathe with the collaboration of Stephen White and others of the Irish College Staff there, was published. Without naming himself, Bathe indicates himself, in the highly important Introduction on the history of the book and on its method, as *inventor* and as *vocabulorum selector*. He draws on his academic experiences in Belgium, 1592-

1597, as well as on later experiments at Padua and at Milan. The Milan edition of the *Janua Linguarum* (1627) states on obviously first-hand and detailed knowledge that it was Fr. Stephen White, afterwards Professor of Theology at the University of Dillingen, who completed the new plan and arranged the sentences into groups of one hundred. Both had the aid of William Bathe's younger brother, John, known at the Spanish Court as " Don John of the powerful memory." It was to John that William transferred, in 1599, the Manor of Drumcondra, with Ballybough and portions of the Lands of Balgriffin and Glasnevin. The family lost all its property in the Cromwellian Settlement. The Puritan Commonwealth gave it to Alderman Eccles ; the Restoration Act of Settlement transferred it to James, Duke of York, who had no scruple in forming and keeping an Irish Estate of over 100,000 acres out of the properties taken by Cromwell not merely from the Gael, but from many scores of Anglo-Norman families in Ireland ever loyal to the Crown of England.

It would not be feasible here to enter into any technical discussion of the Irish *Janua Linguarum* of 1611. It will suffice to say that it aimed, as far as possible, at presenting in an ordered sequence of sentences the entire phrase-vocabulary of Latin needed for ordinary use among educated gentlemen of the time. The main body of the sentences afforded a consecutive body of significant statements. The book was therefore not a mere heap of phrases ; still less was it a collection of words. Learners necessarily find such mere lists and classified groups unmanageable as a source of living speech. As between the various methods of learning a language for oral use, Bathe had taken care to state his position with great clearness. He delimited the vocabulary-range by his experience in the scholastic institutions of Belgium in the epoch of Lipsius, 1590-1600 : Latin was there in wide use not merely among lawyers and scholars but among craftsmen. He used the words and phrases, so chosen, to express moral ideas. Between the " rule-less " or natural process of learning a spoken language and the " rule-way," the school method of teaching by scientifically ordered rules—*praecepta*

scientifice et methodice tradere—he put forward his sequences of sentences, expressive of general moral truths and experience, as a *via media*. To use his own phrases, Bathe's *via media* was more orderly than the *via irregularis* of the home, less rigorous than the *via regularis* of the Renaissance Schools and Universities.[1]

European Circulation of the Irish "Janua"

The Irish *Janua Linguarum* had a wide and enduring success in all lands of the Latin tradition in Europe. Within Germany three editions were published, in 1617, 1624, 1626, before Comenius issued his own *Janua Linguarum* at Leipzig in 1631. These three German issues of Bathe's work were at Leipzig and at Strasburg: there were later issues of 1629, 1636, 1682, 1708, at Basle, Stad, and Frankfurt on the Oder. Italian editions at Milan and Venice appeared in 1628, 1629, 1636, 1637, 1649, 1657, 1659, 1682; and a Portuguese edition was published in 1623. Bathe applied his method by using Latin with Spanish as a specimen of how the plan was capable of indefinite extension. Many of the Continental Editors—ten out of the sixteen—provided for three, four, and even six languages in connection. This extension of method was greatly helped by the use of moral and religious truths as carriers of phrase vocabulary; for on such a basis all languages could be equally covered on universal lines of advance.

These advantages were conspicuous by their absence from the work of Comenius, in 1631 and later years. His vocabulary became encyclopaedic in range and amount. His sentences were often mere chains of technical vocabulary—the vocabulary of botany, of medicine, of executive detail in many crafts.

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[1] Ad linguas addiscendas, duplex hactenus reperta tantummodo via: regularis, qualis est ad congruitates observandas Grammatica, et irregularis, qualis est communis discentium usus, per lectionem et loquelam in linquis vulgaribus. Sin autem via tertia media excogitari queat, quae certitudine regularem, facilitate irregularem adaequet, multis profecto numeris utramque superaret. Possunt omnia vocabula via media in sententiis addisci, quae sint aeque faciles ac locutiones communes viae irregularis, et aeque certae ac via regularis vocabularii. Omnia enim quae in Grammatica regulis praescribuntur, possunt etiam sententiis commode doceri, ita ut facilius, citius et certius animis inhaereant, quam nudis regulis Grammaticalibus per se fieri queat.

Gulielmus Bateus Dublinensis (1564-1614): Proemium Tractatuli "Ianua Linguarum." Salmanticae, 1611, cc 2, 3, 6: *Triplex ad linguas addiscendas via: regularis, irregularis, media.*

"All things and their properties, their workings, their experiences," he defined as the scope of his encyclopaedia of words. It was no wonder that his claims of superiority over the work of Bathe, made without much conviction in 1631, were abandoned in the collected edition of his educational writings in 1657. He disavowed his own plan completely and directed that learners should, before forming a single sentence on the plan of his *Janua Linguarum*, learn by heart the 8,200 separate words which it contained. The real discovery of a new plan was fully admitted by the Moravian educator to be due to Bathe, and in his old age he gave Bathe's pioneer book of 1611 explicit and generous praise both for content and for style.

The demand for that Irish *Janua Linguarum* was not limited to Germany, Italy, and the Peninsula. As Comenius fully realised and stated in 1631, it had won instant approbation in England. Six editions of Bathe's work were published at London before the *Janua* of Comenius appeared: those of Welde in 1615 and 1621, the four-language issues by Barber in 1616 and 1617, and a further issue by Welde, 1623, at the instance of Sir Clement Edmondes, Clerk of the Privy Council. John Harmar of Magdalene College, Oxford, who was Regius Professor of Greek in later years, issued his versions of Bathe's work in 1626 and in 1631. The eighth and ninth editions, those of 1634 and 1645, were fashioned by Thomas Horne, Headmaster of Eton College. Four different English scholars thus remade, after their individual preferences, the work of William Bathe, keeping substantially to the order and to the matter of his moral sentences of 1611. The total sale in England, over some thirty years, was between 10,000 and 11,000 copies. This acceptance of a distinctly Catholic text-book in scholastic and academic England would be hard to explain without examining the text itself. Such an examination reveals, in all the nine editions, a thoroughly characteristic course of procedure. The main mass of the book, its 1,200 sentences, remained substantially unaltered. But every sentence and phrase of the title-page, of the approbations and critical opinions, of the Preface, was carefully

pruned by the first editor and by his successors. Every word and sentence that indicated its Catholic, its Irish, and its Spanish origins and nature was neatly excised. The two title-pages, that of the *Editio princeps* of Salamanca (1611) and that of the first English edition (London, 1615), show this method of dishonest and silent suppression as it was practised by English purloiners of other people's writings. Even the distinctive style and arrangement of the Salamanca printer were copied by the London compositors. German Protestantism, as exemplified by Comenius, Habrecht, and their successors, was far more liberal not to say honest, in acknowledging the authorship and provenance of the Irish *Janua.*

FATHER STEPHEN WHITE, OF CLONMEL (1574-1648)

While William Bathe (1564-1614) was an educational writer, both on music and on literature, who attained a wide and permanent reputation throughout Europe in the century which followed the complete academic supremacy of Renaissance classical culture, he was not destined to teach in a classical school on Irish soil. But he gave service as fully Irish as he could. He was able to give great and influential assistance as an instructor in music and in the classical languages to more advanced students at the Royal College of the Irish at Salamanca during the last ten years of his life. His helper in the preparation of the Irish *Janua Linguarum* for publication, the *Pater Stephanus* named in the edition of Basle (1636), was by good fortune able to close his great career as a classical teacher in the Norman walled cities of Ireland. He learned the art of the class-room early, at Villagarcia in Spain, after his noviceship there, 1596-1598. His collaboration with his senior colleague at Salamanca, 1605-1606, preceded his theological studies at Ingolstadt and Dillingen under Tanner and Laymann. At the latter university he taught theology, 1611-1622, and rendered the same service at Pont-à-Mousson in Lorraine, 1622-1627. While so employed, he was indefatigable in his studies on Irish History and Antiquities. The extent and thoroughness of

his explorations concerning manuscript materials on the Continent, available for investigation, may here be summarised in the authoritative sentences of Dr. William Reeves, published in 1861. Dr. Reeves, who was subsequently Anglican Bishop of Down, Connor and Dromore, had published in 1857 the definitive edition of Adamnan's *Life of St. Columba.* Of Stephen White he spoke thus :—

> He it was who opened that rich mine of Irish literature on the Continent, and by his disinterested exertions less enterprising labourers at or nearer home, not only were made acquainted with the treasures preserved in foreign libraries, but from time to time received at his hands the substantial produce of his diligence, amply sufficient to superadd to his credit as a painstaking scribe the distinction of a sound thinker and an erudite scholar. Literary collectors are often narrow-minded and the creatures of jealousy and suspicion ; but from such weaknesses this good and generous man was perfectly free. He sought the honour of his country ; and he was satisfied that the fruits of his labours, if only made to redound to the credit of his loved Ireland, should pass into other hands and under their names be employed in their several projects and at their discretion.

Dr. Reeves enumerates in his notice of Stephen White the many scholars, in many lands, whom he thus aided by his learning and by his pen. Gretser, Bollandus, Colgan, Ward, Fleming were repeatedly made his debtors. From Archbishop Ussher's works he cites more than a dozen acknowledgements of collations of manuscripts, copies of texts, and emendations based on thorough scholarship ; and at the head of them is placed Ussher's express estimate of White as " a man possessed of the deepest knowledge of the early history, not of Ireland alone, but of other nations besides." It was no wonder that Rader of Munich described him by the term *Polyhistor*, and that this honourable term of distinction was constantly employed concerning him by the famous group of Irish scholars whose centre of research and publication was the Irish Franciscan College of St. Antony of Padua at Louvain.

In 1626, the last year of his life and of his long service as Head of the Jesuit Missionaries of Ireland, Christopher Holywood at last secured the promise of Stephen White for the new College then being prepared for in Dublin. They hoped

for the connivance of the King of England, as a consequence of his marriage with the Catholic daughter of Henry IV of France. Connivance was the best that could be expected; there could be no hope of any explicit toleration, in Ireland, of the faith and worship of Catholic Ireland; and still less could any secured freedom for Catholic education at home be hoped for. James I had repeatedly and bitterly declared that to Irish Catholics he would never grant liberty of conscience; and his repeated acts confirmed his words. Against the very idea of tolerating Catholicity in Ireland Primate Ussher and his episcopal colleagues in the State Church had loudly protested by resolutions published all over the land. Toleration, he and they declared, was a deadly sin; Catholics were heretics and apostates, unworthy of any concessions whatever. He, the learned writer whom White so often helped in his studies, preached that doctrine before the King's Lord Deputy, Lord Falkland, and the Council of State at Dublin, in the Anglican Cathedral of Christ Church; and he was gratified when the deep hum of approval from the whole Protestant congregation there assembled gave exceptional and complete support to his views. So, with his fellow-workers in the classrooms and in the chapel at Back Lane, Stephen White suffered total suppression of his academic activities in 1630; and Ussher, as Visitor and Vice-Chancellor of Trinity College, gave his full sanction to the transfer of the Jesuit College to the Provost and Fellows of Trinity College in the summer of that year. For twelve years more White worked as a missionary, in a secret way, here at home. In 1640 was written to Father John Colgan, O.S.F., at Louvain, the long and minute letter on points of early Irish History, in which White records his three long discussions, on academic questions, held with Ussher himself, described as "Dominus Jacobus Ussher, Archiepiscopus Primas Protestantium Iberniae."

The establishment of the Confederate Government of the Irish Catholics at Kilkenny, in 1642, gave for the first time, and for a period less than ten years, an opportunity to the Irish Jesuits to open Colleges in the Anglo-Norman walled

towns that were held by the Catholic forces. Stephen White, now close on his 70th year, took up that college work at once; he had doubtless carried it on from time to time, as opportunity of a transient character arose, ever since 1630. In 1643 he was thus at work in Galway; he was still on the active list there in 1646; death came to the life-long educator and student in 1647 or 1648. Among the many elaborate treatises that he is known to have completed and circulated in manuscript were the *Vindiciae Scotorum*, the *Gesta Dei per Hibernos*, whose publication was urged by many Irish Bishops, as Fr. Robert Nugent wrote on January 10, 1646. One, the *Apologia pro Hibernia*, was edited and published in Ireland in 1849. The example of this erudite and tireless student, active into extreme old age in the ordinary work of the Renaissance Classical School, long after he had completed fifteen years of service as Professor of Theology at the Universities of Bavaria and Lorraine, deserves commemoration no less than that great gift of selflessness in scholarship that evoked the admiration of academic workers and writers in his own day and ours.

It was but natural that the strongest educational centre in Catholic Ireland, from 1642 to 1651, should be the Catholic capital, Kilkenny. A Catholic Secondary School had been started there, early in the time of Queen Elizabeth, by a kinsman of Fr. Stephen White, and it did excellent work for some twenty-five years, until the Ormonde Earls fell away from the Church soon after the reign of James I had begun. Of that first headmaster Antony à Wood had much to say, and his commendation was as true of the teachers of 1642-1651 as they were concerning Peter White two generations earlier.

Peter White, noted for his excellency in humane learning while he continued in the University, was born in the Diocese of Waterford in Ireland, elected Fellow of Oriel Col. An. 1551, and in the year 1555 was admitted Master of Arts. About the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign he returned to his native Country, and became the happy Schoolmaster of Munster and Dean of Waterford for a time. From which last place being ejected for his Religion, about 1565, he continued notwithstanding in his beloved Faculty of Pedagogy, which was then

accounted a most excellent Employment in Ireland by the Catholics; especially for this Reason, that the Sons of Noblemen and Gentlemen might be trained up in their Religion and so keep out Protestancy. His school was, in his time, in a flourishing condition and by his care and industry many learned persons issued thence.

In the course of the first year of the Catholic Confederate Government the Irish Jesuits were placed in charge of Secondary Education work in Kilkenny, which was conducted by them substantially on the usual lines of the Renaissance Schools of the Continent. It was not the only type of Renaissance Education then set on foot in Ireland. For in the County of Clare, within and around the fine buildings of their Convent at Quin, now for a time restored to Catholic use, the Irish Franciscans, under Fr. Eugene O'Cahan, had some 800 secondary pupils, educated on Renaissance lines but with Irish as the Vernacular, not English. At the Jesuit school of Kilkenny, in 1644, was produced before the Lord President, Viscount Mount Garrett, and the Supreme Council of the Catholic Confederation, a full dramatic performance on the usual line of the School Drama in the Renaissance period. For the better guidance of the audience, the Play Bill was printed in English; and of it one copy is known to exist, that in the Bradshaw Collection, now in the Library of the University of Cambridge. Any reader of the summary of these Acts and Scenes will realise that, for some of those Catholic nobles present, the theme of the play must have had poignant applications. They themselves and their ancestors had suffered for the Faith for well-nigh a century. They had been witnesses of the falling away from that Faith, under political pressure and under the operation of the Court of Wards, of many of their closest kinsmen. They were now engaged in a great struggle for religious and educational freedom; and the outcome of that struggle no man present could forsee. It was in that great juncture that the pupils of the College of the Society, the restored Catholic Grammar School at Kilkenny, enacted this drama drawn from the contemporary struggle for the faith in the Empire of Japan.

A Jesuit Cabin School in the Bog of Allen

There is no need to dwell upon the situation that followed the final success of the Cromwellian Army. For Catholic education it meant total and ruthless suppression. This extended not only to the secondary stage of education. It was to be applied also, had Oliver Cromwell lived, to the children of the whole mass of the people. The terms of his official letter of March, 1656, to his Military Council of Government, acting at Dublin under his son Henry, leaves no doubt as to his intentions concerning the children of all Irish Catholics.

Oliver P.

Whereas the poorer sorte of Irish in Ireland doe, as well as the rich, abound in children, and have for the most part noe other meanes to support them and their said children but either by begging or stealeing or both, by which meanes they not only prove burthensome but alsoe unnecessary members of the Commonwealth. And the said children would (noe doubt) in time prove of excellent use, if there were some course layd downe whereby they might *att the age of tenn yeares and upwards bee taken from their Parents and bound Apprentices to religious and honest people in England or Ireland*, that would not onely make it their business to breede them as well principally in the fear of God, as in such honest callings whereby they might bee enabled, when they come out of their apprenticeships, to gett their liveings by their owne Industry. It is likewise found by dailey experience that there is a greate want of labourers and servants of all sorts, occasioned partly by the late warr and partly by carrying of both men and women to forraigne Plantacions. It would be a worke most acceptable to the Lord to have the said children bred and brought up as aforesaid, and to effect and bring to passe soe pius, charitable, and advantagious a worke as the educateing of the said poore Irish children may hereafter proove to the Commonwealth.

Commonwealth Records, P.R.O., Dublin (1916)—A. 27. *ff.* 53-54.

As for Catholic teachers, the Puritan Council at the Castle of Dublin made and carried into effect a most definite and decisive Policy. It used the laws of the Tudors and of the Stuart sovereigns, already provided and ready. But the Cromwellian plan for a Register of Teachers and of Teaching Service, as well as the use to be made of the transported teachers from all Ireland as workers under penal servitude for life on the tobacco plantations of the English Republic,

were entirely new. It carried the authentic stamp of the man who publicly protested his love for freedom, saying "I meddle with no man's conscience."

Whereas, by diverse Orders and Declaracions by Authority of this Nation published, Popish Schoolmasters have been prohibited to train up youth or to teach them literature, for that instead thereof such Popish Schoolemasters have made it their principall designe to corrupt ye youths committed to their charge and to infuse into them dangerous principles; And it being also contrary to Law to permit such Schoolemasters ye Liberty of Teaching: It is now Ordered, That the Commissioners for Transplantacion doe make diligent enquiry after all such Popish Schoolemasters, and cause them to be apprehended and kept in Safe Custody until further Order from this Board; and to transmit close sealed up to ye Councel a List of ye Names of the Popish Schoolemasters so secured and of ye places where they kept their Schooles, and for what time, for the further consideration of this Board. (Dublin Castle, March 1655). *Commonwealth Records, P.R.O.*, (1917).

Order touching Popish Schoolmasters. The Councel taken into consideracion that such persons corrupt the youth of this Nation with Popish principals. Such Schoolmasters to be secured and put on board of such ship as is bound for the Islands of the Barbadoes. (Dublin Castle, April 1656). *Commonwealth Records, P.R.O., Dublin* (1917).

Any Catholic teacher that then carried on educational work in Ireland took tremendous risks: the risks were greater still if he were a priest. It was in the years 1652-1656 that this personal service was undertaken by Fr. James Forde, S.J., of whom the letters to Rome on the Irish Jesuit Mission for that five years, written by Fr. Thomas Quin his Superior, give us specific information. He managed to carry on both elementary and advanced general education in a cabin which he built within the Bog of Allen; and the Latin text* makes it clear that this is a very early, if not the earliest, mention of the type of school which provided an excellent popular education, contrary to English law, for Irish Catholics in the later Penal times.

T. CORCORAN

* "P. Jacobus Fordus . . . in medio vastissimi paludis, ubi terra nonnihil firmior erat, aedicula construxit, ad quam vicinorum adolescentes et parvuli convenerant, et modo conveniunt, ut literis imbuantur, et fidei ac virtutum rudimentis exerceantur." (Hogan, *Transcripts*, folios 656-7, "Status ac Conditio Hiberniae, 1652-6"; text in Arundel Library, Stonyhurst).

JACK B. YEATS, R.H.A.*

BY C. P. CURRAN, M.A.

IF we did not all perfectly understand that this talk is really an excuse to come together to enjoy, in company, pictures that are, perhaps, best relished alone or with a single companion, there would be something impertinent in my venturing to speak to you on Mr. Jack B. Yeats. One might as well stop the traffic in Westmoreland Street to direct attention to the Ballast Office clock. The mark of a Dublin man is that he looks at his watch when passing that clock. The mark of anyone interested in painting in this country is that he has studied the last picture shown by Mr. Yeats. Mr. Yeats is the clock that marks our time in painting. But am I already so foolish, at the very beginning of my discourse, as to speak of him in terms of anything mechanical ? To attempt to tell you how *his* wheels go round, to analyse by any critical process an art so integral and autonomous as his . . . . to kill the joy as it flies . . . . I shall of course do nothing of the sort. I shall take refuge in history.

By common consent Mr. Jack Yeats is the head and front of Irish painting—the chief, some people would say, of the Irish School. He is certainly the greatest Irish living painter, and I think he is the greatest painter we have had in this country ; but I do not think that his position is made any clearer by supposing an Irish School. This word School —Irish School, French School, Bolognese School—is the invention of people who write catalogues or direct galleries. It is a convenient device to indicate a painter's birth-place when one has to arrange pictures in a room or tick them off in books. But it is imprecise. Long ago, when painters worked with apprentices who ground their colours for them, scaled up their drawings, painted a bit of drapery or—greatly daring—put in a whole angel, then one might speak with

* From a Lecture given at the Contemporary Painters' Gallery.

exactness of a school, a place where the relationship of master and pupil exists. But unless master and pupil alike are so submissive as to remain within some old tradition or follow a common technical procedure, the term may mislead or even become a shibboleth. A school implies a tradition of teaching and common practice; but no master remains long within a tradition.

That doesn't mean that a painter ceases to be characteristic of his country. Painting is a normal activity of men, and the characteristics that distinguish the actions of men of different countries distinguish painting as one of these actions. But such national characteristics must be gathered over a great space of time. French painting, let us say, from Clouet to Chardin and Renoir is distinguished for realism, for intimacy, for a sense of the *matière* and for its power of analysis. But these are the qualities that, in the same race and in another art, result in good cooking; for what is cooking but analysis and a sense of the *matière*. And the same realism and feeling for the concrete make a Frenchman prefer to carry around a wad of notes rather than a cheque-book. National characteristics are too vital to be locked up in a formula or imposed in the badge of a school. They are too profound to be acquired and too intertwined with the roots of life to be bettered by constant root-pruning. They are falsified by deliberation; and if we become preoccupied with them, there is danger that our self-consciousness will kill the thing we love. That is why I think one should not speak too much of an Irish School.

Anyway there is no tradition and little continuity in Irish painting. Tradition means something handed on. Between the illustrations to the Book of Kells and the 18th century we have virtually no painting but a few fragments of 14th century work mouldering on the walls of Holy Cross Abbey, Knockmoy or Clare Island. Our continuous practice of painting began in the imitation of English art in the middle of the 18th century—a period in Ireland as elsewhere very fertile in ideas, but an age of decorators rather than of original artists. In Ireland our new landlords, office-holders and

speculators had to have pictures of themselves and their houses, and the Ashfords and the Cotes and the Wheatleys came over for the job, and presently our Barrys and Barrets, Hones and Hamiltons went across to England in exchange. But where in our painting before 1820 can we detect an Irish accent—except perhaps in a certain wild freshness in the case of Barret? We have no Irish Hogarth or Constable; no equivalent of O'Bruadair or Egan O'Rahilly.

Towards 1830 we find a change in the not inconsiderable group of genre painters whose work deserves more attention than it has received; and if I were not speaking in a room dedicated to contemporary painting, I would suggest that an exhibition of Irish genre would be of a good deal of public interest and value. It is not that our Irish genre painting was a wholly original phenomenon. The revolutionary movement in France, the current of ideas set going by Rousseau and Diderot forced art out of the orbit of the Pompadour and turned even Fragonard and Greuze towards bourgeois and domestic subjects. In due course and after the usual time-lag, the Scotsman Wilkie and the Irish-born Mulready arrived to represent the same reaction in England. In this country the O'Connell movement and Young Ireland, the advocacy of Thomas Davis, the work of Petrie and the scholars of the Celtic Archæological Society made a different background for this new group, who are now beginning to find their natural base in the variety of life under their eyes. I mention the names of Petrie, Burton Haverty, Crowley, Brocas, O'Neill—and their subjects: *Pilgrims at Clonmacnoise*, the *Connemara Toilette*, the *Aran Fishermen*, the *Blind Girl at the Holy Well*, Crowley's *Cuptossing*, Haverty's *Limerick Piper*, Brocas' *Emigrants*. These painters, gifted with a not very adequate technique, are now in many respects outmoded and the interest of their work is now mainly antiquarian. But their pictures have an essential dignity that commands our respect, and they approach reality in a manner very different from the snobbish condescension of their contemporaries in England. They did not, however, escape the reproaches of their brother academicians. I find in 1873, in a lecture from an academician, language that is

not unfamiliar to us. "The importation of French art," he said, "at its most degraded and heartless period"—and, mind you, he is not referring to the Pompadour art—"unfortunately prevails in this country to the present time. Confirmatory of this is the purchase, by the Royal Dublin Society, of Grattan's *Blind Beggar Woman and Child*, now hanging in the hall of that institution. The same morbid taste has been transmitted to the Irish Art Union, as we see by the purchase of the *Blind Girl at the Holy Well*, the *Two Beggars* by Rothwell and the *Aran Fisherman's Drowned Child.* There is nothing in these pictures to move us to anything but pity and disappointment."

We are now two steps forward. We have passed the trade portrait work of the 18th century and the genre painting of the middle of the 19th. We come to three painters whose technical equipment was completely adequate to their vision, who were painters and nothing but painters, and whose names must always stand high in the history of Irish art. I mean, of course, Hone, Osborne and Orpen. If I must in the present context mention these painters summarily, it is with no depreciatory intent. That would be ridiculous. I yield to no one in admiration of Hone's power, so elemental, so close, now to nature's austerity, now to its lushness. But Hone is a landscape painter—the greatest of our landscape painters—and no purely landscape painter is truly great. He is great within set limits. No painter can exclude humanity from his view without diminishing his status.

Osborne is an exquisite painter in figure and landscape, a little Dutch master. But may I adopt for my present occasion, and with some reservation in regard to his utterly charming Dublin street-urchins, the words of Dr. Bodkin: "The study of Osborne's work discovers nothing distinctively Irish in its author. He does not seem to have any special sympathy or understanding for Irish character or even Irish landscape. I think his ancestry must have been predominantly English. Cut off to a considerable extent from close contact with the majority of his fellow-countrymen, his pictures of the Dublin streets show careful observance; but it is the trained,

detached observance of an intelligent foreigner. For all his interest in humanity he never seems to see Dublin with native eyes. Obviously he was happier in Rye or Walberswick than in Galway. He was in Galway in 1893, but one need only compare his western types with those of Mr. Jack Yeats to realise Osborne's lack of anxiety to depict anything more than the mere appearance of his models."

Orpen was also a consummate master of the brush and with a wider sweep. The potential beauty that is inwoven in the texture of objects is always present on his canvases, and I do not forget that other finer beauty which lies about, for example, his Howth pictures of 1910. He could paint with the gusto of Franz Hals. But in the end he lost himself in portrait painting, and the horizon of his work is also elsewhere narrowed by his constant pre-occupation with his model—a pre-occupation that, if sometimes friendly, is often frankly hostile. His satirical bent makes one think of Shaw. Satire is a gift with which we Dubliners are richly endowed. It is a legacy to Dublin of viceregal shoddy ; but it is a dangerous gift, inimical to art whose native atmosphere is genial, and one remembers Baudelaire's phrase for Voltaire : the anti-artist. I do not of course apply the word to Orpen ; but I do say that his preoccupation, satirical or otherwise, with his model made him in a sense a slave to the model and a dangerous example to the young painter.

And now we come at length to the principal subject of this paper. First to summarise a few necessary facts. Son of John Butler Yeats, himself a man of quite unusual personality and a distinguished portrait painter, Mr. Jack Yeats was born in Dublin in the seventies. His work is in line, in water-colour, in coloured drawings and in oils. No one knows a time when he was not drawing. He drew in his cot and before that he was, I have no doubt, silently meditating a drawing. Drawings are extant that he made at the age of six—one with the significant title *The Eye of a Person*, another *A Ghost frightened at the Sight of another Ghost.* At that tender age you see he had both spanned the universe from the painter's point of departure and had

anticipated that particular new shudder in art that S. H. Sime introduced to the *Idler* in the nineties. It was noted that his infant drawings were never of one person or one animal but of groups engaged in some kind of drama ; and his critical intelligence was so alive that he laid his head down on a table and wept when his sister's attempt to draw a horse was, in his view, unsuccessful.

As a boy in Sligo, from eight to sixteen, Mr. Yeats ranged quayside and countryside in solitary walks devouring ships and horses and their crews ; he hung for hours over the trout-pool at one of Sligo's bridges and still regrets that he did not spend more time in that apparently unprofitable pastime. He could not escape the other form of schooling ; but he took things in their proper order and chalked pictures on the pavement on his leisurely morning way. He was never known to leave the lowest place in his class. But self-directed and self-disciplined, his father said he received the education of a man of genius who joined the sense of expansion to the instinct of self-control, and Professor York Powell said he was the best educated man he had ever met. He still retained Sligo as his base, and the back garden of his prodigious memory is so stored from Sligo that one art, practised over a life-time, is not sufficient to take the load. He must jettison some in books.[1]

Mr. Yeats went to London and continued his studies in horses and circuses. He had a pass to Buffalo Bill's circus at Earlscourt, where he lived. Not merely that : but at Olympia he himself, in brilliant Red Indian dress and mounted on roller skates, took part in the attack on Mexican Joe's mail-coach, assisted at the shooting and burial of the horse-thief, and rode triumphantly over his grave while the thief passed into obscurity along a tunnel leading to the stables. He also studied under Professor Fred Brown at the Westminster Art School, a fine teacher though himself a dry austere painter. Before he was out of his teens, Mr. Yeats was pouring out drawings. These years in the nineties were the second great age of illustration in England, and with Beardsley, Phil May,

[1] *Sligo ; Sailing, sailing swiftly ; The Amaranthers ; The Charmed Life.*

S. H. Sime, Sullivan and Raven Hill his drawings may be found in many English papers—the *Illustrated London News*, *Graphic*, *Sketch*, *Pall Mall Budget*, *Punch*, *Judy*, *Fun*, *Comic Cuts* and the *Manchester Guardian*. One could list some forty such papers in England in which his work has at one time or another appeared—besides six Irish papers and five American papers, including *Life*, the *Dial* and the *New York Herald*. *Comic Cuts* deserves special mention if only for the sake of Signor McCoy, a horse with a daisy hanging from the corner of its mouth, whose adventures in serial form were so famous that it forthwith became the eponymous ancestor in art of a popular horse at the Olympia circus. Most of these drawings were pure fun. Others are character studies and droll episodes from fairs and markets in Islington and Camden Town, from circuses, prize-rings and suburban trotting matches, from tavern yards where rat-killing competitions and raree shows were carried on. He rendered these subjects with the gusto of the Elizabethans, of Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* and Dekker's *Gull's Horn Book*.

Mr. Yeats's companion in these wanderings was John Masefield. Masefield had been apprenticed to the sea—not very willingly, for he wanted to write poetry. He sailed a rough voyage round the Horn and was rescued for literature by Luke O'Connor, an Irish saloon-keeper in New York. Returning to London, the friendship of poet and painter began about 1905. Together they visited boxing matches, saw Burt "the flying shoemaker" who covered two thousand miles in thirty days, and together amassed copious harvest for pencil and pen.

Side by side with the illustrations of this period there grew up a more intimate series of inventions, a household of romantic figures amongst whom Mr. Yeats lived familiarly as Balzac amongst the characters of his Human Comedy. From his childhood the painter had grown up amongst puppets of his own contriving. A farm that embarrassed family transport in his infancy developed into a miniature theatre; and this theatre, Masefield collaborating, became the nucleus of a private saga, the saga of Theodore and Captain Lafitte.

The saga had its beginning in certain American dime novels of the pre-civil war age in which Lafitte was the hero. Lafitte actually played a picturesque part in the history of the Southern States and has given his name to one of the streets of New Orleans. In literature he was a Byronic pirate who kept watercolours in his cabin and adopted the infant Theodore, whom he had rescued from a derelict. Under the fostering care of the poet and painter Theodore grew up to be the ornament of the Spanish Main. The remarkable adventures of this fickle and elegant youth in battle, or otherwise with Constanza, the Belle of the Pacific, were conducted through diaries and correspondence to the joy of all who had access to them. With Lafitte he took, as all know, a leading part in the battle of Colorado Maduro :

> They sacked the ships of London Town,
> They burned the ships of Rye and Cadiz,
> They pulled full many a city down,
> A bloody trade, the pirate's trade is :
> But Theodore
> Though dripping gore
> Was always courteous to the ladies.

York Powell, amongst others, knew these sacred texts by heart. Theodore, for all I know, may be living still ; but when I last heard of him he had sunk to selling ribbons behind the counter in some South American port. Constanza, his lost love, happened into the shop looking for *crêpe*. " Weeds," said Theodore hopefully ; " No," said she. Mr. Yeats also wrote chap-books and plays for the miniature stage—the *Scourge of the Gulph*, the *Terror of the Western Seas*, the *Little Fleet*—and he made and painted stage, proscenium, characters and footlights. Desperate buccaneers of unparalleled daring, willowy maidens of exotic grace trod the boards of his toy theatre or, like Eldorado Gillen, emerged dripping whiskers and cutlasses from a trapdoor—Gillen, whose name I saw some months ago over a shop in Rosses Point. Alone on a palm-fringed beach, Jim Flaunty, the Terror of the Western Seas, faced indomitably sashfuls of swords. He died, this Cyrano

from Sligo, at Admiralty Dock confronting the gallows, head high and unashamed, his dying words : " To-night I'll be on Sligo quay."

Toys of the mind and of the hand—but such toys betray the artist nature more certainly than the six pictures punctually prepared by the academician for Opening Day. An artist is a man who must be ever making things the right way, if only to satisfy his own nature. Such toys as we speak of relate, in their degree, to the incessant invention of pageants and ballets, the parerga of renaissance artists.

Presently, on broad sheets and broadsides and in water-colour, these gallants of the Spanish Main joined forces with Boucicault and the heroes of Irish balladry, with highwaymen, circus folk and all such free-acting itinerants as live outside the common law. You know these watercolours as well as I do. " Races on strands at low-water "—I am quoting from *Sligo*, the first of this recent succession of amazing books in which Mr. Yeats takes you perambulating his mental hinterland—" the tents and the winning post with a green flag flapping in the ocean air . . . the bold lad, his clever eye against the trig of the Loup Man; the Pin the Garter Boy ; Gay, determined little horses . . . horses jumping and hawk-eyed boys talking straight into the cheeks of the long-lashed freckled girls." And then there is the population of the country towns and country roads ; shop-keepers, pig-jobbers, cardrivers, singers at feiseanna, orators on platforms, sailors, maggie-men and flaming tinkers. Do you not find their life so convincing, the pleasure they give so immediate that you hardly pause to appreciate how certain is the eye and mind that conceived the scene so exactly, how expressive and varied the drawing that conveys it, how spontaneous the line.

Mr. Yeats held his first exhibition in Dublin in 1899 in the Leinster Lecture Hall, Molesworth Street, showing such drawings and watercolours as I have described. He turned to oils a few years later and his first oil, *Spring Tide, Clifden*, was shown here in 1906 in company with drawings and water-colours. His first figure subject in oils, *Actors Fencing*, was shown four years later in 1910.

From this time the tides begin to run strong and free. He repeats nothing, but loses nothing. His early landscapes show cool silvery skies over western seas of dawn-washed clarity. The figures—I am thinking of a group painted about 1912—are contained within a line drawn with the brush instead of the pen—single figures, of strong character interest, with clear colour laid on, smooth and flat, and with a certain tidiness. These paintings continue for ten or twelve years, with richer pictorial value but no less objective interest. Let me again use his own words to describe some of their subject: "There was the Fair of Carricknagat, all horses, except a few cattle. And the Fair Green was the old battlefield, and everywhere on the road and in the fields, and in and out the houses, nothing but horses. You could stand on the brow of the rock and see tossing streams and twisty eddies of horses. In one field jumpers hopping over stone walls. But there were cake carts with white cloths under the dilisc and the crubeens: the white table cloths of cake carts are always to me an astonishment because of their whiteness; I suppose it is the contrast with the dark faces and darkly dressed crowd; but the cake cart linen ever shines like drifts of snow pasted over a thawed land. From the rock of Carricknagat you can see the sea: you can see the weather rolling about the sky and the Ox Mountains rolling to the west, and you can see the roads to Sligo and Ballina, and you can see the rivers and the falls. At least I believe you can see all these things, and I wouldn't mind seeing them this moment." (*Sligo*).

This passage may be compared with any example of what one may call Mr. Yeats's middle period, which ended in 1925. The descriptive outline is carefully preserved; there is approximately an equal balance between colour and form, and he uses local colour almost exclusively—I do not mean by local colour regional peculiarities, costumes and so forth, but I take it in its technical meaning, that is to say, colour independent of accidents depending on light or juxtaposition, colour as painters used it in the days before impressionism when grass was always green, tree-trunks brown and shadows black.

By the middle of the twenties Mr. Yeats had developed his new manner, and its first example was shown in 1925 in the Engineers' Hall. There had been a long period, perhaps ten to twelve years, during which he held no exhibition. By reason of this intermission his new style came as a sudden stumbling-block to many of his friends, though actually I doubt if there were any pictures painted in the interval that mark a transition. After all, his new style is little more than the normal advance of a painter who refuses to remain stereotyped either in subject or handling. Mr. Yeats set himself to explore the almost unlimited possibilities that lie in the handling of oil paint, as the greatest masters, stage by stage, have always explored them. Mr. Yeats perhaps, as the French say, burned his stages. There was a double advance on the two fronts, for we suddenly saw Mr. Yeats from a draughtsman turn himself into a colourist and from being a painter of local colour pass through impressionism and take his stand on that part of its territory that borders expressionism.

Leaving cubism and abstract art aside—an important exclusion—the history of painting in the present century has been the passage from impressionism to expressionism. The development of Mr. Yeats's art has been in this direction, but to say that Mr. Yeats is an expressionist painter is not merely misleading but exposes one to flat contradiction. In the case of any vigorous artist, labels of this sort are always misleading ; but none the less Mr. Yeats's relations to expressionism may be considered a little more closely. Expressionism as a term of criticism was, I imagine, born in Germany ; certainly the post-war group in Germany were its earliest conscious practitioners, though post-impressionists elsewhere may have pointed the way. Expressionism involves primarily a distortion of the subject in the interest of the painter's idea ; on a secondary plane it operates by accenting the emotional capacity of pigment. Much contemporary German painting—or shall we call it Nordic, since the Scandinavian Münch was its leader—exemplify the first aspect, which has obvious affinities with Gothic Art. In France both aspects are best represented by the profoundly moving art of Rouault.

It is rather on this second plane that Mr. Yeats approaches expressionism. He has not been influenced by any of these painters. Even their names were unknown to him when one first found in them certain points of resemblance with his painting. And this is not the least interesting thing in his art that one finds it integral and independent and at the same time running abreast and parallel with the general development of art on the continent. If Mr. Yeats were less of a romantic, less interested in the theatre, less interested in the queer unusual activities of men, more subjective, he might have become an expressionist and we would be the poorer. We would be without masterpieces like *Helen*, *In Memory of Boucicault and Bianconi*, *High Water*, *Spring-tide:* such pictures as the Haverty Trust, in their astonishing choice of pictures during the last five years, have failed to acquire for the public, giving preference to more than one unmeritorious canvas.

Mr. Yeats always had been scrupulously careful of the cleanliness of his pigment, using the least possible medium to ensure its purity and using the whitest priming for his canvas or panels. This remains his practice, but his brush-work is no longer smooth and flat except where a particular passage demands it. He turns away from local colour to broken, impressionistic colour, applying his pigment not in the precise, calculated manner of the *pointillistes* but with the boldest and freest strokes of the brush or knife. Place two pictures of these two periods side by side. The picture painted before 1925 will hold you by its descriptive power, the sympathy with which the painter identifies himself with character, its clear unembarrassed, unembarrassing colour. You enjoy it whole-heartedly and then your talk in front of it will presently turn on a character you met on your last summer holiday and your luck last week at Leopardstown. Turning to the second, you will be surprised at the new life and luminosity that have entered his paint. His colour is no longer merely descriptive. It defines form, and its mysterious operation extends indefinitely the capacity for expression. The expressive outline survives in this later

painting—outlines of a girl's neck and shoulder, as pliant and gracious as Watteau or of a man's face, furrowed in the paint or hacked out abruptly with the naturalism of a Gothic sculptor. The drawing remains somewhere or other, even where the impasto is richest and when the orchestration of colour threatens, like Wagner, to obliterate the singing line. When you have grown into the picture, when its sensuous power has possessed you, your talk will turn no longer to the races but to the emotive power of colour, to the possibility of paint realising, as Joyce does, the simultaneity of action or existence. There is danger of this purely non-intellectual painting turning you metaphysical.

Mr. Yeats's present manner of painting may, therefore, in one view, more rightly be called expressionist than impressionist. I have spoken, for want of ability, of its mysterious operation. In these pictures it draws ; it imposes or determines a mood ; but it seems to do something else as well. Its handling introduces a quasi-independent factor, a sort of co-efficient of vitality so that, rightly or wrongly, one may stand amazed at the continued metamorphosis, the gradual emergence of figure after figure, the charmed life that goes on within the picture. One may live with one for years and discover any morning that the figures have taken up a new relation to one another. Pattern plays a larger part in his recent canvases and they are growing bigger and more crowded with figures.

If therefore we have one dynamic painter amongst us, one painter who will not stay put, let us not be perturbed. Let us accustom ourselves to the new climate of these pictures. Their content is not exhausted in the few minutes one spends talking in front of pictures at exhibitions, and remember that no painter can get away with this manner of painting unless he is already a first-rate draughtsman. This is the painting of maturity, not of youthful effervescence. I have heard it called chaotic. We do not now regard Gainsborough as a chaotic painter. Yet Reynolds in his fourteenth Discourse had to defend him—half-heartedly at that—from this very charge. " It is certain," he said, " that all those odd

scratches: and marks which are so observable in Gainsborough's pictures, and which even to experienced painters appear rather the effect of accident than design; *this chaos, this uncouth and shapeless* appearance, by a kind of magic, at certain distance assumes form and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places, so that we can hardly refuse acknowledging the full effect of diligence under the appearance of chance or hasty negligence."

Mr. Yeats appears more interested in the rhythm of life than in its formal presentation, yet he never paints before the model or in the open air or from sketches. (I should perhaps make an exception for a series of three pictures on the Life of a Rose, the only still lifes I know from his brush). Instead of copying he identifies himself with the hidden energy that expresses itself in action, and his retentive eye holds the significant gesture. Central to his work is his hatred of the *cliché*—of the formula. It determines both his subjects and their treatment. The commonplace that, as Goethe says, binds us all, doesn't bind Mr. Yeats, and it is for this reason that any label that indicates a school or a stereotyped attitude is out of place in considering his work. It is difficult not to call him a romantic, for the romantic mind also avoids the commonplace actuality. He can condense in one picture all the romance of Boucicault and the stage-coach age, and his canvas drips with the blue glamour of the theatre. He is away elsewhere—if I may turn upon himself the words he addresses to the hero of *The Charmed Life*—"he is away on his flood of common lies, flowing gently towards the whirlpools and the rapids of his uncommon lies, his adventures in places you never heard of." All this does not necessarily make him a romantic. I know two pictures of funerals painted with the utmost clarity: one a funeral at sea at Valentia, another on a Swinford road. They touch a universal fact with complete simplicity and directness; these do not make him a classicist.

Mr. Yeats paints whatever life is exciting or exhilarating, any absorbing mood or disinterested action that suspends life on a point of ecstasy. It may be an acrobat or a jockey, a ballad-singer or an escapologist, a twilight flooding a railway

compartment or the steersman of a turf-boat steering his ship, a Ulysses of the Midlands, down suddenly uncharted seas to eternity. It is whatever, in mood or action, lifts men and women out of the commonplace. And so unlike the genre painters of whom I spoke earlier, there is neither condescension nor folklore nor sentimentalism in his attitude towards our people, but the recognition on equal terms of vivid, various life.

There is a corresponding absence of formula in Mr. Yeats's technical practice. He has no one way of rendering any detail, no repetition in his handling. His work is a continuous improvisation. He is excited and, as it were, surprised at every happy unpremeditated stroke; and this excitement, which animates every inch of his canvas, bringing even at times shrill overtones into his colour, communicates itself to the spectator. He cancels, I imagine, any work that does not afford him this excitement. "Standing about on quays will perhaps," he wrote, "some day lose its pleasure for me, but it has not yet. However, when a thrill goes, I let it go. Sitting on bollards and weeping leads nowhere."

Well, talking about pictures thrills nobody and leads nowhere; and I will get off the bollard. I have failed if I have not conveyed to you or rather deepened your own conviction of a painter whose work will endure because it is established on a right relation between the creative imagination and the model, a painter whose art is integral and autonomous because it develops logically, courageously and unpredictably from its own substance; whose art is inevitably Irish because the artist is Irish and he takes no thought to make it so. Coming of a family that showed a singular power of initiative, at any age and in more than one generation, I do not know how it will end, but I will end by repeating what his father said long ago to a friend of mine in this audience—and it is no dispraise of our greatest Irish poet—"I shall be known one day," he said, "as the father of a painter."

C. P. Curran

SAVORGNAN DE BRAZZA AND THE CONQUEST OF THE CONGO *

BY EDWARD LEEN, C.S.SP., D.D., D.LITT.

IN the November of the year 1880, that is, a little more than sixty years ago, two remarkable men met on the banks of the Congo, near a place called Vivi. The two were engaged on enterprises of a similar character but of conflicting aims. One was quietly and unselfishly serving the French Republic; the other was, for reasons of self-interest, working on behalf of Leopold, King of the Belgians. The two men realised, to some degree, the importance of the objectives they were pursuing; but neither could foresee the influence their achievements were to exert on the course of events some sixty years later—that is at the very hour in which these words are being penned. The world—especially, but not exclusively, the English-speaking world—has rung with the exploits of one of these men; few there are who have not heard of Stanley, the famous explorer. The name of the other man, by far the greater of the two, is little known outside French circles and, in these circles, only to those who are students of French colonial expansion.

A few weeks ago the newspapers reported the capture by General de Gaulle of a town called Libreville, situated at the mouth of the river Gabon in the French Congo. The Gabon empties itself into the Atlantic on the line of the Equator. It was mentioned that the French commander headed a squadron of ships, one of which was named de Brazza and another Savorgnan. It would not be rash to conjecture that for few, if any, English readers these names held any significance. And yet they are a silent and, to those acquainted with the associations attached to these names, an eloquent record of a life filled with daring exploits and of unquestionable grandeur. Stanley merited the fame which

* *Brazza ou l'Epopée du Congo.* Par Léon Poirier. (Mame. 1940. 9 fr. 50).
Pierre Savorgnan de Brazza. Par Maria de Crisenoy. (Editions Spes. 1939. 15 fr.).

was his fortune. To his courage, initiative and ability is due, in considerable measure, the dispelling of the dark clouds of barbarism that, up to his day, lay heavily on Equatorial Africa. But Savorgnan de Brazza—who, at least in the beginning, was unwittingly his rival, played no lesser part in first braving and then dispelling the mystery which, from the dawn of history, had enveloped the curse-laden land of Cham. He, the rival of Stanley, not only explored the fastnesses of Central Africa ; he, as well, brought to the African tribes an intimation of a better life and the influences of a humanising civilisation. His work was wholly beneficent and disinterested. If the future was to witness but a very inadequate realisation of his lofty aspirations for the Africans, this was entirely due to a departure, on the part of those who succeeded him, from his wise methods and his generous ideals.

Events, which up to half a century ago took long periods to mature and then to unfold themselves, now run their entire course with vertiginous speed. Strong governments crumble and mighty military machines collapse almost overnight. In the brief period of our own life-time the features of the world have altered incredibly. It is perhaps the mechanical inventions of recent years that, eating up space and time with ever-growing acceleration, have given this bewildering precipitation to historical happenings. The remotest parts of the globe have become easily accessible. The surface of the earth has but few secrets left to reveal. It is difficult for persons born into the actual condition of things to realise that, within the life-time of men not yet dead, Africa—if certain portions to the North and South along with some narrow stretches along the Eastern and Western coasts be excepted—was a dark mystery to civilised mankind. Within living memory it was still called the Dark Continent and well deserved the name. It was dark in the sinister silence that brooded over it. It was dark in the obscure rumours of hideous rites and obscene customs that now and again penetrated to the outer world. It was dark in spite of the blazing sun that beat down on its forests of everlasting gloom and on its swamps that swarmed with slimy life. And now,

strangely enough, that unknown world of our early days seems likely to be the stage on which will be fought the final and decisive battles of the present life-and-death-struggle between the civilised nations.

The Welshman Stanley it was who, at first in the employment of the American newspapers and afterwards in the service of the King of the Belgians, made a methodical effort to solve the age-old riddle of Equatorial Africa. Starting from Zanzibar in the year 1877, at the head of an armed force of three hundred men, he traversed the continent from East to West. His experiences substantiated the gloomy tales of revolting barbarism that had occasionally reached the ears of civilised men. As he forced his way, in combat after combat, through hostile and savage tribes, his ears were incessantly assailed by the ferocious cry: Bo-Bo, Bo-Bo meat, meat. There were few, if any, of the tribes of Central Africa that were not eaters of human flesh at that time. Cannibalism has not wholly disappeared even in our own day.[1] Stanley gained the banks of the Congo and, following its course more or less, reached, in the month of April 1877, its issue into the Atlantic. He had explored 1,000 miles of the mighty river. The Congo with its tributaries offers navigable waterways through Africa to the extent of 10,800 miles. Its width at Stanley Pool is nearly ten miles. The control of that mighty pathway was coveted by two great European powers. A dramatic struggle was to take place on its banks.

The story of Stanley's adventures, as told in the *Daily Telegraph*, stirred interest and curiosity, but little more, in England. No one in the homeland grasped their bearing. It was not so elsewhere. Leopold II of Belgium, a man of wide vision and great foresight, was dreaming dreams of colonial expansion. The articles in the *Daily Telegraph* did not escape his notice. The Congo might, for him and his country, become a Pactolus. It was his own expression. Stanley, received coldly in England, was made welcome in Belgium. In an audience the King revealed his dreams for

[1] The writer has passed through places where human flesh was actually marketed; he has attended men who were executed for taking part in human sacrifice.

the development of Africa and the formation of a Belgian Empire. The explorer, stimulated by the promise of great rewards, was commissioned to return to Africa and to open the route of the Congo in the interest of Belgium. He was to do this as unobtrusively and as secretly as possible. He could call on unfailing resources in the prosecution of his mission.

The November of the year 1880 finds him engaged on a truly formidable task. From Stanley Pool almost to the ocean the vast flood of the Congo falls from height to height in a series of awe-inspiring cataracts. They are thirty-two in number. The energetic and undaunted Welshman determined to outflank this obstacle to navigation. With dynamite and axe he would force through the rocky fastnesses a passage parallel to the river. The natives stood appalled at his audacity and energy. Henceforth he was known amongst them as Bouli-Matari, the tempestuous breaker of rocks.

One day, as he was actively engaged directing his workers, he was brought a card on which was scribbled the name "Savorgnan de Brazza." The name conveyed no information to Stanley. He was to discover later to his amazement and to his chagrin that he had been forestalled, by this unknown pioneer, in the exploration of the upper regions of the Congo and in the occupation of the points of vantage on its banks. He was incredulous when, some time after, the unknown man came into his camp and informed him that he had beaten him by five months in the race for the Congo. De Brazza in rags, without shoes to his feet, followed by no troops, calmly asserted that whilst the emissary of Belgium was striving to blast his way through the precipices below Stanley Pool, he himself had succeeded in adding large territories to the French Empire. In exploring the Ogooué and the Alima the devoted servant of France had found a way to the Congo from the North. He had, in fact, outflanked his rival, who at the time did not know he was a rival. Stanley thought that nobody but himself and his employer were thinking in terms of colonial expansion.

Savorgnan de Brazza served France with a devotedness which could with difficulty be surpassed. Yet he was not a

native of the country he served so loyally. His career was strange in the extreme. He was Italian by birth and belonged to a noble family, as his name testifies. He saw the light in Rome in the year 1852. The family property was situated in the North of Italy, in territory then under Austrian domination. Ascanio, Count de Brazza, chafing under the foreign yoke, went into voluntary exile in Rome. There Pierre Savorgnan was born. From early years he gave indications of the qualities which were to achieve a career of heroic proportions. He combined great calm and patience with courage and enterprise. He was tenacious of purpose and yet manifested a readiness to adapt himself to circumstances. He was both resolute and forbearing. He had in very large measure that gift of sympathetic understanding which gave him clear insight into the minds and the tendencies of those with whom he had to deal. Endowed with a penetrating and serene imagination, it was instinctive with him to conceive enterprises of great moment. Because of his loftiness of soul he did not seek in these enterprises glory for himself but benefit for mankind.

These dreams of greatness to achieve took definite form when a change in the political situation brought him back to the ancestral home. The library of the castle was well stocked with books. Many of these dealt with travels in foreign lands. The walls were adorned with maps showing many blank spaces—territory hitherto unexplored. Several of de Brazza's ancestors had been famous for their voyages. All this fired the boy's imagination, and the blank spaces set him dreaming. The secret resolve formed itself in him to make these unknown lands yield up their secrets and to admit the beneficent influence of a Christian civilisation. These thoughts gave direction to his studies. At college he gave himself with passion to the pursuit of the sciences. He made astronomy his subject of choice. He was fortunate in having as his teacher the famous Jesuit scientist, Padre Secchi.

The master, knowing the tastes of his pupil, introduced him one day to a French admiral, de Montaignac, who happened at the time to be on a visit to Rome. The young de Brazza

yearned for service in the navy. Italy had none. The only way for him to realise his ambition was to become a cadet in the French service. He pleaded his cause with the admiral, and was successful.

Pierre was sent to Paris, where he entered the college of Sainte Genevieve as a pupil. There he prepared for the examination, success in which gave him admission to the Naval Academy in December 1868. An article in a Naval Review that he took up haphazardly one day in the library decided his destiny. It was written by a Lieutenant Aymès. It treated of a river Ogooué which emptied itself into the Atlantic ocean somewhat to the south of the Equator, and which had its sources in the heart of unknown and uncharted Africa. The natives of the coast told fabulous tales of this river. These tales, sifted carefully, seemed to indicate that the mysterious river took its rise somewhere near the Great Lakes that lay on the further side of the continent to the East and North. De Brazza's vocation was henceforth fixed. His was to be the task of bringing these remote regions under the civilising influence of France. The Ogooué was to be his river of destiny, its exploration his life's task. So he resolved; but Providence was preparing for him a different future. On the 21st of November 1870, he sought and obtained his naturalisation papers. Henceforth he was a citizen of France.

His first mission as a naval officer was to patrol the South-Western coast of Africa with a view to curbing the illegal activities of the slave-traders. He touched shore at Libreville. There an account of the dramatic meeting between Stanley and Livingstone at Ujigi on the shore of Lake Tanganyika reached his ears. This story further fixed the habitual trend of his thoughts. In his spare time he pored over the maps of Africa at his disposal. Their meagre details he eked out with the information that he sought to glean in all quarters. From Libreville the ship to which he was attached moved sixty miles southward to the estuary of the Ogooué. This was in the spring of 1874. There he learned that two French officers, in an endeavour to probe the mystery of this river, had made their way inland for a distance of nearly 250 miles. Attacked

savagely by the natives, they were forced to retreat. Africa refused to deliver up its secret.

This check only confirmed the purpose which had gradually been forming in de Brazza's mind. Through a methodical explanation of the route into Africa that the Ogooué presumably offered, he set himself to commit to paper his plan for colonial expansion. This report, which was to have such far-reaching consequences for his adopted country, was directed to the Ministry of Maritime affairs. Fortunately for him his old friend Admiral de Montaignac was, at the time, in charge of the department. The paper was not thrust aside. It was read and then sent forward for examination by the experts. The report of the experts was favourable. De Brazza was commissioned by the government to carry out the plan he had outlined. The subsidies voted to him were meagre in the extreme, pitifully disproportioned to the greatness of the enterprise on which he was embarking. He had to supplement them from his own patrimony and from the resources of his family. He was to spend both life and fortune unselfishly in the service of his adopted country. The expedition sailed from Bordeaux in the August of 1873. It was destined to acquire immense territories for France, and yet its departure took place almost unnoticed—amidst general indifference and little more than official tolerance.

Pierre Savorgnan de Brazza was but twenty-three years of age when he set out for what was to be the conquest of the Congo. His views were of the noblest kind. His purpose was to bring to the African native the knowledge which would enable him to turn the teeming resources of the continent to the best account. The opening and development of the country was to be undertaken in order to place the means of a higher life at the disposal of its inhabitants. De Brazza was resolved to proceed by pacific methods and to eschew force. As far as in him lay, the prestige of France amongst the tribes should be based on beneficence rather than power. By nature he was well equipped for the task. He knew no fear ; his courage gave him remarkable calm and a presence of mind that was never at fault. He was self-disciplined and

ascetic : he shirked no hardship. He was more exacting on himself than on his subordinates. Above all he had a profound sympathy with the black man and, through this sympathy, a deep insight into the African's soul as well as a quick perception of the African's problems in his reactions to the impact of European civilisation.

A steamer took him and his small group of followers up the Ogooué as far as Lambarené. It was at this point that his explorations of Central Equatorial Africa began. There, too, his difficulties started. The fierce and cannibalistic tribe of the Ossyebas barred his passage. It took months of diplomacy, kindness, forbearance and unfailing patience to overcome the native hostility to the white man. Success at last rewarded his efforts. The opposition gave way and the route of the Ogooué, hitherto closed to all Europeans, lay open before the daring Italian. Almost immediately his humanitarian ideals were sorely tested. He could not countenance slavery ; and yet the tribe, whose confidence he had with such difficulty gained, lived by bartering human beings. He had to proceed with care not to alienate them by a violent attack on their inveterate customs. He made it clear that he would have no slaves in his own following, and that everyone that took service under the French flag would thereby become a free man. The shadow of the flag should fall on no slave.

Triumphing over all kinds of obstacles, not the least of which was the inconstancy of the natives and the assaults of fever, the intrepid explorer reached a place called Doumé, about 400 miles from the coast. Of these 400 miles, 200 had up to that time been unexplored. At Doumé, de Brazza found that his calculations as to the course of the Ogooué, based on the legendary stories of the coast natives, were incorrect. The river, instead of taking a north-easterly direction towards the Great Lakes, found its passage barred by a chain of mountains and directed its course to the south. The Ogooué had played him false.

Keenly disappointed, de Brazza quitted the river and pressed on to the north and east. His way lay through the

arid country of the Batekés. Progress was painful. His native helpers became difficult to manage. At length his perseverance was rewarded. The eyes of the explorers were gladdened by the sight of a large expanse of water. It was the Alima river. The natives said that this stream, great as it was, could not be compared with a mightier stream into which it poured its waters. It seemed, after all, that the conjectures of de Brazza were well founded. But it was not for the moment possible for him to have them confirmed. The Apfourus, whose lands were watered by the Alima, proved hostile and refused to allow the white men to go forward. The explorer sent back his companions by the route they had come. He himself struggled on eastwards still. He gained the Licoma. Here, finding himself at the end of his strength and his resources, he was forced to retrace his steps. He did not know that he was on the threshold of a great discovery; for the Licoma was a tributary of the Congo.

It was three years since de Brazza had left Europe. They were years of incredible hardship. His body was weakened with toil and refused all further demands on it, and he had to return to the coast to rest. There he learned the secret of the hostility of the Apfourus. To his consternation he discovered that he had a rival in the field. Whilst he was painfully penetrating into the Continent from the west, Stanley had already gained from the east the basins of the Alima and the Licoma. His passage had been marked by bloodshed, and great enmity had been stirred up against all the white strangers. Stanley had gained a march on the naturalised Frenchman. He had set foot before him on the banks of the Congo and, following the direction of its waters, had traced its course the whole way to the Atlantic. It was then de Brazza came to the conclusion that the two rivers he had discovered after he had quitted the Ogooué and whose waters flowed eastwards must be tributaries of the Congo. De Brazza saw that there was no time to be lost. He must make haste to establish the protectorate of France over the territories watered by the Congo before the power, in whose interest Stanley was working, should get moving. The struggle was

knit between the two men. Both returned to Europe—de Brazza to report to his government the result of his explorations, Stanley to make his five years contract with the Belgian King.

Stanley had enlightened and practical support from the Belgian government. De Brazza had to chafe against the exasperating apathy and dullness of the official world at Paris. Gambetta and Jules Ferry were the only men of affairs who had vision enough to see the great possibilities opened for France by the projects of the French officer. They supported him warmly. But the hesitation and delay at home worked against de Brazza; he regained Africa in September only. His rival had returned from Belgium to the mouth of the Congo a month before him. He was backed by enormous resources. Yet, paradoxically enough, the advantages Stanley enjoyed in money, men and equipment proved his undoing in this strange race. The resources he commanded tempted him to undertake the formidable task of flanking the cataracts of the Congo, by hewing a passage through the mountains over which its vast volume of water plunged. He succeeded, but the task occupied two years. The delay of these two years gave the advantage to de Brazza. When Stanley, at length, found himself on the eastern side of the mountain barrier, he was met by an envoy from de Brazza coming from the upper regions of the river. The dramatic meeting of the two men, at Vivi near Stanley Pool, has been referred to already.

De Brazza had profited by the experience gained on his previous exploration of the Ogooué, and also by the discoveries of Stanley. He saw that approach from the north offered an easier and more expeditious access to the Congo. He utilised the Ogooué to the point where it swerves southwards. Rapidly he traversed the fifty miles which lay between that point and the Alima. Along the stream of the Alima, with a handful of followers, he paddled his way without difficulty to the river of contention, well to the east of the rocky barrier against which Stanley was battering. The French flag was the first to be hoisted on the banks of the coveted waterway.

In this expedition, to anticipate the designs of Stanley, Savorgnan de Brazza began the work of establishing a French empire south of the Equator. His plan was the product of a powerful imagination. The African empire of his dreams was to have its centre—that is, its point of convergence—right in the heart of Africa near to the great lake whose existence he divined. That would be the junction of the lines of French influence coming from the Mediterranean in the north, Dakar in the west and the Congo in the south. In his dreams the French mandate would run from the Atlantic in the south, by the way of Central Africa, to Algeria in the north.

De Brazza's first step was to establish a post at a place called Ngimi at the junction of the Ogooué and the Passa rivers. This was later to be the town of Franceville and was the initial step in the establishment of the French Congo. The reputation that he had already acquired amongst the natives for his humanity, his generosity and his intrepidity stood him in good stead. His fame had spread amongst the tribes. He was known as the great White Chief. Makoko, king of the Batekés, whose territories bestrode the Congo, heard of him and was anxious to see him face to face. An invitation was sent to de Brazza : he gladly accepted it.

The meeting was a solemn one. The black king was all eagerness to get knowledge of the country of the stranger and his purpose in coming to his country. Savorgnan unfolded his plans for peaceful commerce between his people and the native tribes. To carry out this design it would be necessary for Makoko and his vassal chiefs to allow posts to be established in their territories and to enter into agreements with the government of the Fallas—that is, of the French. After a lengthy discussion agreement was reached, and a formal treaty was drafted between Makoko and his sub-chiefs, on the one hand, and the French government on the other. Losing no time de Brazza took to the pirogues and paddled rapidly down the river to the Crystal Mountains. There, at M'Fa, the key-point to the upper reaches of the flood, he laid the foundations of the town that later was to be named Brazzaville in his honour.

All was not yet secure. Stanley had been beaten in the race to secure the post commanding the river on the eastern side of the Crystal Mountains, but the political situation created by the energy and foresight of de Brazza was not yet fixed. The explorer determined to return to France in order to obtain a formal ratification of the agreement struck with Makoko. This was necessary if the French claims to political control over the territories explored by de Brazza were to be made inviolable in International Law. It had taken but 18 months and the expenditure of £100,000 of government money to lay the foundations of French Equatorial Africa. During these 18 months 4,000 kilometers of unknown country rich in resources had been explored. The observations taken in the course of these explorations were made available to the French Colonial Office in elaborate reports of a geographical and scientific character. One station had been firmly established; another at M'Fa had been founded. A passage to the interior had been traced by the Ogooué; another more important one between the Ogooué and the Congo had been surveyed and mapped out. A treaty had been struck with the most powerful chief in the Congo. This treaty gave to France not only important trading privileges but a protectorate over an immense territory and the key of the great river that opened up a navigable way to the heart of Africa. It was the work of one man aided by a few well-chosen lieutenants. It had been accomplished without bloodshed, without violence, and without injustice. De Brazza took advantage of his return journey to the coast to plan a fresh approach to the Congo, more expeditious and more useful than that by the Ogooué. The valley of the Niari-Quillou, a river that enters the Atlantic about 120 miles north of the Congo, offered such an approach. The valley was, besides, rich in mineral wealth, and it too, through the tact and diplomacy of the devoted servant of France, was brought under French influence.

This was the situation that confronted Stanley when, after having surmounted the barrier of the Crystal Mountains, he finally gained Stanley Pool. He emerged into the upper

river, fully expecting that he would encounter no opposition to his project of bringing all the territory watered by the Congo under the control of his employer, the King of the Belgians. He was met by the " fait accompli " of the treaty with Makoko. This confirmed the words that had been spoken to him by de Brazza in the famous interview at Vivi. He had been utterly incredulous at the time. Bitter was his chagrin now. It was rather hard on him. Though his methods left much to be desired, nevertheless he had been the pioneer in opening up the heart of the continent and discovering the Congo. He had nothing, however, to do but to submit to circumstances with as good a grace as possible. For the moment he withdrew, but secretly he refused to renounce the struggle. He informed his employer of the situation, and the wheels of European diplomacy were set in motion. These wheels turned rapidly and in a sense that went counter to the plans of de Brazza. These political intrigues were so successful that, whilst the explorer was on his way back to France to report, his appointment was cancelled and he was replaced by a man named Mizon. This man had secret instructions to arrest the course of events in the Congo.

At home it took all the tenacity of de Brazza and his zeal for the interests of France and the welfare of the native Africans to defeat the machinations set on foot against him. He had practically to appeal to the people in a great meeting held in Paris. The response was enthusiastic, and the hesitation of the parliament had to yield to the popular clamour. The treaty with Makoko was signed, and de Brazza was named Commissioner-General of France in the territories on the West Coast of Africa. Yet, in spite of all, few at home really grasped the significance and the magnitude of the explorer's achievements. He was met, on his return to the Coast, with an apathy that hardened into positive opposition to his plans.

But in spite of this insensibility to its own interests on the part of the French administration, the presence of de Brazza effected an immediate improvement in the situation. His prestige amongst the natives was immense; no reverse, no disappointment, no contrariety caused him to depart from

his policy of firmness, courtesy and sympathy in his dealings with chiefs and tribesmen. To a subordinate who had to carry out a mission in the interior of the continent he gave the following advice : " Gather all the information possible ; commit it to writing. Keep in constant contact with the natives with whom you have to deal. Pay them generously for their services ; buy provisions from them and listen patiently to their complaints. Be not content with understanding what they say ; endeavour to penetrate into their minds. Study their qualities and be not afraid to share their life. At free moments visit their villages and engage in conversation with women and children. Ask them questions. Accept their hospitality. Explore the adjoining territories. Do not go armed ; take no escort ; go alone accompanied only by a servant and an interpreter." This programme, that he traced for another, he himself invariably followed. He appeased the tribes that were excited by the injuries they had suffered. He revisited Makoko and gave him the treaty signed by the President of the French Republic. And at Linzolo, some miles to the south-west of M'Fa (Brazzaville) Bishop Augouard, C.S.Sp. was enabled to set up the standard of the Cross and proceed to bring under the rule of Christ the tribes that had come under the mandate of France.

The reports of the exploits of de Brazza and Stanley, at length, attracted the attention of the European powers. Their greed was aroused—also their emulation. The struggle for the control of the Continent began. That struggle, as we know, has ended in the partition of Africa into spheres of influence comprising colonies, protectorates and mandated territories. That was to come. But in the meantime a conference of the Powers was held at Paris in 1885. There it was agreed that to the control of the Belgians should fall the lands south of the Congo, unified under the name Congo Free State. To France was conceded the mandate for the lands north of the river, lying between its great loop and the sea. The Republic thus controlled the route from Loango to Brazzaville admirably adapted for the construction of a railway. Having thus secured his position on the river, de

Brazza steadfastly pursued his plans. He launched his lieutenants to the exploration of the Chari, the Oubanghui and the Sangha. In spite of some reverses, he was in large measure successful in realising his great dream, that of giving concrete existence to the unbroken blue line that in his imagination he had traced from the mouth of the Congo to the shores of the Mediterranean. Had not his compatriots lagged behind him in political vision and strategic foresight, the Germans would not have had time to hem in that belt of French influence by occupying the Cameroons in the west; nor would the English have got the opportunity of preventing its expansion towards the east by establishing themselves at Fashoda.

From the point of view of international politics, it would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of de Brazza's achievement. It was due to his genius, his prudence and his self-sacrifice that unity, consistency and firmness were given to the French Imperial possessions in Africa. But de Brazza was not a mere politician nor an empire-builder. His views were of the loftiest kind. He had not only genius but humanity. He envisaged a great future not only for France but also, and indeed chiefly, for Africa. His plan was that the native tribes, under the tutelage of his adopted country, should construct for themselves, on the basis of their own qualities and aspirations, a civilisation not European but African. This civilisation, whilst necessarily conforming to the framework of Christianity, should in its cultural aspect be original and not merely an imitation of the French. The resources of the country, developed by commercial enterprise and employed to develop trade relations between Europe and Africa, would, he saw, be ample to lay a firm economic foundation for the native polity that he envisaged. These resources, according to his plans, were there not to be exploited by foreigners but utilised in the higher interests of the Africans.

Such was his dream. But he was destined to the fate that meets all truly great men. Those who succeeded him neither shared the loftiness of his views nor the nobility of his aspirations. Before his death he suffered the pain of

seeing his plans perverted. He saw the Congo, in spite of his warnings and advice, divided up into trading regions for the purpose of granting monopolies to the commercial companies. The result was exploitation of the native. The evils he foresaw were the inevitable outcome. They became so great that a storm of protest was raised : he was sent out to investigate ; and, though his report, too damaging to admit of publication, was quietly suppressed, matters improved.

Although the high ideals of de Brazza have never been realised, still it must be avowed that, in spite of many shortcomings and much imperialistic greed, the conditions of the native African have been considerably improved under European domination. The dark cruelties, the inhuman injustices and the revolting practices of a gloomy Fetishism have been steadily suppressed by the agents of civilisation. Even did all the representatives of European powers share the mind of de Brazza, it is very doubtful if his views for the future of Africa could have been fulfilled, at least in the intervening space of time. The process of forming the civic and political mind in the native African must necessarily take many years. It is not two decades since one of the most important and one of the most highly-developed of the Bantu tribes had not yet attained to the tribal sense. The horizons of the native were bounded by the limits of the communal grouping. Beyond these horizons all was hostile and foreign, even though a like language and like customs extended far and wide beyond these narrow limits.[1] The passage from the communal sense to the tribal and from the tribal to the national and from the national to the political must needs take a long time and a protracted education. Of course, things now-a-days move with incalculable swiftness. It would be unwise to say that the time is yet far off when the African (speaking, of course, of Central Africa) will be fitted to direct his own destinies.

There is one happening of recent years that gives good reason to expect that de Brazza's views may receive realisation ultimately and, perhaps, at not too remote a point of time

[1] The writer worked amongst this tribe at a time when this communal sense was in a period of transition.

in the future ; this happening is the successful formation of a native clergy. That is the basis and the happy beginning of the establishment of a supernatural society native to Africa. The two perfect societies are the State and the Church. Where the latter can be created there is good reason to believe that the way is prepared for the creation of the other. The progress of the Catholic faith in the territories explored by Stanley and de Brazza has, in recent years, been beyond all expectations. It has been so rapid that it has far outstripped the European efforts to keep pace with its growing demands. In the Belgian Congo 11.5 per cent. of the population was Catholic in 1936, as against 3.4 per cent. in 1926. What is more significant still, the native population has supplied 53 priests, 94 Brothers and 114 Sisters to aid the twenty European Congregations engaged in the work of evangelising the country. Similar results have been achieved in the French Congo, where there are twenty native priests and where Junior and Senior Seminaries are regularly functioning. There is a considerable and rapidly increasing Catholic population claiming the services of nearly 100 priests, native and European. Education is making rapid strides in all the regions evangelised by the Church. It is not only those who are preparing for the priesthood who are given facilities for higher studies ; there has been, in recent years, a regular stream of African students to the different European capitals to study for the various professions. In fine, the Central Africa of the present day presents, to one who knew it twenty years ago, a transformation beyond his fondest hopes and dreams. So striking, so profound, so rapid has been this change that it is highly probable that Africa will finally break up, like Europe, into a number of native states and that these will have their part to play in shaping the destinies of the world. If, when the war is over, the powers that survive prove as enlightened and as disinterested as the Church in dealing with African problems, the coming of that day when Africa should prove a political force in the world, would be considerably hastened.

E. Leen

IRISH CONTRIBUTION TO COLONIAL NEW YORK

BY PROFESSOR RICHARD J. PURCELL, PH.D.
Head of Department of History, Catholic University of America

Part II.*

THE most interesting Irish arrival to Ulster County in the State of New York was Charles Clinton (d. 1773) of County Longford, grandson of an English planter, who sailed from Dublin (1729) along with some two hundred immigrants. The boat was wrecked off Cape Cod, but about one hundred passengers were saved. Some of these, along with Clinton, found their way to Ulster County. Here as a surveyor, land speculator and colonizer, Clinton with the aid of an Irish-born wife accumulated a fortune and founded that ruling family of physicians and politicians—of whom the most famous were George Clinton, General James Clinton, and DeWitt Clinton—around whose careers much of the political history of New York might be written. That Ulster County was settled to a degree by Irish Presbyterians, among whom there were some Celtic Irish, is suggested by a militia list as early as 1739 in which more than a score of Irish names appeared. Charles Clinton Beatty (1715-1772) became an outstanding Presbyterian leader whose influence later in New Jersey was augmented when, with proper foresight, he married the colonial governor's daughter.[42]

During the eighteenth century there were at least five physicians of Irish birth or origin in the County: Alexander and Charles Clinton, who both married Irish women, Nicholas Brady (d. 1787), Marcus Dougherty, whose father was an early settler, and somewhat later (1783) Joseph Whelan, a gentleman and a classical scholar, who married an Irish maiden, Mary Byrne, by whom he had several children. Whelan had a brother, Charles Whelan, an Irish priest in France who

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* For Part I see issue of December (1940).
[42] See end of the article for all notes.

came to America as a chaplain in De Grasse's fleet and later served as pastor of St. Peter's Catholic Church in New York City. Patrick Barber, a County Longford man, was a judge of the Court of Common Pleas and survived by several years his son Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Barber who was killed in 1783.[43]

Judging from the list of individuals who attained prominence, Orange County had a large Irish population. In 1749 Charles Lewis Reilly of Goshen wrote to Colonel William Johnson, with whose family he had close connections in Ireland, asking for an interview and describing himself as a musician, teacher, and craftsman—no slight accomplishment on the frontier. What became of him is not known ; but it is known that the members of an Irish colony of sixteen families which Johnson had settled at Fort Hamilton (1740), fearful of Indian uprisings, removed to safer locations or returned to Ireland. About 1750 Johnson had established two Irish masters, Wall and a native of County Meath, in his Mohawk settlement. The town of Crawford was in a sense an Irish settlement.[44]

In Newburgh of 1764, the McAuleys, probably Catholics originally, were becoming established ; Lewis Donovan was a schoolmaster ; and Hugh Walsh who came *via* England from County Down was embarking on his career of merchant, landholder, president of the Benevolent Society of Orange County, and a builder of one of the first paper mills in the state. A son, Samuel Armstrong Walsh, was a surgeon at West Point. William Fitzgerald (1729-1813), a Kerry rebel, settled in Newburgh, fought as a lieutenant in the Revolution, and married Hannah Driscoll by whom he left a number of descendants.[45]

Edward Riggs established a school in Kingston (1766), which he later removed to Coldenham and after the war to New York City. The section around the township of Montgomery was largely settled by Irish and Scotch-Irish people as the Neeleys, Eagers, and Blakes. Robert Kerr, an immigrant, was the first Presbyterian divine, and a compatriot, Gillespie, established the first Methodist society in the county.

In the French and Indian War the musters show eighty-five soldiers of Irish birth or parentage. And Irish names are conspicuous among the signers of the pledge against buying English goods in 1774.[46]

William Prendergast (February 2, 1727—February 14, 1811), who departed from Waterford as a young man, settled in Duchess County, where he promoted a peasant revolt against the landed proprietors (1766) and on conviction was sentenced to death. He refused to permit an attempt at rescue and was reprieved by Governor Henry Moore. Finally, saved by a royal pardon, he expressed his gratitude by remaining a neutral during the Revolution. Later, he lived in Rensselaer County and in pioneer Tennessee, but finally returned to Chautauqua County. Married to Mehitable Wing he reared thirteen children of whom some became known in the annals of the state: Matthew (1756-1839), a loyalist who found it convenient to spend years in Nova Scotia before returning to become a judge in Niagara County; James (1764-1846), a founder of Jamestown which his family endowed with a library and an Episcopalian Church; Jedediah (1766-1844), a physician and geologist, who published materials on the geological formation of the state at Governor Clinton's request; and William (1779-1857), a farmer who served as a colonel in the War of 1812 along with Colonel James McMahon.[47] Edmund Kelly, a native of this county (1767), was a soldier at Valley Forge and a grandfather of John Burroughs the naturalist.[48]

Among the pioneer settlers about 1749 of Rensselaer County was Michael McClellan, a native of Coleraine and an ancestor of General George B. McClellan of Civil War fame.[49]

In Albany scores of Irish names have been found in the records of the Dutch Reformed Church prior to 1800: the McCarty family after 1736, one of whom became a member of the Committee of Safety, a soldier in the Revolution, and a wealthy landholder as the son-in-law of a patroon in the late colonial years; Philip Mullen, a fire master; Philip Ryley, in charge of the town clock; Patrick Coonie, who became a soldier; and Hugh Denniston, whose stone-hotel

became a headquarters for patriots and a stopping-place for General Washington. In 1763 Cortlandt Schuyler, while in the British service in Ireland, married an Irish woman with whom he returned to Albany. On his death she retired to her native home, where doubtlessly she advocated American opportunities for the poor people of the countryside.[50] On the eve of the Revolution Thomas Barry was a leading merchant; Stuart Wilson, an Irishman, kept a book shop; and Patrick Gahegan, O'Brien, O'Bryan, and James Moore were contesting for the suffrage despite a regulation that no alien could vote.[51]

In Schenectady, William McGinnis was a captain in the French and Indian War when killed at Fort George in 1755. Daniel Campbell was embarked on his path to wealth and a judgeship.[52] In a section which became Washington County, a Scotch-Irish colony from Pelham (Massachusetts) settled in Salem, which they insisted upon calling New Perth. Here they were joined by Doctor Clark's settlers from Ballibay, Ireland. The two groups of Presbyterians failed to get along in Christian harmony, but the leaders of this community long bore Celtic or Scot-Irish names. Among them was John Rogers Neilson whose son Samuel rose, by way of the courts of New York, to a justiceship on the Supreme Court of the United States.[53]

The French and Indian War freed northern New York from the menace of Indian and French attacks, and thus opened the whole region for settlement. Furthermore, the campaigns had made the water-route of the Hudson, Lake George and Lake Champlain a known highway to Canada among the people at large as well as among veteran soldiers. Hence, provincial authorities were besieged for land grants by petitioners, largely soldiers, of whom a fair number were Irishmen, who on retirement from the British service sought land grants upon which to settle as pioneer farmers. Such too was the case of retiring members of the Irish Brigade in the service of Louis XV who remained in Louisiana and Canada and dotted the Great Lakes as furmen and traders. Indeed some of the soldiers of the Brigade may have settled in the

region of Oswego, where they had been stationed in 1756. However, there was only one Tiger Roche who forsook civilized habits and became an Iroquois tribesman. In addition to regular soldiers, veterans of the colonial militia were also the recipients of frontier lands, for land was cheap and the colony could be generous in granting allotments to actual settlers.[54]

Disbanded soldiers, with good characters and honourable discharges, could obtain as service-bonus grants of from two hundred acres of land for a common soldier to three thousand acres for a retired captain. In the petition and patents there was no scarcity of Irish names, even of decidedly Celtic names. In 1763, there were petitioners John McCann and James McBride. In 1764, Cain Callahan whose soldierly history was attested by Captain Gavin Cochrane; Lieutenant David Mooney for three thousand acres in Albany county; John Connelly for two thousand acres west of Lake Champlain; Daniel Moriarty, Peter Sullivan, Michael Keough, and William Gilliland for two hundred acres apiece west of Lake Champlain; and Lieutenant Barnaby Byrne for lands in modern Washington County. Seven years later, when Byrne's will was probated, there were references to his wife, four sisters, two brothers, Captain Robert McGinnis, and Lawyer Terence Kerin. In 1765, Captain Grant certified that discharged soldiers Cornelius Hays, Patrick McMullen, James Moore, and Dennis Hall were entitled to their grants. Sergeant Patrick Stone and John Connolly obtained allotments; John O'Neil received two hundred acres east of the Hudson River, as did Charles McCarty, John Drummond, Patrick McFall, and John McEkron. Kennedy Farrell, wagon-master-general during the war, asked for three thousand acres. Among others, there were Daniel Connolly, Michael Garvey, Thomas McGuire, Garrett Keating, Patrick McMullan, Edward Roche, Bartholomew McShane, Timothy Callahan, James Murphy, John Hart and Michael Dowd. Captain James Tuite wanted three thousand acres as became an officer of his rank. Of New York colonial troopers, there were several Irish officers—as, for instance, James Fitzpatrick, Cornelius Duane and Michael McLaughlin.

Michael Byrne and others, with an Indian deed for ten thousand acres, obtained a warrant for the same. An ensign, Caesar McCormac, asked for two thousand acres in Ulster County. In 1767, two groups of soldiers asked for lots of seven thousand acres and of twenty-four hundred acres. James Malloy and others would be authorized to buy nine thousand acres from the Indians. In 1769, several petitioned for lands in Catskill County. Ryan, Kennedy and others wanted thirteen thousand acres in a tract for their settlement. Judging from these petitions and allotments, Ulster County became a Mecca for veterans. Susanna Reilly asked, in 1772, for the three thousand acres granted to her late husband. And thus, the frontier movement continued to the eve of the Revolution.

John Embury, a kinsman of the preacher, and twenty-four Irish Palatinates sought, in 1763, twenty-five thousand acres in Albany County. Three years later, James Duane and twenty-five associates petitioned for the privilege of purchasing lands from the Indians in that region whose centre became Duanesburg. Michael Byrne of the rebel clan of Wicklow, along with several others, obtained a warrant for eighteen thousand acres about Byrneville and Fulton in Scholarie County, which they had recently obtained from Indian occupants (1767).

In 1769 John Fitzpatrick and fourteen other petitioners, including such local aristocrats as a Lispenard and a De Lancey, sought fourteen thousand acres in Albany County; while John Davan and his friends wanted twenty-five thousand acres. William Kelley, on behalf of Viscount Townsend and others, sought twenty-five thousand acres on the Saranac River.[55] The period of Irish sequestrations over, there was a growing danger, prior to the Revolution, of the establishment of manorial estates in the American colonies as an investment for English magnates and as a refuge for their dispossessed peasantry after a land clearance. In 1772 Daniel McKeowen and a Van Allen petitioned for fifteen thousand acres; and John Keating asked letters of patent for the township of Fulham and later for a grant of nineteen thousand acres west

of the Connecticut River for himself and eighteen associates. Immigration was encouraged by the patentees of land grants, whose agents were engaged in colonization. The representatives of Lord Holland and Lord Ilchester and the latter's son-in-law, O'Brien, were quite as interested as David Colden, whose family connections were with Ireland and Scotland, in getting Irish and Scottish settlers on their vast holdings.[56]

At Ballston, Saratoga County, the first settlement was made (1763) by Michael and Nicholas McDonald, who had been enticed to board a vessel moored in the River Shannon and were spirited to Philadelphia to be sold as indentured servants. Apparently service in the late war had acquainted them with New York lands. Within a few years there was a group of kinsmen from Ulster: as George Scott, whose descendants were of some note; James Gordon, who had come at the call of his relative; and John Macomb, with whom he engaged in the Indian trade as far into the interior as Detroit. A soldier in the Revolution, Gordon became a brigadier-general of militia and a representative in both the lower and upper chambers of the Assembly.[57]

Doctor Thomas Clark, a physician and a Seceding Presbyterian minister, settled at Stillwater with a colony of two hundred Ulsterites for two years when he removed to Salem, near which he obtained twelve thousand acres free for five years and thereafter at a rental of a shilling an acre per year. In Stillwater there were also John McCarty, whose establishment was burned by British raiders; Terence O'Donnell, a merchant; William Gleason, who like many an early Irishman was an innkeeper; and the families of Rogers, Wilcox and McBride. In neighbouring settlements, John Reynolds and John Flynn, tavern-keeper, were found in Waterford; Kelly, Major, McHarg, McClelland, Monroe, McNeal, McCrea (of which family the heroine, Jane McCrea, was a member), Mahoney, Drummond, Brisbin, Dunning and the like in Malta, Northumberland and Galway. In addition to the Irish settlers there were a number of Galloway Scots who, under the leadership of a McDonald, were bitter and active Loyalists during the Revolution.[58]

With increased immigration after 1763, the Irish element in New York City grew in numbers and influence, with the Wall Street Presbyterian Church as its important religious centre. Indeed a recent chronicler, Professor Abbott, has written in a humorous strain: "One reads as early as the year 1768 of those phenomena we associate with much later times, the Irish and German vote already making themselves felt in this small but growing metropolis." [59] In 1765 Captain Burke of the brig *James*, in a typical advertisement, offered to sell a number of indentured servants—men, boys and women.[60]

There were several firms in the Irish trade which meant shipping flax, staves and sugar to Irish ports, especially Belfast, and returning with linens, dairy products, servants and passengers from the Irish ports. In 1762 the "scarcity of provisions which are dear would be distressful only for Irish imports" wrote one merchant who did some business with the Bensons, provision-brokers of Cork. Gregg, Cunningham and Company had four ships plying between New York and Dublin, Newry, Belfast and Derry. Thompson and Alexander had three ships in the trade with Derry. Hugh and Alexander Wallace, leading merchants for several years, operated three ships to Cork and Derry. Alexander Wallace was enough of an Irishman to send his son to Trinity College, Dublin. William Neilson had a brig running to Derry and probably two other ships in the Irish trade. The Sherbrookes and Acheson Dawson, a native of Ireland, were also prominent in this trade. Francis Nichols, an immigrant of 1769, served as a lieutenant in the war and became a captain of a merchantman thereafter. According to an old authority on merchants, there were a dozen vessels sailing to Ireland to one for London. Certainly Irish merchant captains, plying in and out of New York in coastal and oceanic trade, were numerous; at least one hundred and sixty-nine suggestive names are noted in the forty years following 1746.[61]

A careful if somewhat laudatory delver into the activities of the Irish in early America has gathered some valuable notes from New York papers covering a portion of this period.

In ten years prior to the Revolution some 266 ships are listed from Ireland to New York (of which only thirty-eight per cent. came from Ulster ports) and 482 vessels from New York to Ireland, of which less than one-half sailed to northern ports. An issue of December 8, 1766, listed four ships from Dublin and also one from Cork with servants for sale. In six weekly issues of the *New York Gazette* (November-December 1766) fifty-two vessels are counted as trading with Ireland and of these only thirty-two were with Ulster. Again, March 19, 1767, there was tabulated goods to Ireland with a valuation of £138,000. In April 1767, nineteen vessels are listed for Ireland of which twelve were to southern ports. In a month, September 25 to October 23, 1769, seven vessels were listed from Cork. A stray reference in the *New York Journal*, January 23, 1773, noted seventy passengers on a boat some three and a half months out from Dublin. The *New York Gazette* (June 14, 1774) noted the arrival from Cork of the *Galway Packet* with a number of healthy servants, including various craftsmen whose time was for sale by Captain Hugh Fallon or the local broker Mrs. Catherine Lynch.[62]

A number of Irish merchants and shippers had attained high standing in New York City : Alexander Mulligan, William Conihane, Patrick McDavitt, John Hagerty, Michael Connolly, William Constable, Alexander Macomb, the Pollocks and the Kearneys.[63] William Constable (b. 1752), educated in Dublin, came to America with his father (John, d. 1785), a surgeon in the British army during the French and Indian War, who settled in business in Philadelphia and later in New York. He served in the Revolution as an aide to Lafayette and, on its conclusion, entered his father's business. Constable and Company became a large concern associated with the Morrises and engaged in the East India trade. William Constable joined with William Bingham of Philadelphia, father-in-law of Lord Ashburton, in land speculations and in the foundation of Binghamton. Later he was associated with Alexander Macomb, Irish-born son of Ulster immigrants, and Daniel McCormick, a banker-merchant of Wall Street, in their joint purchases of three or four million acres of land at eight pence

per acre. In colonization activities he spent some time in Europe.

These Macombs apparently obtained their start in the Indian trade and as fur-men in the region of Detroit. McCormick, the first president of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in which most of the Irish merchants regardless of creed were enrolled, was described as a polished gentleman and a generous host who clung to short breeches, white stockings and silver buckles as befitted a man of the old school. John McVickar (d. 1812), a linen merchant and trustee of Trinity Church, was an exporter of flax seed and an importer of Irish goods and servants who made money and saw his family intermarry the Livingstons, the Constables (whose founder came from Ireland) and the wealthy Irish Devereaux family of Utica, New York.[64]

Among the Irish immigrants there were a number of men of recognized position. Charles Inglis, an Anglican minister of Trinity Church, who was given a master's degree at Yale College, became an ardent loyalist, a capable pamphleteer in the royal cause, and later an ardent Anglican bishop in Nova Scotia. James Fennell (1766-1816), the actor, married into the Brady family. Charles White from Dublin was a prominent Methodist. Robert Williams, an exhorter, established a Methodist society at Ashgrove ; and John McClaskey, an arrival of 1772, was an ardent patriot who became a zealous Methodist divine after 1782. Major William Leary was in charge of policing the city until driven from his post by the British occupation. As a ship chandler, Samuel Loudon (1727-1813), an educated Irish Presbyterian from Belfast, was first encountered on the eve of the Revolution. In 1775 he set up a printing press and established the *New York Packet*, which as a Whig paper was forced to remove to Fishkill during the war. On the British evacuation of the city in 1783, Loudon's organ was re-established in New York and featured Irish news until its demise in 1792.[65]

The most famous Irish arrival was Richard Montgomery (1736-1775), son of Thomas Montgomery of County Donegal and brother of Alexander Montgomery, long a representative in the Irish Parliament, and himself a product of Trinity

College, Dublin. Richard Montgomery served with the British forces at Louisburg and on Lake Champlain. A few years after the Peace of Paris, this friend of Burke, Barré and Charles J. Fox emigrated to America (1772) and settled on a farm at Kings Bridge outside of New York City, where he married Janet the daughter of Judge Robert E. Livingston. A natural rebel, a member of the First Provincial Congress of New York, and a distinguished soldier, he died fighting the British before the fortress of Quebec. Years afterwards (1818), his remains were brought to the Episcopalian cemetery of St. Paul's Church by his nephew, Colonial L. Livingston. According to accounts of the celebration, even the Catholic Bishop Connolly, himself a recent immigrant, took part. Montgomery's career as a patriot attracted attention in Ireland to our Revolutionary Era, and it had a lasting influence upon Irishmen in America who ever since have had a penchant for naming their racial military companies in his honour as Montgomery Guards or Montgomery Rifles.[66]

The Irish contribution to the Revolution in New York is in itself no small subject. The names of Irishmen of various creeds are found in patriotic lists, in agreements against the importation of English goods, and in the enrolment of Liberty Boys, some of the more prominent of whom were founders of the Tammany Society (1789), as an antidote for the Societies of St. George and St. Andrew, and also of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick (1784). In the service Irish names, in the aggregate if not in percentages, are large; and curiously enough the retreat of Washington from Long Island was covered by troops under officers like Hand, once of King's County, Magraw of County Tyrone, Shee of Westmeath, and Haslet of Dublin. Nor did Lord Rawdon's or General Clinton's efforts through Major John Lynch, despite high pay and devious means, result in the enlistment of more than 250 Irishmen, of whom only a third were still fighting with Cornwallis at his surrender at Yorktown. The Volunteers of Ireland had failed the English cause, though Irish volunteers were not failing the patriots, it would seem.[67]

Patriotism too was no doubt taught by schoolmasters, of

whom there were several whose careers were noteworthy; the early Irish settlers, following the ancient traditions of the old land, gloried in scholars and masters rather than in politicians and speculators. To them it was a superior not an inferior profession. Dr. Samuel Clossey, a graduate of Trinity College, teacher and physician and fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Dublin, gave lectures on anatomy and medical subjects in King's College, where Alexander Hamilton is said to have come under his influence. Apparently out of sympathy with American radicalism, he returned to Ireland before the Revolution. Charles Duffie and James O'Connor were teachers or proprietors of schools in Queen's County before or during the war. Terence Reilly and Jeremiah Connor were teaching on Staten Island. About 1779 James Foley had a classical institute at Bushwick, Long Island. Among preceptors and proprietors of classical and mathematical schools in the city, before and during the Revolution, were such men as Thomas Madden, Edward Fogarty, James Magrath, a graduate of Trinity College and a lecturer in medical subjects at Columbia who was described as "a gentleman of great learning and a physician of the most exalted eminence,"[68] William Glenny, Steel, Connolly, Thomas McClenahan, Michael Fitzgerald, Thomas Egan and Mathias O'Connor, a son of Dennis O'Connor of the old Irish brigade in France, who managed to emigrate in 1780 despite the war.[69]

An outstanding contribution to American life was Christopher Colles (1738-1816), an engineer and inventor, who was educated in Ireland partly by that renowned traveller Bishop Richard Pococke. On his arrival in America in 1765, he must have turned a hand to various pursuits, for he attracted no attention until he lectured (1772-1773) in Philadelphia and in New York on pneumatics and inland navigation. During the Revolution he was an instructor in artillery. Thereafter he was designing steam engines, but met with no financial encouragement. He published works on topography and canals, and he was said to be the first authority to propose canals connecting the Great Lakes and the Hudson River and New York and Philadelphia.[70]

There is no hint of the total Irish population in New York City, but it was becoming a substantial fraction of the whole. David Colden, who was interested in land colonization, could write in 1773: "I find many settlers are coming in this year from Britain and Ireland." In a list of marriage licences issued by the provincial secretary from 1736-1784, there are one hundred and eighty marriages in which at least one spouse, and generally both parties, bore Celtic names. Among the vestrymen of the Episcopal Church of Trinity were men like Mulligan, James Duane, Patrick Dennis, Edwin Fleming, Hugh and Peter Hughes, John Keating, Edward Phelan, William Leary, John Conway and William Mooney; and in an Episcopalian petition of 1784 there were some thirty names suggestive of Irish backgrounds. Public opinion demanded affiliation with a religious society, and not until the toleration legislation in 1784 was a Catholic church or priest possible in the state. Then for instance a man like Mooney, prominent as a store-keeper and importer and later as the traditional founder of the Society of Saint Tammany, attended St. Peter's Catholic Church, Barclay Street, with its initial congregation of about four hundred adult members, and acted as a trustee.[71]

While blood-percentages in a population as racially mixed as that of New York in 1790 are quite impossible to ascertain even roughly, a recent study, as detached and scientific as materials permitted, attempted to determine the racial content of New York's people in that first census year. A decided improvement over an inaccurate official estimate of thirty years ago, which assigned the Irish element at ·8 per cent. of the whole population of 314,366, the revised estimates give the Irish total of 8·1 per cent.—that is 3 per cent. from Leinster, Munster and Connaught and 5·1 per cent. from Ulster—or 9,431 and 16,032 souls.[72]

RICHARD J. PURCELL

NOTES

[42] For the Clintons, see *D.A.B.*, IV, 221, 226, 229; *J.A.I.*, 4: 71, 12: 139f., 26: 29f., 119f.; *D.A.B.*, II, 100.

[43] Ruttenber, *Hist. of Orange County*, 163f.; Samuel W. Eager, *Hist. of Orange County* (1846), 337.

[44] *J.A.I.*, 4 : 71 from J. R. Simmons, *Frontiersmen of New York*, 23, 190f. ; Crimmins, *op. cit.*, 180 ; Eager, *op. cit.*, 530.

[45] *J.A.I.*, 27 : 121f., 47f. ; Eager, *op. cit.*, 178f.

[46] *J.A.I.*, 27 : 114f. ; Ruttenber, *Hist. of Newburgh* (1859), 39 ; Eager, *op. cit.*, 250, 254, 272, 499f.

[47] John P. Downs, *History of Chautauqua County*, II (1921), 516f. ; Obed Edson, *History of Chautauqua County* (1894), 179f.

[48] *D.A.B.*, III, 330.

[49] *J.A.I.*, 17 : 122 from N. B. Silvester, *Hist. of Rennsselaer County*.

[50] *J.A.I.*, 4 : 59, 5 : 94, 106, 108f., 113, 26 : 114f. ; Crimmins, *op. cit.*, 29, 425, 428 ; F. M. Danaher, Early Irish in Old Albany ( ).

[51] Munsell, *Annals of Albany*, II (1850), 192 ; Munsell, *Collections on the History of Albany*, I (1865), 250.

[52] *J.A.I.*, 4 : 55 ; Crimmins, *op. cit.*, 384.

[53] Parmenter, *Pelham, Mass.*, 403f. ; O'Brien, *McCarthys*, 191, quoting *N.Y. Genealogical and Biographical Record*, V. 46.

[54] E. B. O'Callaghan, *Doc. Hist. of N.Y.*, I (1849), 491, 504 ; *Calendar of N.Y. Colonial MSS.* (1864) as digested by M. J. O'Brien in *J.A.I.*, 14 : 238f.

[55] G. F. Tuttle, *Three Centuries in Champlain Valley* (1909), 97.

[56] Alice M. Keyes, *Cadwallader Colden* (1906), 312 ; *Letters and Papers of Cadwallader Colden* in *Collections* of N.Y. Hist. Soc. for 1923, VII, 188.

[57] Ruth L. Higgins, *Expansion in New York* (1931), 90 ; Ezra Stiles, *Literary Diary*, I. 33 ; N. B. Sylvester, *History of Saratoga County* (1878), 292 ; G. B. Anderson (ed.), *History of Saratoga County* (1889), 33f.

[58] Anderson, *op. cit.*, 41f., 84, 91.

[59] Disoway, *op. cit.*, 137 ; The obvious increase especially of " Celtic " Irish is indicated in M. J. O'Brien, *The McCarthys in Early Amer. Hist.* (1921), 173f. ; W. C. Abbott, *New York in the American Revolution* (1929), 4.

[60] *N.Y. State Hist. Journal*, 12 (1931), 152.

[61] Crimmins, *op. cit.*, 66, 94, 455 ; see V. R. Scoville, *Old Merchants of New York City* (1802) ; *Letter Book of John Watts, Merchant and Councillor of N.Y.* (N.Y. Hist. Soc., 1928), 62, 222 ; Robert H. Murray, *Dublin University and the New World* (1921), 91 ; M. J. O'Brien in *J.A.I.*, 17 : 183f.

[62] O'Brien, *Washington's Associations with the Irish*, 227f.

[63] *J.A.I.*, 5 : 121 ; Barrett, *op. cit.* ; O'Brien, *Mulligan*, 150.

[64] F. B. Hough, *History of Lewis County* (1883), 564f., 570 ; Landon, *op. cit.*, I, 251 ; Higgins, *op. cit.*, 141f. ; For Devereaux, see U.S. Cath. Hist. Soc. *Records*, XXV, 149 ; O'Brien, *Washington's Associations*, 90.

[65] Crimmins, *op. cit.*, 58f ; Stiles, *Diary*, I, 77, III, 340 ; *D.A.B.*, VI, 321 ; *J.A.I.*, 9 : 96, 17 : 129 ; Smith, *New York in* 1789, 209 ; O'Brien, *Mulligan*, 80, and *Washington's Associations*, 88.

[66] Murray, *Dublin University*, 90 ; *Dublin Even. Post*, Aug. 6, 1818, based upon accounts in the *Columbian* and the *Albany Register* ; *D.N.B.*, 38 : 320 ; *D.A.B.*, XIII, 98.

[67] O'Brien, *Mulligan*, 70, 84, 97, quoting Beatson, *Naval and Military Memoirs*, 1790-1804, VI, App. 211, and Hartley, *General Francis Marion*, 130.

[68] O'Brien, *Mulligan*, 45, quoting *N.Y. Gazetteer*, Apr. 14, 1774.

[69] Crimmins, *op. cit.*, 173 ; *J.A.I.*, 27 : 152, 156f. ; Purcell, *loc. cit.*

[70] *D.A.B.*, IV, 301 ; Smith, *New York in* 1789. 200 ; H. W. Hill, *Municipality of Buffalo*, I (1923), 171f. ; Sylvester, *Saratoga County*, 128.

[71] Colden, Aug. 12, 1773, to William Cockburn, *Cadwallader Colden Papers, Collections* of the N.Y. Hist. Soc., VII (1923), 188 ; Crimmins, *op. cit.*, 73f. ; Gideon J. Tucker (ed.), *Names of Persons for whom marriage licenses issued by the Secretary of the State of New York prior to* 1784 (1860) ; O'Brien, *Mulligan*, 115f., 141. See also his *In Old New York* (1928) built on the records of Trinity Church. See chapters on immigration by R. J. Purcell in Vol. VII of D. R. Fox and A. C. Flick (editors) *History of New York* (1935).

[72] Report of Committee of American Council of Learned Societies on Linguistic and National Stocks of the U.S. in *Annual Report* of Amer. Hist. Ass'n (1931), esp. pp. 118, 270.

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MCKENNA, S.J.

LVII

A PRINCESS'S HAIR

To Gormlaidh, daughter of Mág Shamhradháin, *i.e.* Brian Breaghach. She was wife of Matha Ó Raghailligh, †1305 (stt. 36-7). Sitriug (st. 38) was a brother of hers. He lived till 1354.

maól pádraig mac naimin

1. Folt Eimhire ar ingin mBriain
Gá deigfige d'ingin uir,
a barr mar fionnfalaig n-óir,
ionnamail cóir clann a cúil.

2. Do díall re hEimhir dun folt
gach deigid fiar ór a hucht,
flige fliomchorach cam ceart,
barr cleacht bfionnchloddach n-a fuilt.

3. Oigfeacht Eimhire an fuilt chaoin
ar deigfige an fuilt fo fuair ;
ní don oigfeacht do car céib,
do glar néimh ngoirmdearc ór gruaid.

4. Niamh a hearrla mar ór cuirn
lór ndealba ar ar díall an feidm ;
friat lí n-a ngeibeadh a gairm
Eimhear ar ainm dí ar a deilb.

5. Saorgormlaid mar Eimhir n-uir,
d'aongoblaib einig a n-aoib ;
do boing ar gormabraib gréin
le céib dtruim gcorramlaig gclaoin.

6. Snuad Eimhire nocon fearr
—gach deigfile gá luad liom ;
niamhchloddach ir buide an barr
muine chlann briarchorach bfionn.

7. Ingean Méig Samhradáin féimh
—gan bréig ná dagradáid dúinn—
n-a fhóillchraobaib dá cuilt chaoimh
re taoib fuilt órchaolaig uir.

8. Cleaċtaċ baċallḃuiḋe an baṙṙ,
ṙgaṫṙannṁuine ṙeaṙcaċ ṙliom ;
ṙoiṫ úṙ claiṁḋleaċtaċ ḃa ceann
cúl na ngleann ḃṙainnleaḃtaċ ḃṙionn.

9. ṙoiṫ buiḋe maṙ ṙalaiġ n-óiṙ
n-a ṁuine óṙ a malaiġ caoil ;
n-a ḋonnḃalliaḃ a ḋṙeaċ ṙéiḋ
leaṫ ṙe céiḃ ġconġlannaiġ ġcliaoin.

10. Nuaḃaṙṙ buiḋe taṙ ḃṙaṫ nḋonn
aġ tuiġe ġualann ġlaċ ṙliom ;
ḋuail ḃoġa buiḋe ṙa baṙṙ
aġ tuiġe clann ḃṙoḋa ḃṙionn.

11. Iṙ cṙóċḋa a leaṙ cṙóċḋa a ċúil,
ġen ġoṙ ḃean ṙe cóṙṙa an ċṙóiġ ;
niaṁ ṙgáile ċlaḋaiġ n-a céiḃ
ṙaṁail ṙe néiṁ ṙáinne óiṙ.

12. Ḋṙonġ ṙuiġlim ḋá heaṙla ṫṙum,
a ḋeaġḃa cuinġim ḋá cionn :
" Clúṁ leaḃtaċ aġ loiġe ro baṙṙ
aṙ ḋoiṙe ċlann ḃṙeaċtaċ ḃṙionn."

13. A ḃaincéann ḃanċloinne Ḃṙiain
ṙe ġcaiṫṙeam ġlanċoinne ġlóiṙ,
ṙoillṙe ċlann ro ċṙóċḃaṙṙ ċúil
biḋ lóċṙann ḋúinn i n-am óil.

14. Suaiṙc maṙ ṙgaoile an baṙṙ ḋoḋ ḃoiṙ
—aṙ [ċlaoine] na ġclann ná ceiṙ—
n-a ḃṙaċlannaiḃ ḋoḋ ċéiḃ ċaiṙ
man mḃaiṙ ṙéiḋ nḋaċḃalliaiġ nḋeiṙ.

15. ṙoiṫ Ġoṙmlaiḋe na ngliaċ ṙaoṙ
taṙ ḃṙaṫ n-a oillṁuine ṙiaṙ,
clanna n-a leaḃtaiḃ ġo láṙ
láṁ ṙe cleaċtaiḃ cama ciaḃ.

16. Ġoṙ ṁeala an ġéiṙ taoḃġlan ṫṙom
a ṙḃéiṙ ġclaoinṙaḋ a ċlann,
eaṙṙla na ġclaoinċleaċt ḃṙiaṙ ḃṙionn
i n-a mionn ċiaḃ ġcṙaoiḃċeaṙt ġcam.

17. Gor mheala dór an barr úr
tre nór a chlann ir a chraob,
an mallabrach finnghéal fial,
ingean chiabh gclannamlach gclaon.

18. Gor mheala fearda an folt trom
ó dtearda gach locht dar liom,
re clannchaolach na gciabh gcam
diall gon barr fannchraobhach fionn.

19. Gor mheala an fíoghan a rádh
[. . . .] cíoradh na gcraob,
gor mheala an mionn feactach fiar
ór chonn na gciabh gcleachtach gclaon.

20. Don barr chaon ar chaoimhe ór uchd
cam gach craob re claoine a cleacht ;
daghnuadhach do-chiam a corp
man folt fiar chamdualach ceart.

21. I bhfuil Gormlaithe ar ghorm rúi
dan mongbuidhe gach corn caomh
carraidh fannmhuine fionn fiar
ór chonn chiabh gclannbuidhe gclaon.

22. Earrla cam ar chaoimhe ór uchd
barr chraoibhe leamhna gan locht ;
a folt, már fíor, áille a cleacht ;
reacht cíor i bhráinne dá folt. Folt

23. Dealbh Deirbhrinne ar Gormlaith nGáil
ar dheirbhfinne, ar chornaibh cúil
ar bhreich n-álainn nGil mar ghréin,
ar chéibh dtigh go hárainn n-úir.

24. Ar ór d'fhagail d'adhbar bairdh,
ar mhalaigh ar camdhubh gcuilg,
ar forg ndearcmhall, ar bhreich ndeirg
nach cleachtann feirg re breith mbuirb.

25. Ar dhéadh ngeal, ar chlaoine i gcéibh,
gan bhréig n-aoibhe re head fgeoil ;
ciabh dhaghruinn n-a cuaichleirg claoin
ór phartuing caoil bhuaidhleirg bheoil.

26. Ar foilt mar caonna ma ceann
ir ar corp mar craobha tonn,
ar barr gcraobhcleactach d'foilt fionn,
ar corp fliom dtaobhcearclach dtrom.

27. Ni cruaidhre ma gcait im ni ;
ar uairle ar mhaith ór gach mnaoi
formadh gach fir re cleith Cé
ar dhreich go ngné ngil, ar ghnaoi.

28. Ingean Mheig Samradháin fheing
dá dagralaimh do-éid inn ;
na cóig céadfadha fa cuing
gun truim óig bhéaltana binn.

29. Dhonig dom ghlór ar Gormlaith ngáil :
" A hór bar gcormaibh do-chuaidh,
ceilidh do dhreach deirge an trghóill
dóibh, a chleat Geirge, ór do ghruaidh."

30. Re déadain t'earrlaidh bhiar bhfionn
neamhdhubh a niamh, niamh a gclann ;
an fnát chuire ar aghaidh eang
mar famhail ngleann mbuidhe id barr.

31. Innis uaimhre d'ingin Bhriain,
a dhuinne don finngil féil :
" Ciomadh a cleacht gcam do chir
ni fin a barr ceart id chéibh."

32. Ingean Mheig Samradháin feang
dá fannghabháil [do] léig liom :
" Gach leabha, a chraobh bhéirne, id barr
féidhle clann gcaomh ór a cionn."

33. Cumhair lé dá gcor don chléir
—agus ni hé a gcrodh ón chraoibh—
eoin mhine go n-earraidh óir
ar eangaibh fhóill ghríbe Gaoil.

34. Dean ar n-airgead 'r ar gcuach gcorr,
a hairdear ni luath dar liom ;
ni hanachtum ag fiar fann
an mhall mhalachdubh fial fionn.

35. Eaṗṗla Ṡoṗmlaiḋe aṗ ṡeal uċt
n-a ċoṗṗṁuine naċ leaṅ loċt ;
ṗuaiṗc an clannṁuine cam ceaṗt
ir baṗṗ cleaċt ḃṗannḃuiḋe an ṗoil. ṗoil

36. Ḋealḃ Miḋiṗ aṗ a ṗioṗ ṗéin
aṗ ṡaċ n-ioḋ ḋ'iḋiḃ a ċúil ;
ceiṗḋe í [ṗioṗ]Ḋuiḃne ḋo ṗuaiṗ
ḋeiṗṡe i nṡṗuaiḋ 'ṗ ṗioṗṡuiṗme i ṗúil.

37. Maiṗe aṗ Ṁaḋa ḃa ṗoil ṗionn
ṗa loċt caḋa maṗ ḋo ċṗom ;
Ó Raiṡilliṡ ṡaṗ ḋo [ṡáiḃ]
ṗaiṁilliḋ [Maṡ ṗáil ṡá ṗoll]. ṗoil

38. Siṫṗiuṡ ṁac Ḃṗiain ṡo mḃaṗṗ ċlaon
ní ṗann iṗin ṡliaiḋ a ṡlóṗ ;
ṡo ṗó ḋaṗ n-eaṡoṗ, máṗ ṗioṗ ;
biḋ ḋíon ḋó ṗeaḋaṗ ir ṗói. ṗoil.

Translation

1. Brian's daughter has hair as Eimhear's, a young maid braiding it ; her head of hair is like a bright gold bracelet ; like too (to Eimhear's) is the arrangement of the curls in the back of it.

2. Her hair resembling Eimhear's, its twisted strands flow over her breast ; a pile of fair furrowed curls is her hair ; smooth and twisting, curly and symmetrical is its fashion.

3. In the tressing of her hair she inherited the beauty of flowing-haired Eimhear ; some of that inherited nature has made her hair wavy and has given their hue to the blue eyes over her cheek.

4. Her tresses are like gold of goblet—a great beauty to which her deeds correspond : Eimhear is she named for her beauty, that wand of Lí, in whom Eimhear's glory has reappeared.

5. Noble Gormlaidh and bright Eimhear—their charm comes from the same generous stock ; she shades her dark brows from the sun with her heavy beauteous waving tresses.

6. Eimhear's beauty was not greater—so sings every good poet ; beautifully furrowed and yellow is her crown of hair, a bush of bright twisted curls.

7. Gentle Mág Shamhradháin's daughter—'tis no false or biassed thing I say of her beautiful robe of folded satin with (*i.e.* covered by) the fresh gold lace-work of her hair.

8. Her head is laced with yellow tresses, a soft flowering bush, smooth and waving and lovely ; bright curly woven hair encloses her head and flows down behind in fair furrows and wavy layers.

9. Her hair, yellow as gold bracelet, rises as a bush over her delicate brow ; her smooth bright-flushing face is framed between wavy symmetrical locks.

10. A fresh yellow pile of hair over her brown cloak is a graceful band covering her shoulders; soft yellow-topped ringlets cover her long bright curls.

11. Saffron is its (her hair's) surface (?), saffron its interior, though she touches not any box of saffron-dye; the gleam of the furrowed line in her hair is like the gleam of a golden ring.

12. For these words addressed to her thick locks I demand her good kine in return:—"The down lies in layers on thy head over the mass of fair twisted curls."

13. O queen of Brian's ladies to whom I must address my fair speech, the sheen of the tresses in thy auburn hair is as a torch for us at banquet-time.

14. 'Tis delightful to watch thee as with thy hand thou loosenest thy tresses—complain not of their waviness!—rolling in ringlets from thy curly head about thy smooth dappled right-hand.

15. Noble-handed Gormlaidh's hair hangs as a great drooping bush over her mantle, its curls lying smooth and flat beside the twisted tresses of her side-hair.

16. May the fair-skinned stately swan live long to feel proud of the waviness in that mass of hair with fair curling braids, a very diadem of even-branching twisted tresses.

17. May that shining generous dark-browed girl, that maid with her ornamented wavy hair, live long to feel proud of that bright head famous for curls and tresses.

18. May she long enjoy that weighty hair which I find so faultless, its fair waving mass suiting well the trellis-work of the curving braids.

19. Long may that queen hear it said:—". . . (?) the combing of those curls"; may she long wear that curving interlaced diadem over her soft braided tresses.

20. From her wavy lovely hair flowing over her breast hangs each branch bent by the twisting of its curls; we see her form to be most lovely through the curling twisted well-arranged hair.

21. In blue-eyed Gormlaidh's hair which makes every ringlet bushy and yellow, a great waving bush bends down over the soft yellow curling tresses.

22. The hair of this faultless Branch of the Leamhain curves most gracefully over her bosom; the beauty of her curls comes, I think, from the nature of her hair; most fitting too for her hair is the circling comb in it.

23. The beauty of Deirdhreann (?) is possessed by Gormlaidh of Gál in its great fairness, in her cup-like curls, in her beautiful sun-bright face, in her thick mass of hair reaching to her fair waist.

24. In her plundering of gold (from her husband) for young poets, in her brow with its curling dark crest, in her noble-glancing eye, in her blushing face showing no anger at rough word.

25. In her white teeth, in the flowing of her hair, in her undisguised pleasure at story-telling; her comely hair stands with wavy curling surface over the delicate red-faceted ruby of (her) mouth.

26. In her hair like moss on her head, in her body with wave-like curves, in the plaited head-dress of her fair hair, in her smooth rounded fair form.

27. She stints not in what she spends; all men are envious of the Pillar of Cé owing to her nobility, her excellence beyond all women, her face, her bright colour, her gracious way.

28. Daughter of graceful Mág Shamhradháin—we flee to her kindly hand; her five senses are well-controlled by this serious delicate-lipped sweet-voiced girl.

29. Here is something I have to say about Gormlaidh of Gál:—"O Pillar of Gearg, the golden sheen (of thy face) has covered (*i.e.* has been reflected in) our goblets, and so thy face prevents them from showing (*i.e.*, it outshines) the redness of the satin coif over thy cheek." (?)

30. When one sees thy fair curling locks, bright seems their beauty and the beauty of their tresses; the gold thread thou workest into cloth is as a picture of the yellow furrows in thy hair.

31. O poem of mine to Brian's fair bountiful daughter, tell her this from me:—"Not all the combing of thy curly locks can make thy hair lie straight!"

32. Máig Shamhradháin's graceful daughter permits me to describe her (?) thus:—"A honey-suckle branch of soft curls surmounts every layer of hair on thy head, O Branch of Bréifne."

33. This Griffin of Gaol fashions as a gift for her poets beautiful gold-tailed birds on satin tapestries—and that is not (*i.e.* it is exclusive of) the wealth they get from her.

34. This dark-browed generous stately lady, the giver of our gifts and our round goblets—she never seems hurried, and yet is ever ready to reward poems.

35. White-breasted Gormlaidh's hair is as a round perfectly formed bush, a delight to see is that bush of tangled and yet symmetrical curls; her hair is a pile of soft yellow braids.

36. Midhir's beauty is to be seen in her husband (Matha), in every strand of his hair; he has the charm of a true Ó Duibhne, redness of cheek, blueness of eye.

37. Matha's gracefulness could be seen in his fair hair even as he lay low (slain) by the hands of his foes; Ó Raighilligh, ever near to spears (?) ruins Magh Fáil by his grave.

38. Brian's son, wavy-haired Sitriug—loud his battle-cry! That he come to lead us is our prayer, may Peter and Paul ever guard him.

NOTES

1*b*. -ṙıó́ı *c*. ṙınɒalaıc oıṙ **2***a*. *Leg.* ʌn ṙolc? *d*. ṙı. **3***b*. -ṙıó́ı **4***a*. *Leg.* ȝcu? *b*. bʌ loṙ; ın ṙe. *c*. ȝeıb́. ʌ ġʌ. **5***d*. cṙ. co. cl. **6***d*. ṙ. ṙ. **7***b*. bṙ.; bʌıġ ́ou, ȝʌn bṙéıȝ . . . seems equivalent to ní ṙuıl bṙéʌȝ . . . *d*. ṙı; *Leg.* ṙuılc? **8***b*. ṙȝʌċʌnɒm. *c*. -ecċʌċ. *d*. ṙ.ṙ.; ɒonn as often seems to be "bright," "shining," etc. **10***b*. ȝlʌc has various meanings; here "band," "fillet," etc.; ṙlım. *d*. ṙo. ṙı. **11***a*. leʌṙ, *cf*. ɒonn; cṙoɒ́ʌ. *b*. ṙı coḃṙʌ (ṙ over b) ın ċṙoıġ. *c*. ĉlaɒ́aıċ. *d*. ʌınɒı. **12***b*. ċı. *c*. -ṗċʌċ. *d*. ṙ. ṙ. **13***a*. ʌıḃʌınċ. *b*. cʌıṫḃeʌm; ȝl. ȝl. **14***b*. ċʌımı (?) *c*. ṙʌċ. *d*. mʌn mʌıṙ. **15***c*. -ṗċʌıb. *d*. ṙı cl. **16***a*. meʌlʌ. *b*. ʌ cl. ʌ ċl.; perhaps ṙbéıṙ may have ʌ h-. *c*. ṙı. ṙı. *d*. cṙ. cʌ. **17***b*. cṙ. *d*. cl. cl. **18***a*. meʌlʌ. *b*. ɒeɒʌ. *c*. ṙı cl. nʌ cı. cʌ. **19***b*. nı (?) ʌɒʌ (faint curve over ɒ). *c*. meʌlʌ. **20***b*. ṙı cl. *d*. ṙo. ṙı. cʌ. ce. **21***a*. ḃulc; ȝo. *d*. cl. cl. **22***c*. Construction is áille-ɒe ʌ cleaċc ʌ ṙolc, the -ɒe being omitted as often or *leg.* ó ṙolc? *d*. ṙeaċc, cf. AiD 6 21 n. **23***a*. ɒeıṙɒınɒı; *leg.* Ɒeıṙḃṙınne? *b*. ɒeıṙṙınɒı; ċoṙnɒaıḃ. *d*. cıȝ; uıṙ. **24***b*. ʌṙm ʌlaıċ; ȝuılȝ. *d*. ṙȝ (curve on ṙ); ṙı **25***b*. ṙı heaɒ́. *c*, ɒʌcṙuınn; cl. *d*. ṙʌṙcloınȝ ċaıl ḃṙ. ḃe. **26***c*. cṙ. *d*. cʌ. cṙ. **27***a*. cʌıċ ım mı. *b*. mnʌı. *c*. ṙı cl. **28***a*. meȝ **29***a*. -lʌıċ. *b*. co. *c*. ın ṙṙ. **30***a*. ṙı ɒeċ.; ṙ. ṙ. *b*. ȝlʌnɒ. **31***a*. -ṙeʌ. *b*. ṙʌ ɒuʌınṙeʌ; el. *c*. cʌm. *d*. *leg.* mbʌ.? **32***b*. ȝo. *d*. cʌ. **33***a*. coṙ. *b*. cṙoɒ́. **34**. for idea *cf*. Aithd. Dána *1* 7. **35***d*. bʌnɒḃuıɒ́ı **36***a*. ʌ *abest*. *c*. ṙıoṙ- *abest*. **37***a*. ınɒ. *c*. ġʌɒ. *d*. mʌȝ ṙʌıl ȝo ṙoll. **38***a*. cl. *b*. ȝl. ʌ ȝl.

REVIEWS

Religion

LE SENS DES PAROLES DU CHRIST. Par René Thibaut, S.J. Bruxelles: L'Edition Universelle. 1940. Pp. 305.

PÉRE THIBAUT'S book is not strictly a scientific treatise on hermeneutics, though sections of it are devoted to textual and grammatical questions. It is a book that could have as its object only the words of Christ. The transcendent dignity of Christ has given to His words a range and depth which can be looked for in no other spoken word. Even the man who does not accept the Catholic estimate of Christ, must admit that His words are uniquely vital for the spiritual and religious life of the world; that never man spoke like Him.

The four gospels do not contain—and were not meant to contain—an exhaustive account of the life or teaching of Christ. The 1200 *logia* which they contain are only a small fragment of His words—perhaps not one in a thousand of His conversational, and not two in a thousand of His preached, word, according to the estimate of Père Thibaut. The problem that presents itself is—how to get a right understanding of an utterance so great and necessary, which is at the same time so fragmentary, and moreover is a translation from a language which in genius and background is so remote from a modern reader? How are we to surmount the difficulties that stand between us and the sense of the words of Christ? Can we hope to put ourselves in the place of those who heard Him speak in their own language, who were aided by the living presence of the Speaker, by His voice, gesture, emotion, and by the community of race and culture?

This is the question that Père Thibaut considers in this remarkable study, which being professedly neither hermeneutical nor exegetical, is rather difficult to classify. While it presupposes a training in the general principles of hermeneutics, it deals mainly with more general considerations which lie beyond that science. It aims at giving a certain disposition of mind, an *esprit de finesse*, what St. Thomas calls a *connaturalitas*, which is necessary for the reader of the gospels.

To achieve the reviviscence of Christ's words, it is necessary to give them their full complement—natural and supernatural. Scholarship of the different kinds is necessary for the natural complement, so that the spoken words of Christ may produce the effect and have the sense they had for those who first heard them; so that they may yield their full content, emotional and notional. To integrate them in their full setting is not an easy task. The difficulties of language are very great; they were spoken in a language which dealt much in imagery. The parables are a *genre* which is very difficult to interpret exactly. Of the numerous details with which a parable abounds, it is not easy to determine which are meant merely to fill up the background and complete the picture and which carry the essential lesson. Père

Thibaut is especially interesting when he speaks of the importance of distinguishing the different levels and kinds of language that Christ uses.

The supernatural complement—the Faith of the reader and all that goes with Faith—is absolutely necessary in the case of the words of Christ. His words get a value and power from His unique Personality. A great portion of the *logia* are of an *effective* character, have an absolute value, and effect, in reality. Of such kind were the words by which He worked miracles or made prophecies. What understanding of such words could there be without Faith ?

Père Thibaut has written a remarkable book which will be very helpful and suggestive to all students and readers of the gospels.

H. K.

CHRIST THE LIFE OF THE SOUL. Spiritual Conferences by the Right Rev. D. Columba Marmion, O.S.B., Abbot of Maredsous Abbey. Translated from the French by Mother M. St. Thomas of Tyburn Convent. 20th Thousand. Fifth edition.

CHRIST IN HIS MYSTERIES. 12th Thousand. Third Edition.

CHRIST THE IDEAL OF THE MONK. 8th Thousand. Second edition. Both by the same.

WORDS OF LIFE. On the Margin of the Missal. By the same. Edited by Dom Thibaut, O.S.B. Translated by Mother M. St. Thomas. London : Sands. 1940. 7s. 6d. net each.

The Cause of this great Abbot of Maredsous is being promoted. One wonders which of those two great Dubliners, great in the real greatness of the service of God, Abbot Marmion or Mat Talbot, will be first to reach the honours of the altar : the world famous Benedictine or the obscure labouring man. Where can one find a greater contrast in type than these two servants of the Most High ? Pray God that our sins be not an obstacle to their glory before the Church and that their prayers may bring us peace.

We should be very grateful to Sands & Co. for giving us this series of the great Abbot's Spiritual Conferences in an English dress. It should prove a treasure to those who are looking for solid spiritual reading. That much abused term " solid " has a quite Benedictine appropriateness as applied to Dom Columba's writings. These conferences were primarily intended for his Monks ; but all of us can benefit from a study of spirituality regarded as a total life, a whole time job, and not a part-time employment as it is for the majority of good Christians. We can cut and come again in the substantial meals he serves us. A good deal is heavy going, not well suited to those whose idea of spiritual reading is pious escapism or sentimental hedonism. But in spite of his solidity he has been a best seller, *mirabile*

dictu, for the English figures are only a fraction of his total circulation in various European tongues. In Abbot Marmion Dublin gave an authentic director to the world, one to whom the term " Master of the Spiritual Life " can be applied without suspicion of pious flattering. What finer than the Chapter on Compunction of Heart in *Christ the Ideal of the Monk* or that wonderful section VIII in the chapter on Monastic Prayer, a marvel of condensation!

The great director lends himself to fruitful quotation. Dom Thibaut has compiled a very useful anthology in *Words of Life*. The quotations follow the Missal day by day and afford our busy Marthas a brief but succulent " lectio " before they trouble themselves about many things. Each reading is referred to the larger volumes, but there has been abominable carelessness of proof-reading about the references. This should be corrected in the next edition to spare the reader many sins of impatience. JOHN HOWLEY

THE YEAR'S LITURGY. By the Rt. Rev. Fernand Cabrol, O.S.B. London: Burns Oates and Washbourne. Vol. I: 1938. Pp. xxiii+275. 8s. 6d. Vol. II: 1940. Pp. vi+404. 12s. 6d.

To the layman anxious to think with the Church by following her liturgical year, but who looks with dismay at the fifteen stout volumes of Dom Guéranger, these two volumes by the late Abbot Cabrol will be of much service. They compare favourably on the whole with the corresponding standard German work, Canon Parsch's *Das Jahr des Heiles*, a three-volume work which has had a striking success in its original German form and in its five-volume French translation. But one misses the devotional studies which Parsch's ampler space allowed him to include and which have made his work so popular.

The book is a balanced one and is free from the exaggerations beloved of those whom the late Abbot Vonier once referred to as " certain strict liturgists." The Abbot and his co-operators spare us those cheap gibes against " subjective piety " which disfigure some modern works on the liturgy. His sense for history makes him keenly aware of the evolution of devotions and saves him from Parsch's error of looking askance at anything that is less than a thousand years old. Thus he welcomes with readiness modern feasts, such as those of the Sacred Heart and the Kingship of Christ. But it must also be said that his partiality for history has led him to adopt an arrangement of the sanctoral which, from the viewpoint of utility, cannot be too much regretted. Instead of following the calendar order as have Schuster, Guéranger and almost all liturgical writers, he has classified the various saints' days under common headings. The " ordinary layman," for whom the book is intended, will find this rather confusing in spite of the index which has been added.

As the scope of these volumes does not allow anything like an adequate treatment of the doctrinal and devotional value of the various prayers, it might be suggested that with them Fr. Martindale's *Mind of the Missal* and *Words of the Missal* be used. With guides of the proved competence of Abbot Cabrol and Fr. Martindale, the layman will think more securely with the Church in her liturgical year and will appreciate more fully the *nova et vetera* which she brings forth daily from her treasure-house. D. O'S.

Politics and Sociology

CHRISTIAN CRISIS. By Michael de la Bedoyere. London: Burns Oates and Washbourne. 1940. 7s. 6d. net.

THERE are many differences between the present war and the last, to which it forms a sort of second act, and one of the most striking is that, as the author of this book says in his preface, "whereas the last war was fought with a great faith in the future, the present war raises no comparable hope." This absence of hope is perhaps less to be regretted than might at first be supposed. The "faith" which was incarnated in President Wilson proved itself very quickly to be the most illusory ever shared in by so many people. An illusion is worse, if anything, than no faith at all, and in so far as those engaged in the present struggle are without the ill-founded crusading optimism of the last, they have to that extent at least the advantage over their fathers. The purpose of Mr. de la Bedoyere's book is to show that the real, if perhaps indirect, issue in both wars is something far more serious than the triumph of democracy or dictatorship. It is the question whether Christianity can survive as a constructive force in the present Western world, or whether it is to be finally relegated into the background as a harmless private fad.

The gravity and relevance of this question is only more conclusively proved by the fact that to so many people—on both sides of the conflict—it already seems trifling and irrelevant. Western civilisation, in spite of vast political, social, and economic revolutions, still owes its life and quality to its Christian origins, to the Christian fusion of Jewish religion and Greek philosophy. All modern wars for a couple of centuries back have been wars between what are in reality rival post-Christian religions, which have come to dominate the Western mind to such an extent as to exclude Christianity. Mr. de la Bedoyere, in the first part of his book, isolates and examines the three most prominent of these rival religions, and shows how they have interlocked with one another. His names for them are Socialism, "Dawnism" and Nationalism. The first and last names are self-explanatory; the second is a word first coined by Mr. Hugh Kingsmill in a novel called *The Dawn's Delay.* It is used in this book as being more comprehensive

than the commoner terms "Liberalism" and "Progress," with both of which it is more or less synonymous.

There seems to be a general tendency to count these modern anti-religions as being three in number. The present reviewer would select a slightly different triad, and it is a possible criticism of Mr. de la Bedoyere's very interesting summary that in reality Socialism and "Dawnism," for all their differences, are merely phases of the same movement, whose close kinship is shown by the marked tendency of liberals everywhere to sympathise to some extent with communists. What is called right-wing socialism is in fact only a connecting-link between the two. Both are the modern legacy of the 18th century French philosophers—one passed on through English, the other through German media. Indeed it is quite clear that all three forces—Socialism, "Dawnism," and Nationalism alike—are the creation of a movement which began with the final success of the Reformation in England and came to a head through the influence of English Protestantism on Frenchmen like Montesquieu and Voltaire.

After having shown how these three between them created the circumstances that led up to the last war and the "Dawnist" peace which followed it, and how Catholics, in spite of papal condemnations, tended everywhere to compromise with one or all of them, Mr. de la Bedoyere goes on, in the second part of his book, to consider how Christianity stands to-day. This is of course a vast subject, and in practice he very largely confines his survey to the peculiar conditions that prevail in England, where Catholics are a small minority. One of the difficulties confronting Catholicism in England is the fact that at present it is, as he points out, perhaps three-quarters Irish as far as its personal composition is concerned. As one would expect from the editor of the *Catholic Herald*, his references to the Irish are kind, though not unmixed with the slight tinge of exasperation which the subject unfailingly arouses in English Catholics. In his view, the great weakness of the latter, apart from their Irish admixture, is that they are apt to be "sectarian." It is almost inevitable that, being a minority in such special surroundings, Catholics in England should fall back on themselves, concentrate on personal piety and faithful Sunday observance, and be unable to make their Catholicism felt by the majority to be a full way of life, penetrating and informing their whole vital activity. Mr. de la Bedoyere's suggested remedies for this state of affairs are that they should on the one hand perhaps set a less high or less exclusive standard of personal devotion, and on the other seek closer co-operation with the non-Catholic sects in restoring Christian principles on such subjects as the family, education, and social reform. He is, of course, well aware of the danger both that his first suggestion may be misunderstood and that his second may

seem to be a vague search for a "least common denominator," and the pages in which he explains his purpose and pleads for an active policy are well worth pondering by all Catholics, not only by those of England.

It is only to be expected that so brief a book on so large a subject will be sketchy in places, and Mr. de la Bedoyere writes in a rather hasty, very parenthetic style, which does not conduce to easy reading. His thesis is worthy of the widest discussion, in the course of which it might be amplified and made clearer. One point on which more emphasis might be laid is that Catholics must come to grips not only with the three heresies listed by Mr. de la Bedoyere but with the materialism which overrides and informs them all and which has been more destructive of true religion than almost any of them. Another is the need for the fullest cultivation of the Catholic intellect and the sharpest Catholic criticism. After all, one Newman or Chesterton or Belloc is worth many less well-armed fighters. Even the troublesome Irish could perhaps play their part in the task of tracing to their ultimate origin the evil ideas which have almost ruined the Christian world. **M. T.**

PRINCIPIA JURIS POLITICI. Auctore Josepho N. Güenechea, S.J. 2 vol.[a] Romae: Apud Aedes Universitatis Gregorianae. 1939-1940. L. 25 & 32.

In a very modest preface Father Güenechea disclaims any idea of an exhaustive treatment of political problems. He proposes merely to deal with fundamental principles and the problems with which a cultured ecclesiastic ought to be familiar. For those who can read Latin his book will be found to be an excellent text-book. It covers all the subjects with which we are familiar in the older text-books and, in addition, many of the problems which have become prominent in recent times. The concept of the totalitarian State is discussed critically, but the terms Fascism and Nazism are notably absent. The author is opposed both to universal and to female suffrage. In the controversy concerning the immediate source of political authority Father Güenechea is an enthusiastic Suarezian. "Hanc sententiam, vocat Suarez, antiquam, receptam, veram, ac necessariam." He mentions among its supporters a long and impressive list of theologians and philosophers. The opposed theory, held by most modern Catholic writers, originated (the author tells us) with two surprising persons—Emperor Louis of Bavaria in the fourteenth century and King James I of England in the seventeenth! This derivation seems a kind of appeal *ad verecundiam*, and is quite fantastic. Obviously the author is unfamiliar with the writings of King James, which have a significance vastly different from the modern Catholic view. The resemblance is entirely superficial. As sometimes happens with continental writers, the author is unfamiliar

with English political literature, and, although he refers to it extensively in his bibliography, there are too frequent misprints. Many occur also in the German references. These should be corrected in future editions. D. O'K.

STALIN'S RUSSIA AND THE CRISIS IN SOCIALISM. By Max Eastman. London: Allen and Unwin. 1940. 7s. 6d. net.

THE foreword to this book is dated January 1940, and it was evidently put together—some of it is reprinted from articles in journals like *Harper's Magazine*—while the impression on its author's mind of the Stalin-Hitler pact of August 1939 was yet strong. Quite a large part of the world's population must by now consist of disillusioned Communists. On p. 179 Mr. Eastman gives a short list of the books they have written in recent years, from Eugene Lyons's *Assignment in Utopia* to Trotsky's *Revolution Betrayed.* Until the Russo-German pact, this disillusionment, while it had plenty to feed on, took by no means the same direction in all cases. It simply added new shades of colour to the already variegated Communist pattern. Trotsky and his followers, in particular, while their execration of Stalin and his works re-echoed round the world, were only made more insistent on the eternal truth of the Marxist creed by their own complete failure to reach with its help the results it had promised. Trotsky's death may perhaps hasten the process begun by the Russo-German pact; with the centre of much personal loyalty removed, his followers may now at last learn to know "le mot final de la chimère."

Mr. Eastman at any rate, having begun more than twenty years ago as a fervent Marxian and having spent a long period in Russia just after the Revolution, where he became acquainted with most of its leaders, has now so far seen through it all that he no longer wishes to be called a Communist, nor even a Socialist, but is content to accept the not very glorious nor altogether untarnished name of Radical. He has not, indeed, shed the whole of the revolutionary make-up which he has worn for so long: one of his grievances against Stalin is the latter's recent hostile attitude towards abortion, which he looks upon as the pinnacle of female liberty, and he still talks vaguely of the ultimate necessity of violence. But he does see only too clearly the end towards which the whole Socialist—and not merely the Communist—movement is tending, and sees also that this end is implicit in the Marxian system.

The end, as is now becoming patent, is not liberty but slavery of a more brutal and destructive kind than the world has ever known. Mr. Eastman does good service to humanity by demonstrating how inevitably the whole process towards servitude has unfolded itself from the Hegelian origin of Marx's religion—for that it was and is

a religion, resting upon a most irrational act of faith, he very rightly insists. For him there is no comfort any longer to be found in partisan criticism of Stalin, nor in searching for the exact moment at which Lenin deviated from the true path. Both have only followed the iron logic of the Marxist creed ; and Mr. Eastman, in a few crisp pages of analysis, lays bare the combination of unreason and immorality which, for all his real intellectual power, stamped Marx's thinking from beginning to end and even, in a certain sense, gave it its uncommon strength.

History, if there remain any historians, will very probably see in Marx, and behind him in Hegel, the origin not merely of Communism but of all the regimes based on violent party dictatorship which are the special product of the present time. The Hegelian dialectic is the source of the prevalent passion for doing good by evil means, and Mr. Eastman convincingly shows it at work even in the fantastic " confessions " of the Old Bolsheviks executed by Stalin.

There are two criticisms which will naturally occur to Mr. Eastman's readers. In the first place he does not allow sufficient credit to those who have always seen Marxism for what it is, and have not needed the blood-drenched Russian experiment to teach them. They are not all heartless reactionaries or exploiters of the working-class ; indeed this book once more demonstrates how very little the working-class as such has ever had to do with the essentially bourgeois and " intellectual " Communist agitators, whose claim to speak for the workers has always been sheer propaganda. In the second place, his own positive proposals for a new " Radical " movement are so vague and incoherent as to deserve hardly any notice. He has pages of fanatical nonsense (following Trotsky) about the Jesuits, but shows no sign of appreciating any need for moral or religious foundations in his new attempt to improve the world. His book has great negative value as clear, well-written, and on the whole intelligent criticism, but little more.

M. T.

CHRISTIAN SOCIAL ORGANISATION. By Rev. George Clune, D.Ph. Dublin : Browne & Nolan. 1940. Pp. ix. + 524. 18s.

No subject is at present more topical or more important than that of social re-organisation. Dr. Clune's book, " dedicated to Mary Queen of the Legion," is a timely and very useful contribution to the study of the subject, especially in its application to Ireland. Every nation within the European culture is confronted with social and economic problems clamouring for solution ; and it is certain that no attempted solution will be successful or real except it be in harmony with the principles and ideals which once gave European civilisation its unique character. It was only in that civilisation that the ideal was ever

upheld or even conceived of respecting human personality, with all its rights and responsibilities, as something sacred and inviolable, while at the same time effectively securing the prosperity and stability of the State. Such an ideal could be conceived only by a generation that had a clear grasp of the rights of the Creator, of the spirituality of the soul, of man's supernatural destiny and personal responsibility; and the ideal cannot be realised in practice, except where religious faith and religious observance prevail among the people.

Time was when all the European nations were Catholic; when the truths and principles of Christianity were taken for granted in the civil law and the public institutions, which were in fact moulded under Christian influence. Since the break-up of the unity of Christendom in the sixteenth century, several of the most powerful nations which were once Catholic have been drifting away more and more from the centre of truth, so that to-day some of them have practically ceased to be Christian. Over all Europe and in the continent of America, now mostly peopled by races of the European culture, Christian principles are no longer accepted in public life—even in some of the states which still remain nominally Catholic—and whole masses of the population have abandoned religious practice and belief.

To this whole theme—namely the genesis and the nature of the present day social question—Dr. Clune devotes the first part of his treatise, covering 170 pages. After summarising in one short chapter the main features of the social question in Europe, he proceeds to examine how it has arisen. He has a chapter on the industrial organisation as it developed in mediaeval times under the guidance of the Church. There follow chapters on the influence of Protestantism, Liberalism, Capitalism, Socialism and Atheistic Communism. As the book is written primarily for his own fellow-countrymen, he very properly devotes a special chapter to the social question in Ireland, which he analyses in the light of Irish history, tracing the evil to its main source; for our social problems are peculiar in their origin as well as in their nature. Unlike those of most other countries, they are not the result of moral or religious decline. The social system under which we live—our laws and public institutions—is not of our own making. "In Ireland," writes Dr. Clune, "we are faced with the curious fact that, although the people are amongst the most loyal Catholics in the world, their public life and their civilisation viewed from outside are not Catholic. The system under which they live was forced on them; and has not been changed after a score of years of self-government" (p. 17). We may here remark in passing that social changes are notoriously slow, and that at best many scores of years will probably be needed to undo the results of centuries of oppression.

Our present economic system is also a foreign importation, and Dr. Clune has some vigorous pages on the evils which have resulted therefrom. The words of Thomas Davis, penned nearly a century ago, are still true : " In a soil rich as God's love, in a climate soft as a mother's smile, the Irish peasant mourns." The soil and the climate are still the same, and the Irish peasant still continues to mourn. " Ireland," says Dr. Clune, " is from the point of view of soil-fertility and rainfall one of the richest countries in the world " (p. 20)—but more than two-thirds of the peasantry in whose behalf Davis wrote, and who practically constitute the historic Irish nation, have disappeared (p. 25), while the surviving remnant is dwindling with alarming rapidity under stress of the triple evil of forced emigration, imposed celibacy, and urbanisation. The Irish marriage rate is less than half the European average (p. 29) ; nearly one-third of the Irish-born adult population actually live in exile (p. 23) ; the countryside is becoming deserted (the cultivated area as compared with the arable land is less than half the average of the other European countries, being lower even than in England (p. 20), while the city population is overgrown. Of the decline of the Irish birth-rate Dr. Clune gives a striking illustration (p. 24) taken from the baptismal register of Newmarket-on-Fergus, Co. Clare, the parish in which he lived and worked while writing his book.

In the second part of the book (pp. 171-313) Dr. Clune summarises the great principles of Catholic Philosophy upon which human society must be based. The nature and the prerogatives of human personality ; the place of the family as the natural unit in the social organism ; the vital need, in the interests of society, to safeguard the integrity and stability of the family and to respect its natural independence and essential privileges ; the functions and scope of civil government and the natural limitations to its jurisdiction ; the role of the Church and its due relation with the State ; the great duty of education, in which the family, the Church, and the State have their allotted parts to play : all these subjects are treated in a simple and readable style in five rather long chapters, which form as it were the core of the whole treatise. Dr. Clune here, as indeed throughout his book, follows closely the great Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI.

In the third and last part of his book (pp. 315-495), which for many will be the most interesting and perhaps the most useful, the author discusses in eight chapters a variety of practical questions of special importance at the present day : Wages and the Wage Contract, Industrial Unions, Women Workers, Strikes and Lockouts, &c. There are three specially interesting and important chapters which will repay careful reading. These are the chapters on Women Workers, on Co-operative Organisation, and on the Money Question. But space does not allow us to go into details.

In a work covering so wide a range and containing so much to be recommended, it would be ungracious to dwell unduly on short-comings, for such will never be absent from human endeavour. Thus it would be desirable to explain more clearly and scientifically the exact connotation of the terms *Social Justice* and the *Common Good*, which fill so important a role in Catholic Social Science. Again, although the author mentions usury once or twice in connection with the denunciation of it by Leo XIII, he does not tell us what precisely usury is, nor why it is essentially immoral, nor what is the new guise (alluded to by Leo XIII) under which modern usury is concealed.

In dealing with Irish Labour Unions the author has been misled into a regrettable error, which no doubt will be rectified in a new edition. In page 367 he writes: "According to the Constitution of the Irish Labour Party the objective of Irish labour is a Workers' Republic, which means a republic of the Russian sort; and the party stands officially for the nationalisation of all the means of production, distribution and exchange, that is for socialism." Here, as it seems to us, Dr. Clune is unconsciously unfair to the Irish Labour Party. It is true, indeed, that up to recently the term "Workers Republic" was put forward in the Constitution of the Party as the objective to be sought for; but that term does not occur in the Constitution as it now stands; and besides there is no proof that the Party ever aimed or professed to aim at a "Republic of the Russian sort." The original Party Constitution which contained the term "Workers Republic" was drawn up in 1922. The phraseology adopted and the ideals proposed were those of James Connolly, who had been executed with the other Irish Republican leaders in 1916. It is quite certain that the meaning attached by Connolly to the term "Workers Republic" was not "A Republic of the Russian sort" (Bolshevism was not established in Russia till 1918). In Connolly's phrase "Workers Republic," the word "Workers" is used in an adjectival sense. His ideal and objective was a republic in which family security will be assured to the worker as contradistinguished from the Republics of the United States of America and of France (the only Republics he had any knowledge of), which are practically controlled by the great capitalists and financiers in their own interests. A somewhat similar explanation is applicable to the use of the phrase "nationalisation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange." The Constitution was in fact drawn up by men unskilled in the use of scientific terms referring to social organisation and before some of the phrases employed had assumed (at least in Ireland) the specific meaning which now attaches to them. There is no proof that the real objective of Irish Labour was ever much, if at all, at variance with the principles of Social Justice laid down in the papal Encyclicals. In any case the Irish Labour Party have now

brought the wording of their Constitution into harmony with Catholic teaching—and with what always was the opinion and the wishes of the overwhelming majority of the men themselves.[1]

Finally, we may heartily congratulate the author, who amid the labours and cares of his parochial duties and while living far away from great libraries and academic environment, has nevertheless succeeded in producing a work so excellent and so eminently useful, containing solid doctrine, wide and varied erudition, and an immense variety of useful suggestions as to the practical application of the Church's teaching to the urgent social problems in his own country. It is a pity that the high price of the book may prove an obstacle to the wide circulation which it merits. E. CAHILL

Biography

K'ANG HSI, EMPEROR OF CHINA. By Eloise Talcott Hibbert. London: Kegan Paul. 1940. Pp. 298. 15s.

K'ANG HSI,[2] third Emperor of the Manchu dynasty, was undoubtedly one of the great rulers of history. An absolute monarch (in modern terminology, the Dictator of a Totalitarian State), he consistently used his great power for the common good and, by his enlightened rule, succeeded in giving to the Chinese people a long period of peace and prosperity. During his long reign of sixty years (1662-1722) he surpassed in many ways his more famous contemporaries, Louis XIV and Peter the Great. With his remarkable talent for wise administration he combined a genuine love of science and art. At the same time, in his private life he was frugal and self-disciplined, remaining to the end unspoiled by the luxury of those surroundings under the influence of which later Manchus so sadly degenerated.

When K'ang Hsi ascended the throne at the age of eight, he had as his tutor the learned and saintly Father Schall. To this fact Mrs. Hibbert attributes his close connection with the Jesuits throughout the whole of his long life: "At an early age he learned to ask questions which only the Jesuits, with their scientifically trained minds, were able to answer. This made them indispensable to him, and all through his long reign one or more of them was always by his side." At Father Schall's death Father Verbiest became the Imperial Astronomer and trusted adviser of the Emperor. For "it was essential that one of the Fathers should have the ear of the Emperor. One word from K'ang Hsi would be sufficient to have every foreigner in China either massacred or banished. To prevent that word being spoken Father Verbiest devoted his talents and his life." Thanks to Imperial patronage

[1] Since the above review was set up in type Dr. Clune has inserted, at p. 367 of his book, a slip modifying his original statement in accordance with the revised Constitution of the Irish Labour Party, which he had not an opportunity of examining before the publication of his book.

[2] Hsi is pronounced *See*.

won by the missionaries at the Court, Christianity spread rapidly through China during this period. Father Ricci, who preceded Father Schall, had merely paved the way for this golden age of missionary endeavour.

One of the first successes achieved by the young Emperor was the rectification of the official Chinese Calendar. Inaccuracy in the prediction of eclipses had shaken the confidence of the nation in the previous dynasty, for the Chinese regulated their lives in accordance with the Calendar, using it as a kind of glorified Moore's Almanack. With Jesuits in charge of the Imperial Observatory eclipses were accurately forecasted, and the shares of the new dynasty went up accordingly. For his astronomical services Father Verbiest was made Mandarin of the First Class with the title of Ta Jen (great man); but in spite of such high favours "he continually wore his mandarin's robes over the rough shirt and iron chain of the Christian ascetic."

Another important success achieved by K'ang Hsi was the suppression of a dangerous revolt by Wu San Kuei, a powerful Chinese warlord. On that occasion the Imperial artillery was found to be covered with rust and unfit for use. New field-pieces were urgently required. The Emperor induced Father Verbiest to design a new type of cannon, and then put him in charge of his munition factories with an order for 300 field-guns of the new type. Victory was thus assured. Later on, war with Russia was successfully avoided by a major diplomatic triumph which led to the first treaty ever made between China and a Western Power. This agreement was brought about almost single-handed by the Emperor's trusted adviser, Father Gerbillon. Finally, it was during this reign that the first reliable map of the Chinese Empire was produced. This colossal task, which took several years to complete, was also confided to the Jesuits. And yet, strange to say, in spite of K'ang Hsi's long and intimate association with the missionaries and his complete confidence in them, he never became a Christian.

The biography written by Mrs. Hibbert describes not merely the important events in the life of the Emperor, but also gives us some interesting glimpses of the human side of his character. His chief amusements were hunting and fishing. Being of a healthy and virile disposition, he was profoundly bored by drawing-room society and the conversation of the palace ladies—in whose company "he would spend hours . . . immersed in a book." He was, however, fond of music and was wont to play Christian hymns on the spinet for the delectation of his Jesuit friends. But his chief interests were of a scientific nature. He studied Mathematics assiduously and kept one or other of the Fathers constantly with him, even on his hunting expeditions, for the purpose of discussing scientific matters between times.

But, in spite of his great power and many successes, the closing years of his life were clouded by many disappointments. The evil lives of his sons caused him much bitterness of heart, and boded ill for the future of the empire. The controversy about the Chinese Rites also embittered him : " . . . he felt that those in whom he had placed his greatest confidence had turned against him." In dealing with this thorny subject Mrs. Hibbert stoutly champions the point of view of the Peking Jesuits—whether rightly or wrongly, the present reviewer is not free to judge. T. V. F.

APOSTLE OF CHARITY. The Life of St. Vincent de Paul. By Theodore Maynard. London : Allen and Unwin. 1940. 7s. 6d.

CONFERENCES OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL TO THE SISTERS OF CHARITY. Translated by Rev. Joseph Leonard, C.M. Vols. I–IV. London : Burns Oates and Washbourne. 1938-1940. 10s. 6d. each.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL. By Charles K. Murphy. Cork : Cork University Press. London : Longmans. Dublin : Educational Co. of Ireland. 1940. 5s.

Père Coste's monumental work *Monsieur Vincent : le Grand Saint du Grand Siècle*, which appeared in 1932 and which was translated by Father Leonard in 1934, has said all that history can say of St. Vincent de Paul, and whoever will henceforth draw the portrait of the saint must copy perforce from his great canvas. Mr. Maynard, who is the first writer to undertake the task in English, has given us, all things considered, an excellent copy.

It is a far cry from the kindly old peasant, the sentimentalised lover of the poor to the great saint of the great century portrayed in these pages, and it is indeed time that M. Vincent was saved from his friends. We see him here against his glittering background for the great man he was, though not always perhaps for the great saint he was. Calderon, Corneille, Rubens, Rembrandt, Richelieu, Mazarin—and the list is far from complete—were among his great contemporaries. Yet to-day, when their height is taken, how few come near the stature of the Gascon peasant who became Saint Vincent de Paul. His greatness lies in his simplicity—in his simplicity of character and in his simplicity of purpose. " As for myself, I don't know," he said once to his Sisters, " but God has given me such a high esteem of simplicity that I call it my Gospel." (Conferences. II. 216). He saw that no merely human means could salve the wounds of seventeenth century France, that no philanthropy could feed the bodies of its mendicant hordes nor any words of human wisdom the starved souls of its priests and nobles. The one remedy was the charity of Christ. And Vincent's story is

the story of that charity impinging on a loveless world. To his simplicity and humility he added an incredible capacity for hard work and a unique reliance on Divine Providence in everything to which he put his tireless hand. With these qualities he saved " the great century " from itself. Much of that work was by its nature transient. But the Congregation of the Mission and the Sisters of Charity remain as lasting memorials to his genius and his virtue.

Mr. Maynard tells the story well and interestingly. One feels, however, that he would have done so still better had he restrained the expression of his personal likes and dislikes. Zeal for historical accuracy is a virtue in a biographer; it is annoying when it develops into a mania. And historical error can often be exposed without putting the erring historian in the stocks. After all, the defects of ancient hagiography are fairly well known. The French saying, " to lie like a second nocturn," does not date from yesterday. Nor is a popular life of a saint the place to erect an elaborate shooting gallery and use previous biographers as Aunt Sallies. That M. Lavedan's brilliant work is not historically sound in many points will be readily admitted. But history is not everything. M. Lavedan chose to base his biography on Abelly. And, as Mr. Maynard admits, " one still gets the ' feel ' of St. Vincent de Paul better in Abelly than elsewhere." Yet, it is the want of 'feel ' for Vincent the Saint that is one of the deficiencies in the more historical work of Mr. Maynard. The halo gets a bit obscured in the history.

He has easier targets in the scrupulous *dévotes* who plagued M. Vincent. But his aim is still erratic. The saint undoubtedly got his share of trouble from Madame de Gondi; but we doubt if he would recognise that chosen soul in the " pretty little blonde," the " spiritual hypochondriac " of Mr. Maynard's gallery. The modern touch is also evident in the pages devoted to the matrimonial difficulties of Louis XIII. They are amusing. They are also out of place.

Many such faults could be catalogued. But, in fairness, it must be said that they are accidental. The substance of the book is excellent. It is because of its excellence that we regret its eccentricities.

In the *Conferences* and in the *Letters* which Fr. Leonard translated some years ago, we have a portrait of St. Vincent by himself. In them his inner life stands revealed; and it needs revealing, for while many know his labours, few know their source. The Abbé Bremond has used St. Vincent as one of the pegs on which to hang his " theocentricism." Yet one thing these conferences do show is that, with that paradox that seems a proper of the Kingdom of God, a man can be quite theocentric even when he is most anthropocentric.

The good wine of Fr. Leonard's translations needs no commending. Of Père Coste it has been well said that he performed the greatest of

all miracles, that of raising a dead man to life. Fr. Leonard has added a new miracle. He has made him speak English.

What is true of St. Vincent himself is true of the Society which bears his name; many know the labours, few the spirit. The Professor of Jurisprudence in University College, Cork, has given a remedy for that defect in a remarkable volume which cannot be too highly recommended. He has given us at once a lucid insight into the spirit of the Society and a little classic on the spiritual life. And as with St. Vincent's own conferences, there is danger that its simplicity may hide its greatness; it will repay meditation and study. Attention may be drawn to one omission. The historical section, though short, might have included some reference to the influence of the famous Paris Sodality on Bailly and others of the early companions. Until its suppression, it was the great formative influence in their lives. And though Ozanam himself was too young to join, his elder brother Alphonsus was a member as was the Society's second president Gossin.

May we hope that Professor Murphy will find the time to give us from his wide reading and experience a companion volume on the Spirit of Catholic Action? D. O'S.

L'ENVOYÉ DE L'ARCHANGE. By Jérôme Tharaud and Jean Tharaud. Paris: Plon. 1939. Pp. 240.

THIS little book relates the personal impressions of two experienced "political travellers" in Roumania. The immediate object of the journey was an investigation into the origin of the Iron Guard and the personality of its leader, the ill-fated Codreanu. The Tharauds, who had several interviews with the "Captain," represent him as an attractive man, still in early middle life, but already by his acts of violence suggesting the ferocity for which he and his movement later became notorious. Professor Cuza told the authors some details of his origin which are probably not very widely known. Codreanu's father was a Roumanian Pole, his mother a German. When they called on the Professor many years ago they were not married, though Codreanu had already appeared in the ménage. The professor took the matter in hand and called in an Orthodox pope, who married them, thereby conferring the Roumanian Orthodox faith on the future leader of the Iron Guard—an invaluable political asset for his rôle of national regenerator of Roumania.

Codreanu's twenty years of anti-Semitic struggle in Roumania, beginning as a student leader with strong anti-Semitic prejudices at the University of Jassy, are fully related. The queer mixture of cunning, physical violence and of mystical belief in himself and his movement which distinguished him, the self-dedicated "Archangel," recall Hitler. Many interesting details emerge on the different relations

prevailing between the Jews and the people of Roumania and those of other countries where they have settled. For example, Roumanians, in spite of the great influence and numbers of the Jewish population, have never intermarried with them; and Roumanian anti-Jewish feeling, if this book is to be believed, is more deeply rooted and natural to Roumanians than anywhere else in Europe, not excepting Tsarist Russia. Bucharest is described as a city traversed by an imposing main street—*un long fleuve de juiverie*—where all the opulent shops and other establishments are owned by Jews. Other phrases occur—for example *un pays assiégé par les juifs*—showing the deep-rooted grip which this alien people had obtained over Roumanian industry and business life.

The book closes with the judicial murder of Codreanu; and the reader is violently projected in thought to present-day Roumania, where the Iron Guard is intimately associated with the Government in the person of General Antonescu. It may be noted, in passing, that the recent murder of Professor Jorga by the Iron Guard, which has puzzled many people, may be explained by the fact that he was responsible, as the Tharauds relate, for the death warrant of Codreanu. Although his anti-Jewish sentiments (much modified since the war) were widely known, this did not save him for his responsibility in this act and his association with the pro-Carol party. Even if the "Captain" was slain, the Iron Guard has had the last word in his case. Unpretentious, this little book in its way is more interesting and illuminating than many more serious works on Roumania.

VIOLET CONOLLY

History

THE ORIGIN OF THE JESUITS. By the Rev. James Brodrick, S.J. London: Longmans. 1940. Pp. 274. 10s. 6d.

THAT school of modern biography of which the chief characteristics have been summed up under the epithet "de-bunking" may be considered as a reaction against the laudatory and "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*" biographies of an earlier age. Some of its adherents have, in their enthusiasm for the truth, followed too closely the tracks of Geoffrey Keating's *proimpiollán* and seem to consider that the more they have shown how much their subject erred—either morally or intellectually—the better have they proved him to be human, and so the more "natural" and lifelike is their biography. Apart from such extreme cases, however, it is true that modern secular biographies are more historical and written with a greater sympathy than were those of half a century ago.

A somewhat similar change has taken place in the writing of the lives of the Saints and of holy people. While it is true that the hagiographers of former centuries wrote in a manner suited to the taste of

those ages, it must be admitted that their works are marked, to a greater or less extent, by what may be called a de-humanising tendency. Not only did the pious writer regard his Saint as confirmed in grace from the baptismal font, he also suppressed all mention of the natural virtues—cheerfulness, humour and witty repartee—which might knock him off the pedestal on which he had placed him. Still less would he tell how his Saint had lost his temper on occasion or had been unduly harsh or " had made a fool of himself."

Few Saints have suffered so much from this " stiff brocade " policy, to use Father Brodrick's phrase, as have the Saints of the Society of Jesus. St. Ignatius is regarded as a highly-efficient but slightly inhuman and unapproachable person whose favourite motto was " *agere contra* " or " down with human nature." St. Francis Borgia is associated with terrifying austerities and long-drawn-out ecstasies. But St. Aloysius has fared the worst of all. He is remembered chiefly by such ridiculous and untrue stories as his fainting when a valet saw him take off his stockings, and he is looked on, I imagine, by many boys of these northern countries as what may best be called a " sissy."

Fortunately for us, a new school of writers has grown up in the past twenty years who have, to use Father Brodrick's reference to Père Suau's life of Borgia, " re-discovered the Saint buried under the dreary rubbish-heap of pious writers." Conscientious and trained historical scholars, they have based their works entirely on the original sources. For writers on the Jesuit Saints such sources, thanks to the labour of the Spanish Jesuits, have been made available in great abundance in the series of *Monumenta Historica Societatis Iesu*, a series begun in 1894 and already numbering over sixty large volumes. In them may be found all the extant letters and instructions of many of the early Jesuits as well as many other contemporary records. By constant reference to this series and to works of a similar nature modern writers have produced biographies that have revolutionised our ideas of those first members of the Order.

Among English hagiographers of this class Father James Brodrick may be surely said to hold a very high place. His lives of St. Robert Bellarmine and St. Peter Canisius are and will remain models of work of this kind. With this present book—a first instalment of a history of the Society in English—he enters ground of a somewhat different nature. The book is a history of the foundation of the Society of Jesus and of its various activities up to the year 1556, the year of St. Ignatius' death. To attempt to give, in a little over two hundred and sixty pages, a satisfactory account of the men who combined with Ignatius to found the Order and of their activities—which, even in those early years, extended from Ireland to China and Brazil—meant, above all else, a process of most careful and judicious selection. That

Father Brodrick has succeeded in doing this is the highest praise that can be accorded him. Above his other literary gifts he has a genius for picking out the telling phrase, the particular act which most clearly reveals to us a man's true character. One has but to read, for example, the extraordinarily kind and gentle letters of Ignatius to that impossible hot-head Simon Rodriguez (pp. 242-251) to realise what the heart of the man was like. And surely it was no inhuman "efficient Baxter" who drafted this rule for the infirmarian: "Let him diligently inquire from the sick man which members of the community he likes best and would wish to have visit him, and let him admit these only, and not any others, to cheer up his patient," (p. 254).

The story of those early years comes of itself to be the stories of those members who, under the guidance of Ignatius, moulded the young Order and gave it that particular stamp which reflected the ideals of its founder. Hence it is not surprising that the book takes the shape of a series of biographies in miniature of the early companions of Ignatius—of Xavier, Nadal, Laynez, Bobadilla and of many others. But the different sketches form an artistic unity because of the bond of mind and heart which joined the subjects of them to their common father. So vividly does Father Brodrick bring these widely diverse characters before the reader that he would like to know more about them—would wish almost that, instead of writing the history, Father Brodrick would continue the good work he did for Bellarmine and Canisius and give us full-length lives of such little known but heroic men as Laynez, Nadal and Ledesma.

In such a condensed book as this there will necessarily be various points on which different readers would have preferred to see more stress laid. Thus, it seems to the present reviewer that a fuller account might have been given of the educational work of the Society, a work which even in those years had assumed very big proportions and which, after the *Spiritual Exercises*, might be considered a second foundation-stone of the Society's achievements. Such a fuller treatment would have been possible within the present limits of the book had the author been content with giving a shorter account of Xavier's journeyings. Granted that he was, after Ignatius, the greatest man in the early Society, it seems excessive to devote more than a quarter of the book to him.

In this book, as elsewhere in his writings, Father Brodrick upholds the view that Ignatius was at first opposed to all teaching. It would probably be more correct to say that he had an open mind on the question. His general principle was to choose that type of ministry which promised universal rather than particular fruit; when he examined the question of opening schools and was convinced that education of boys was such a ministry, he threw the full resources of his as

yet small Society into the work. The phrase from the draft Constitution of 1541—*no estudios ni lectiones en la Compania*—quoted on p. 192 clearly refers, as the context shows, not to the education of lay students but to that of young Jesuits, whom St. Ignatius would have preferred to see attending the Arts and Theology courses in existing Universities, much in the same way as Irish Jesuit students of today take their Arts degrees in Dublin. There is no evidence to show that his reason for that early decision (which he later altered) was an aversion to teaching as such.

S. Ó C.

HUNGARY AND HER SUCCESSORS. By C. A. Macartney. Oxford University Press. 1937. Pp. 504. 25s.

The three years which have elapsed since the publication of this work have richly enhanced its value. Recent events have only confirmed the sagacity of its prognostications and, incidentally, quickened interest in the problems discussed. That so much can now be stated as a fact perhaps justifies an otherwise lamentably belated review. While post-war German propaganda has familiarised the world *ad nauseam* with the "injustices" of the Treaty of Versailles, the territorial provisions of the Treaty of Trianon—by which Hungary was dismembered for the benefit of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Roumania and Italy—were actually more drastic, complex and far-reaching in result. The Treaty of Trianon, moulded by the extravagant belief of the time in nationality and national self-determination, remade the frontier of the Danubian States on this basis. But the picture of Central Europe as presented here since 1920, with all its petty feuds and internecine frontier difficulties, is a tragic reminder of the bitter fruits of this policy and of its hopeless inadequacy as a basis for permanent peace to-day.

The results of the Treaty of Trianon across all the new frontiers of Hungary—*i.e.* in Transylvania, Slovakia, Ruthenia, Yugoslavia and Fiume—have been carefully examined by the author of this book. He makes no secret of his partiality for Hungary and the old Hungarian State in Central Europe, though he is also careful to point out the signal defects which were eventually responsible for its disruption. At the present time, when treaty revision in Central Europe is no longer a matter of academic speculation but an actual *fait accompli*, this book provides the essential background for appreciating the soundness or not of the decisions which once more sway the destinies of this area. The work is so thoroughly done that it must long rank as a major reference book; but it is also enlivened by pungently expressed personal reactions and by spicy comments unusual in such surveys.

As a result of the recent "Vienna Award," more than half of Transylvania has now reverted to Hungary. Before that, following fast on the heels of Munich, Ruthenia was also occupied by the same

Power. What justification in terms of population, economics or strategic defence can be adduced in favour of these decisions or, it may well be, against them? All the answers, in so far as they are available, are to be found in the material so well set out three years ago in this book. It may be noted that Mr. Macartney anticipated the lines of the "Vienna Award," as far as the western frontier "fringe" of Transylvania is concerned. With the exception of Arad, all the towns (Oradea, Careii, Satu Mare) which he thought should be restored to Hungary, have in effect reverted to her through Axis intervention. Of course the "Vienna Award" cuts much deeper into Transylvania than he thought feasible at the time and, in particular, attaches the isolated Szekely enclave in the south to Hungary. This latter *desideratum* of the Hungarian Revision League was regarded by Mr. Macartney as "quite impracticable." But to the Axis conjurer now at work this concept of impracticability is unknown.

Whether discussing conditions or opinion in the Burgenland, the Voivodina—"that natural milch cow"—Slovakia or Croatia, Mr. Macartney handles his theme with a raciness and a sureness only possible to those who have first-hand knowledge of their ground. (Among many vivid details of these parts, his "first-hand" experience of Transylvanian bugs seems to have perhaps unduly coloured his attitude to their homelands). He examines the position of these territories as they were in the days of the old Hungarian kingdom and during the twenty odd years' existence of the Succession States. Not content with a mere statement of facts and figures, each chapter concludes on a note of strong personal conviction as to where or where not these territories would best belong. From all this maze of strategic, economic and political data, the essentials emerge which seem to call for at least partial revision of the Trianon *dicta*. And a good case is certainly made for restoring certain parts of the old Hungarian frontiers. Where revision does not seem feasible, the best or even the second best compromise to be hoped for under the circumstances is outlined.

Now that New Europe, for better or worse, is definitely in the making again, it is interesting to note the judgment pronounced in the tranquil pre-war atmosphere of three years ago—that Ruthenia, for example, should revert to Hungary, as well as a large frontier district in southern Slovakia. Both prognostications have meanwhile materialised. On the contrary, though emphasising the gross defects of the new Roumanian administration, it is admitted by Mr. Macartney that Transylvania would probably always elect to remain under Roumania, however monstrous its administrative sins compared to Hungary's. In envisaging some kind of permanently workable system for the whole middle Danube area, the national states, on their post-war record and as a form of government and particularly as sovereign neighbours in this

area of hopelessly intermixed nationalities, are unhesitatingly condemned. Moreover, the author is justly cynical of the restraining force of any minority treaty not backed a hundred per cent. by the goodwill of the national state itself—whatever about Leagues of Nations and other more or less ineffectual controlling agencies of the past. "I am convinced," concludes Mr. Macartney, "that the only true solution for the problem of Slovakia, as indeed for that of the historic lands of the Czechoslovak Republic, for Transylvania, and ultimately for the whole middle Danube basin, lies in the abandonment, by all concerned, of this attempt to make a single nation dominate an area inhabited by so many different nationalities. I still hanker after a unit corresponding more closely to the old Hungary." Nous verrons . . . Nobody interested in a permanent solution of this middle Danube problem can afford to neglect this masterly digest of so much human and documentary material. VIOLET CONOLLY

THE RELIGIOUS HOUSES OF MEDIEVAL ENGLAND. By Dom David Knowles. London: Sheed and Ward. 1940. 8s. 6d.

HERE is a book which will be welcome to all students of medieval English life. In his recent study of English Monasticism Dom David Knowles showed himself a master of the early medieval period. In this smaller but most useful volume he covers a very much wider field. Less than fifty pages are given to an Essay on the Origins and Development of Religious Life in England, in which Dom David passes the whole period of medieval monasticism under review, not excluding the mendicant orders of friars and later foundations such as the Carthusians (whose English history belongs for the most part to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries) and the Bridgettines of Mount Syon. This essay alone would make the volume worth having, for Dom David has the gift of conveying far more than a series of dates and names in his thoughtful and learned summaries. But the essay is followed by an invaluable Catalogue of the Religious Houses of England and Wales, grouped under each of the great religious orders and ending with lists of the alien priories in England and of the English medieval nunneries.

In this Catalogue a bare minimum of information has been given; little more than the name of each house, its location and date of foundation. But those who have struggled with the difficulties of English place-names and inaccurate statements from older writers will know the full value of the gift that is here presented to the student. Each list is followed by a series of foot-notes giving the essential authorities from which the information in the text has been derived, with a careful statement on doubtful or disputed points. The list must have cost the compiler long years of work, and it is not surprising to find

that he makes grateful acknowledgment to several other specialists in the same field. Dr. A. G. Little, Professor A. Hamilton Thompson and Dr. Rose Graham are among the best known of the scholars who have helped to make this Catalogue a reliable guide for future use. Their names, as a backing to the author's own name, are guarantee enough that this little volume will supplant the older lists of Leland, Dugdale and Tanner. In modern times another Benedictine scholar, Cardinal Gasquet, had published a similar but very much less accurate list as an Appendix to his *English Monastic Life*. Even in its revised form, as amended by Dom Norbert Birt and Dr. J. C. Cox, it was far from satisfactory. Dom David Knowles may congratulate himself on having completed a work which was long overdue. The fact that the list of Benedictine Abbeys, Priories and Cells is by far the longest in his Catalogue shows once more what medieval England owed to the Black Monks; and makes it all the more pleasant to find a modern Benedictine scholar performing this work of *pietas*, not only for his own order but also for all those who laboured alongside the Black Monks in the English field. A. G.

MEMOIRS OF A SOVIET DIPLOMAT. By Alexandre Barmine. London: Lovat Dickson. 1938. 15s. Pp. 348.

THE future historian of Soviet Russia will be faced by the almost impossible task of writing history without any contemporary data save the carefully doctored, stereotyped official records. The human stuff of history for the past twenty years is virtually lacking in the U.S.S.R. Letters, memoirs, autobiography and such like personal records are an unknown and almost forbidden genre under the Stalin régime. The only sidelight on personalities which exists—either the rabid vilification which is now an intrinsic element of the notorious State trials, or the equally characteristic deification process of the ruling clique which fills the Soviet press—is equally useless as serious testimony regarding the personalities involved. Moreover, the numerous public speeches of those who dominate the stage are now so colourless as to be almost unidentifiable.

For this reason, these memoirs of Alexandre Barmine are invaluable, because they belong to a very rare class of record on Soviet Russia; moreover the intrinsic value of the book itself is extremely high. Its honesty and tragic disillusionment are undoubted. Barmine was nineteen years in the Soviet service. He occupied important posts in the Soviet diplomatic service in Persia and Greece and also in the foreign trading missions of the U.S.S.R. both in Moscow and Paris. He thus has first-hand experience of several fields of Soviet administration, and both officially and privately he knew many of the one-time important figures in the Soviet Government. It was as Chargé

d'Affaires in Athens during the 1937 trials that he fell foul of the Kremlin and, fearing assassination, abandoned his post and fled to France. What he has to say about Tukachevsky, Voroshilov, Krylenko, Karakhan, the Trotskys, father and son, is too interesting and important to be quoted in this brief review.

Not the least interesting conclusion to be drawn from the tragic genesis from ardent Communism to disgust with the chicanery, brutality and treachery of the Stalinist clique, as related by Barmine, is the fact that the rigidly trained Communist mind still recoils from these horrors when they are revealed in their true colours in a neutral atmosphere. The Soviet Government must be constantly aware of this fact, and hence the necessity of preserving the iron wall of isolation around the 170 odd million subjects of the Soviet Union. This book is presented in a translation which reads extremely well; it is an indispensable addition to the library of all interested in the spirit and personalities behind the enigmatic Soviet scene. VIOLET CONOLLY

English Literature

THE JUDICIOUS MARRIAGE OF MR. HOOKER AND THE BIRTH OF THE LAWS OF ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY. By C. J. Sisson. Cambridge University Press. 1940. Pp. 203. 10s. 6d.

ANDREW MARVELL. By M. C. Bradbrook and M. G. Lloyd Thomas. Cambridge University Press. 1940. Pp. 161. 7s. 6d.

THESE are two valuable books on two writers of perhaps the greatest age of English literature. Hooker, a moderate Anglican and one of the leading English prose writers, came at the beginning of that age; Marvell, a moderate Puritan and one of the finest of English poets, came at the end. Mr. Sisson's book is perhaps the more important, because of its new facts.

That the judicious Hooker made an injudicious marriage is a common-place of literary biography. Walton tells the story of an unworldly young scholar coming up to London, advised by his impecunious and designing landlady to take a wife "to cure his colds," and shortly marrying her daughter, a shrew who never gave him any peace and married again the moment he was dead. It is told with a pleasant embroidery of quaint fun mingled with edification—*affliction is a divine diet*, etc. Mr. Sisson, working from Chancery documents, shows it to be all false and gives us for the first time the true account of Hooker's married life. This has more than a personal importance, for it was the cementing of a religious alliance, the making of a stronghold of Anglican propaganda, and without it Hooker's great book might never have been. The Churchman home was not a miserable lodging house, but the house of a rich and well-descended citizen, who lavishly

made it the meeting and even the dwelling place of the leaders of the party in the church to which he was devoted. Hooker was a poor scholar when he married Joan Churchman, but he was older than Walton made out, and far from injudicious; he was gaining a most advantageous centre for his theological labours, an assured social position, and, in his wife's ample dowry, financial security. Mr. Sisson tells how, with the collaboration under Churchman's roof of the lawyers Sandys and G. Cranmer and the theologian Spenser, and the active interest of greater persons, the mighty pamphlet was evolved, *Ecclesiastical Polity*, which was to stem the ever rising tide of Puritanism. He shows too that the book was a highly important political event; for its true date is 1593, and it was timed to coincide with the passing of the first Act which imposed conformity on the Puritans.

Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity is a fundamental document of the Anglican church. It has constantly been appealed to in the dissensions within that church. It affirmed English moderation and traditionalism against the Puritans, and it has given arms to political as well as to religious conservatism. Burke owed a great deal to its thought and tone. And he, with all later writers of a grave and elevated style, owed much also to its prose.

Mr. Sisson is concerned rather with the history of the author and his book than with a full discussion of its matter. But he touches well upon two aspects of this. First, Hooker's equating of religion and politics. This turns dissent into sedition and compels Hooker to an intolerance in which he is ill at ease. And again, if the sovereign is head of the state and of the church which is coextensive with it, how can the unity of the Church of Christ be preserved? Hooker's answer, a lame one, is that there should be a kind of League of Churches, limiting by consent the supremacy of the individual sovereigns.

More deeply rooted in Hooker, it seems, than his ardour for a politico-religious system was a sense of the sacramental aspects of the Christian life. Parts of his book were suppressed by his friends after his death as dangerously Catholic in tone. To a later generation, that of Andrewes and Laud, they were more acceptable, and James II's declaration that Hooker led him to Catholicism is well known.

Andrew Marvell, nobly tolerant in his great *Horatian Ode*, was also a practical servant of tolerance and moderation. He served the Parliament and then served Charles II, but he was never a time-server. He advocated freedom of opinion for both the dissenters and theDuke of York. The pamphlets he wrote have not much of the clumsy ferocity of controversy in his day, and indeed we feel in them for the first time something like the finer point of Swift's writing. That Swift owed something to Marvell has long been known; these critics, in

their full examination of Marvell's now rather forgotten prose, show that the debt is greater than has been supposed.

But Marvell is a poet primarily. Nineteenth century admirers took him for a simple nature poet who sometimes slipped into queer irrelevant conceits. To us he seems greater and not so simple, the "queernesses" of thought and style being mostly integral. His manner depends "upon evanescent shades of meaning in a rapidly changing vocabulary." It is easy to half-read him, but his delicate and austere workmanship deserves exactness. Thus, when he calls a poem *The Definition of Love*, he is using what was then a new and very technical noun (*definition*) and making a paradox that the careless modern reader will miss; again it is a paradox when he speaks of an *extended soul*, extension being the attribute of matter. He is full of amphiboly, playing on the older and newer and on the normal and transferred senses of words; many of his finest strokes are "a cross between a conceit and a pun."

Miss Bradbrook and her collaborator follow Marvell from his initial concettist manner, his Clevelandism, in which the poetry is only sharp and isolated flashes, to his maturer style, wherein the metaphors and obliquities are organised and the whole poem has the warmth of life. Depth and resonance came to him from the Spenserian tradition, with its vision of Nature as the Divine Hieroglyph, its holding of Metamorphosis as the poetical answer to the decay of beauty and the triumph of time. Marvell ceased to write poetry when the later seventeenth century prose and science blew too chill on this fruitful mediaeval-rooted tradition. What he had done remains, a small book of poems to please us with "a gentle and sobered blend of amusement, affection and religion," and at times to arrest with the statement of certain great perplexities and to astonish with nobility of soul.

J. J. H.

Mathematics and Physics

A MATHEMATICIAN'S APOLOGY. By G. H. Hardy. Cambridge University Press. 1940. Pp. vii+93. 3s. 6d. net.

Professor Hardy is a mathematician of the first rank, and a book such as this from his pen challenges comparison with *La Science et l'Hypothèse* and *La Valeur de la Science*. Frankly, it does not stand the test, (the severest one possible), too well. Henri Poincaré, in addition to his amazing mathematical gifts, had an exceptionally sympathetic mind, a wit that was for ever bubbling over, and a most engaging personality. It was a delight to him to tell his readers of his enthusiasms and his achievements; and their response was such that his works competed with 'les romans scandaleux' in popularity.

Professor Hardy, on the contrary, is at pains to let his audience know that it doesn't matter twopence what they think. "It is a

melancholy experience for a professional mathematician to find himself writing about mathematics. The function of a mathematician is to do something, to prove new theorems, to add to mathematics, and not to talk about what he or other mathematicians have done. . . . There is no scorn more profound, or on the whole more justifiable, than that of the men who make for the men who explain." And we ask ourselves, what must this great man think of *us*, poor folk who have to have things explained to us ?

In the passage I have just cited, Professor Hardy is unfair to himself in more than one way. For one thing, the chief interest of a mathematician is not in the newness of the theorem that he has found, in the fact that no one else has managed to get in ahead of him. If it were, his science would be a sorry one. And that it is not so with Professor Hardy himself is obvious to anyone who has read any of his works, or who has even noticed the evident pleasure with which (on p. 33) he recalls Euclid's theorem about prime numbers, the proof of which has been an unfailing source of delight for two thousand years.

Poincaré put the meaning of mathematics, the secret of the mathematician's devotion to his science, into memorable words. The highest of human functions and of human aims is the contemplation of truth ; and the mathematician contemplates truths whose permanence and universality, whose independence of local and temporal bounds, bring him in touch with the eternal Order.

Professor Hardy's book is one to read and meditate upon. It is full of suggestion ; for instance, his analysis of the idea of ' depth ' in mathematical theorems opens up a whole field of thought. M. F. E.

ATOMS IN ACTION. The World of Creative Physics. By George Russell Harrison. London : Allen and Unwin. 1940. 12s. 6d.

THE immense part played by the application of science in modern life, both for good and evil, is evident to everyone. But few are aware of the principles on which the things in common use depend for their efficiency. The radio set in almost every house is an example in point. Such apparatus are the result of discoveries made by those who had no other object in view than the study of nature. In this book Professor Harrison gives us some insight into the close connection between discovery and its application to human life. He deals only with the benefits conferred on humanity by the application of science. Like everything else, science can be used both for good and evil. It is no part of his object to describe the abuse of knowledge. In any case the scientific principles involved are the same ; the use to which the application of these principles is put depends on the higher plane of mental and moral training.

This book covers practically the whole range of physics and chemistry ; it cannot therefore be expected to be more than a summary. But it is a most interesting and inspiring summary, and one which should be read and studied by all those who are concerned with the future progress of what we call civilisation. The great utility of a work of this kind is to bring out clearly the need of well-planned and wisely-directed research into the various branches of nature. In our own country the need of new methods of agricultural production is becoming every day more evident. New methods which will result both in an increase of food production and at the same time in an increase of employment are essential, if we are to compete with other countries blessed with better conditions of climate than ourselves. The chapter on "When Physics goes Farming" contains, what to many, must be a revelation as to the possibilities of the application of electricity and artificial light to production. Another chapter which is of great interest to us who possess so high a standard of Medical Science is "The Doctor and the Physicist." The Medical Profession will not find in this chapter anything that is new to them, but those who have it in their power to promote research will benefit by the plain tale of the need of encouraging investigations in this direction.

As our knowledge of the workings of nature grows, it is more and more brought home to us that every branch of science is intimately connected with every other. Mr. Harrison's book does much to make this clear. There is an ever growing need of specialists, but the need of co-ordinating the work of these specialists is perhaps not sufficiently taken into account. One would like to think that every person who occupies any position which involves the public welfare has read or will read this or a similar book. It is not to be expected that such persons, or anyone who is not a professional scientist, will grasp in detail the principles involved. But the effect of reading such an account of what science can do or has done cannot but foster a sympathetic attitude towards the application of scientific discovery to the problems which are becoming every day more pressing.

Attention has been called only to one or two items of special interest to us in Ireland ; but there is matter here to interest the reader in almost every branch of physical discovery. The book, which is written in a bright and pleasant style, is filled with stimulating examples of actual results. An attractive feature is the collection of excellent illustrations.

H. V. G.

Miscellaneous

MAN ON HIS NATURE : The Gifford Lectures. By Sir Charles Sherrington. Cambridge University Press. 1940. 21s.

Sir Charles Sherrington is one of the most distinguished modern physiologists. His work on the central nervous system is rivalled

only by that of Pawlov; and many physiologists would regard his contributions as more important because less theoretical in tendency than the work of the great Russian scientist. It is, therefore, only natural that he should be asked to give the biologist's view of the world in that admirable series, the Gifford Lectures. He has chosen to arrange his lectures as a commentary on the published opinions of a sixteenth century physician, Jean Fernel, who wrote a very popular book entitled *De Abditis Rerum Causis*—which, having circulated in manuscript for several years, was first printed in the year 1548. Fernel's work consisted of a number of treatises on Nature; and to judge by the summary which forms the first lecture, it contained very little that would have sounded unusual or daring in the University of Paris at the end of the thirteenth century. Sir Charles Sherrington uses this book as a text from which he may demonstrate the naivety and imperfection of pre-darwinian thought. Since he has not grasped the fundamental principles of the philosophy—hylomorphism—which is very naturally a dominant theme in the book, and is therefore unable to make the necessary distinctions between, for instance, accidental and essential forms, his criticisms of Fernel's cosmology are throughout based on misunderstanding.

But the lectures contain something more than criticism of pre-darwinian obscurantism; there is in them an attempt to develop a philosophy of biology, which takes account of ends and admits that the whole is greater than the part. That he regards the whole as emerging with mysterious spontaneity from the parts is one more instance of that peculiar complacency with which modern thinkers solve their problems without reference to fundamental principles of thought. An effect which is uncaused presents no difficulty to post-darwinian enlightenment. Sherrington firmly reduces reflexes to the subordinate sphere from which some modern behaviourists have sought to raise them; he will not tolerate any equation of reflex and mind. This is a most welcome pronouncement from the man who more than any other has placed the study of reflexes on a scientific basis. It is to be hoped that it will be widely noted.

T. W. T. D.

THE CIVIL SURVEY (A.D. 1654-1656) OF THE COUNTY OF MEATH. Prepared for Publication by Robert C. Simington. Dublin: Stationery Office. 1940. Pp. xlviii., 410. 21s. net.

THIS very important volume of the Civil Survey is the first that exhibits fully a County which was at once thoroughly occupied in the occupation period, 1170-1270 A.D., yet in the middle of the 17th century, 120 years after the religious revolt of England and the English Crown, was still substantially in the keeping of Catholics deriving from that

" English Race of Ancient Habitation." A few of the " new English," always carefully set down as " Protestants " and so distinguished from " Irish Papists " (so even Darcy of Platten is described, in company with Gormanston and Netterville), supervene from time to time in the pages presenting the old tenures. The placings, throughout, are more strictly geographical : legal facts as to acquisition, tenure, purchase are comparatively rare. Thus, to take one example, the town of Kells, Parish of Kells, Barony of Kells, contain none of the vividly-stated facts about the Book of Kells, still there in safe custody when, at that very time, Henry Cromwell intervened and, after military seizure of that superb manuscript, had it transferred, as Head of the Cromwellian Military Council at Dublin Castle and as Chancellor of the University near Dublin, to its present abode.

Mr. Simington's sustained excellence is abundantly manifested once again, both in the Introductory Sections and particularly in the Church Lands Appendices, markedly important in the case of the tenures of the See of Meath. T. C.

MIDDLE ENGLISH SERMONS. Edited from British Museum MS. Royal 18 B. xxiii by Woodburn O. Ross. (Published for the Early English Text Society). London : Humphrey Milford. 1940. 30s.

This book brings back sad yet pleasant memories of the days before September 1939. English libraries are stuffed with medieval manuscripts of all kinds, and few collections, if any, are so varied and so precious as the Royal MSS., then available for students in the Manuscript Reading Room of the British Museum. To-day, let us hope, they lie somewhere in safety ; the Manuscript Reading Room is closed. But American money was lavishly expended before the war in acquiring good photostat copies of large numbers of these manuscripts ; and the present volume, which was published in October 1940, proves the wisdom of this policy. For the edition of these 51 Middle English sermons has been prepared from a photostat copy acquired by the Modern Language Association of America and preserved in the Library of Congress. Is it out of place to point a moral for us at home ? An effort is now being made by the authorities of the National Library to acquire as complete a set as possible of our national Irish manuscripts. May the good work prosper ! And may those who control the purse-strings show a wise liberality in encouraging the scheme !

The contents of Royal MS 18 B. xxiii are twofold : a collection of 35 Latin sermons (ff. 1-37) : and a much larger collection of 55 English sermons (ff. 38-174). Four of these English sermons have been printed already ; only one can be dated and assigned to its true author—this is an English sermon preached by Thomas Wimbledon at St. Paul's

Cross in 1388-9. Three others belong to the *Festial* of John Myrc, which was edited by Erbe for the E.E.T.S. in 1905. Apart from these four sermons, which are not included here, Professor Ross has the satisfaction of printing for the first time the remaining fifty-one English sermons.

As we have learned to expect from modern American scholars, this edition is distinguished by a meticulous accuracy and most rigorous scientific technique. The sermons make dull reading: but they are representative of their age, and as such are a valuable addition to the scholar's library. In an Introduction of some fifty pages Professor Woodburn deals at length with the problems of date, authorship, language, and manuscript tradition; also with the light which these sermons throw on the sermon-technique of their age. His conclusions may be briefly summarised. As may be gathered from the fact that they are written in English, not in Latin, they were designed for lay audiences; but they are not the work of any one author. The evidence of dialect and grammar points to the Midlands, and most probably to Oxfordshire. The type of sermons included in this anonymous collection points to an academic compiler, probably an Oxford don. Their date may be fixed, from the few allusions to contemporary events, somewhere in the forty years of the Great Schism (1378-1417). One sermon can be accurately dated, by a most ingenious argument, to the Epiphany following the death of Henry IV (January 6, 1413-14). The collection was probably put together soon after that date: but the manuscript in which it has survived is later than 1450. Grammar and spelling have most probably been modified by successive copyists.

The date thus determined opens an interesting question as to the possible influence of Lollard teaching. The collection, as Professor Ross notes, is strictly orthodox. He has noted only one passage which seems to suggest Wycliffite influence; and this is the only point on which I can venture a slight correction. The last of these sermons comments on the speedy collapse of Alexander's Empire. The preacher argues that the King had no grace, and so was "poisoned" in his royalty. "Ther-for lordshippe with-outen grace is nought." This has a Wycliffite sound, but it was also Augustinian doctrine; and I have argued elsewhere that many Oxford doctors continued to follow Giles of Rome and Richard FitzRalph in their opinion long after the condemnation of Wyclif's doctrine. William Wodeford, who was one of Wyclif's most active opponents, complains that this particular opinion was still common in the last years of the fourteenth century. The sermon which has been included in this collection may date from those very years or some years later. Judged by the standards of contemporary theology, its doctrine is as orthodox as the doctrine of all the other fifty sermons here printed for the first time.

Professor Ross has added a most useful analysis of the sermon-construction found in this collection. He is here relying on the learning of two recent French scholars : M. Th.-M. Charland in his *Artes Praedicandi* (Paris, 1936) and M. J.-Th. Welter in his *L'Exemplum dans la Littérature religieuse et didactique du Moyen Age* (Paris, 1927) ; also on Dr. G. R. Owst's *Preaching in Medieval England* (Cambridge, 1926). But his footnotes show that this American scholar has neglected no likely source for his fine edition of a very typical fifteenth-century text. A. G.

ROMANIAN FURROW. By D. J. Hall. Harrap. 5s. 224 pages. ROUMANIA is one of the few more or less accessible European countries which had not yet been popularised, by tours or tourists, before the war. As a result, there is far less travel literature about its very varied provinces and customs than, for example, about its comparatively inaccessible neighbour over the Dniester, the U.S.S.R. The variety of scenery, folk-ways and charming peasant arts in Transylvania, Bukovina or Bessarabia described in this book make pleasant reading in themselves, however treated. But there are many other less agreeable aspects of Roumanian peasant life, which should be known, and are not touched on here. There is an impression of a land of milk and honey which entirely obscures realities of land hunger, peasant poverty and lack of even elementary social or educational facilities throughout Roumania. It is difficult to endorse ex-King Carol's encomium that " this is the best book ever written on his country," except in so far as it flatters his régime by *suppressio veri*. Nor indeed does *Romanian Furrow*, in this reviewer's opinion, live up to Bruce Lockhart's boost in the preface that " it is of supreme importance to us." What would be of " supreme importance " to the English reader wishing to understand something of the condition of the great Roumanian peasant masses and their problems, and how far they affect the internal and external strength of the country, is almost entirely omitted here. It is, nevertheless, pleasant to be immersed, even for a few hours, in these picturesque regions where Mr. Hall wandered so happily, to taste their food and bitter wines and to listen to their pungent peasant talk. VIOLET CONOLLY

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BELLOC, HILAIRE. The Catholic and the War. (Burns Oates, 6d.).

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BOYLAN, MGR. P. The Sunday Epistles and Gospels. With Commentary and Suggestions for use in Preaching. (Browne & Nolan, 7/6).

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Callan, Philip. A Will and a Woman and three other Comedies. (Gill, 1/6 each).
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Messenger, E. C. Keep thou my Soul. The Liturgy of Life and Death, War and Peace. (Sands, 5/–).
Mullins, Sister Jerome. The Spiritual Life according to St. Isidore of Seville. (Catholic University Press, $2.00).
O'Casey, Sean. Purple Dust. A Wayward Comedy. (Macmillan, 6/–).
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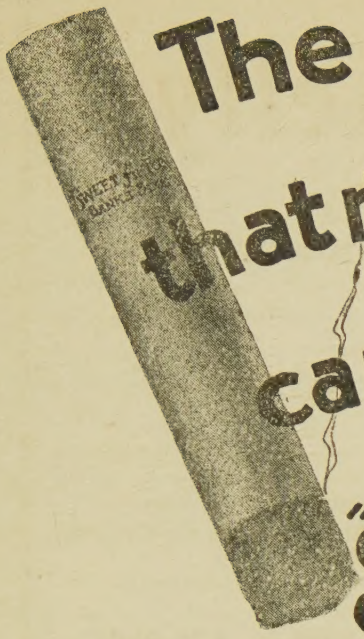

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